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GLENULLYN.



GLENULLYN:

OR,

THE SON OF THE ATTAINTED.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

LONDON:

EDWARD BULL, PUBLISHER,

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GLENULLYN,

OR

THE SON OF THE ATTAINTED.

CHAPTER I.

THE READER INTRODUCED AT ONCE TO THE CHARACTERS
OF THIS EVENTFUL HISTORY, WHO, IT IS HOPED, WILL
IMPROVE UPON ACQUAINTANCE.

ABOUT the latter end of last century, the —th
regiment of foot was stationed at Chatham. It
was a regiment very like every other regiment
in the service. Its members were renowned at
home, and very much dreaded abroad. It had
been distinguished in many battles and sieges,
though we recollect neither their names, nor the
wars in which they occurred. If it were ne-
cessary, we could do so, but we have too much
matter of importance on hand before us, to tell
things which occurred before we were born,

may, before they, whose history we purpose to write, had any idea that it was necessary even to be born, for us to write.

We are fond of antiquity, and of things ancient, but we like them in their own place. When we attend the meetings of the Society of Antiquaries—to which venerable body, of course, we choose to belong, we never condescend to think of, much less talk about anything that belongs to any era later than that of the Goths. But, though time may have laid its withering hand upon our head, we have often a considerable deal of ambition to be associated with the youthful; and then we have a recollection, that would deny to stretch its tether to the four-times seven years. So in like manner, when we would record the achievements of a hero of real credit and renown, we would let him rely upon his own merits for any interest he may excite, and give him no advantage in the deeds of his progenitors, whom we never knew, and he himself never saw.

The reader may take our word for it, that this regiment of foot had cut a figure in the wars; though there were but few in it at the time we became acquainted with it, who had been present at them. If we were to give the names of these wars, with the battles and sieges thereof, to claim the sympathy of the reader, the reader might justly ask us, what good these

Wars did either them who fought in them, or them who paid them for fighting. In such a case, much may be said on both sides. As some of the officers and soldiers—for there is sometimes a distinction between these, may form subjects of the history we intend to write, we may as well introduce them at once to our reader, for the sooner he becomes acquainted with them the better; peradventure our delineations may not be good enough to afford acquaintance otherwise. Besides, we like to dive at once “in medeas res.” It shews that we think we have no lack of matter, and as little confidence in the importance of it.

According to precedence, we will begin with the colonel, though the reader might prefer his daughter. Colonel Hamilton was a man of some experience in military affairs; esteemed by both officers and men, for the usual qualities for which commanding officers are generally esteemed: which, after all, are easier praised than observed. The greatest virtues in commanders-in-general, often consist in their rank, unless that rank hath been obtained by virtue.

Though Colonel Hamilton possessed an ample fortune, he preferred the life of a soldier, to the enjoyment of peace and an estate at home. Of course he was tall, and had decidedly a military caste of countenance, as military commanders generally have. Whether the habits of war

stamp their traces on the countenance, or these traces give a military predisposition to the character, we forbear to decide. He was a man of honour, and he was the colonel, and had as many virtues as a bulletin or dispatch could give him.

Every man, even a poet, is called gallant, if he belong to the army; and if an ensign be gallant, so must the colonel. He was a man of honour, and a gentleman from his rank and address. We never heard that his character for either had been tried. We know not whether he would be guilty of a falsehood; but we know that he would demand satisfaction from any one who should say he had been so; and that is as much veracity as may be required. It is not necessary for a man's honour, or title to the appellation of gentleman, to be tried, to establish his reputation for both. A woman is amiable and lovely according to her years and looks, and a man is a gentleman according to his standing and address. If a man had to labour to be a gentleman, as he has to become anything else, the very efforts would mar his credit. Deeds are as little necessary to confirm him one, as principle to enact a patriot.

We would give a minute description of the colonel's person, and of the persons of every creature we mean to claim the reader's sympathy in; as we would wish to conform to the most

approved mode of delineating character. And, moreover, we like to know every minute particular in the character and appearance of men whose achievements have rendered them famous; but our curiosity had been excited by those achievements, before we cared whether their hair was red or black, or whether there was anything in the curve of the mouth different from that of our own. With all due deference to the established usage of that literature we would fain be associated with, we would defer the record of the curves and angles of the faces of our heroes, till we have tried to make the reader careful to know them: so, in Colonel Hamilton, every reader may form, in the meantime, what idea of his external appearance he has a mind to; and refrain to quarrel with us for any defect in his outward man, or internal either;—relying upon our assurance, that we will relate nothing to disturb the image he may frame.

We have a double motive in this. We would share the favour of success with our reader, and enlist his sympathies—and have him to know, that any defect, fault, or deficiency in our labours, must rest with him. He had no business to conceive a character so superior; and the evil will not be in our inability to fill up, but in his ambition to crave such capacity. It is as great a fault, and one so common to youth, to form such expectations of the world, as it is in the world to refuse to fulfil them.

With the daughter of the colonel, we would be more particular. As the interest of a woman depends as much upon her appearance as upon her virtues, there is no lack of interest in the minute detail of her charms. Some have even fallen in love with the objects of their own creation: there can be none more likely to inspire love; for, if they fail in anything, whose fault is it? Miss Hamilton was a lovely girl of sixteen—of form most elegant, countenance beautiful in the extreme, and disposition exactly in accordance; for, at her age, the manners and disposition of ladies, are according to the interest of their looks, and the symmetry of their figure. She was, therefore, admired as much for the modesty of her disposition, and the sweetness of her temper, (albeit untried), as for the brilliancy of her complexion, and the contour of her figure.

Among those who were the avowed admirers of Miss Hamilton, and her expanding virtues, was Dr. Moore, the surgeon of the regiment; a very amiable man, with a good address, and a Glasgow diploma. But the surgeon, though at times the most useful member of the regiment, with the exception of the paymaster, ranks with the officers, like learned men with the world, more by courtesy than by commission. Your surgeon belongs to the mean rank, between the commissioned and non-commissioned officers; though his qualifications for his office

and duties may have cost him a longer and more arduous course of preparation, than those of any other member of the corps, and expenses equal to those of him who has the chance of a baton, he has but little higher to look than the office he holds, and little more to expect than the pay he receives. The rewards given by all humane and well-regulated laws, to a man who can destroy towns, and cut off men, being in proportion to his who saves and heals them, in inverse ratio to the science required for each.

An ensign waits to be lieutenant, captain, major, and colonel, by purchase, mortality, or the chances of war. He may fight his way to the rank of general, but the surgeon hath no higher rank to look to than his half-pay. There are a few appointments in hospitals or citadels, and one or two others more sounding than lucrative, which are by no means dependant on a man's eminence in his profession, or services in war, but which are frequently held by men who never saw a campaign.

In aiming, therefore, at the daughter of his colonel, Moore might have felt that he must have something else to depend upon for success than his situation, degree, rank, and expectancies in the regiment; but he was in love, and saw nothing between him and the possession of its object, than the bans and ceremony—but the lady's consent.

Moore had a formidable rival in the person of an Irish officer and gentleman—an elegant fellow from the wilds of Connaught, where he possessed, by inheritance, an estate, which yielded everything but rent. All the O'Regans, from the days of the kings of Connaught, had been born to more than they could inherit—not from the want of capacity in the heirs, but of substance in the inheritance. There was substance enough in the heirdoms to look at, but great want of it for objects of rational utility. So that, by the race of O'Regan being born to more than they could inherit, by the time Maurice came to his paternity, indeed by the time he came into the world, he could see no paternity at all, and never dreamt of its existence, till he set out into the world, to seek his fortune in the wars, and then the O'Regan estate became something like an inheritance.

We never could satisfactorily account for this phenomenon. In Connaught, we found a great lack of the rewards or returns of inheritance, on account of the perpetual absence of them who were born to it, but in the case of the O'Regan property, the lack of returns seemed to be caused by the absence of the property.

Though this O'Regan estate was a reality, it might have been in the moon, for anything Maurice could know of it on earth; but though it was most essentially a stranger to him, he felt

a sacred obligation, that it should be no stranger to others. He was a generous soul, for though the lands were unkind to him—niggardly, barren, and unfruitful, he would shew to the world genuine gratitude, and boast liberally of favours he never experienced. He even made the favours keep pace with the ideas of them who should rejoice in them—either to suit the company he was in, or the general purpose of events, or the objects incumbent upon him to gain.

There was something very disinterested in his regard to these paternal acres, for though Maurice might have waited till the crack of doom, before he had any notice taken of him by them, he never failed to advance their claims, when there was an opportunity of doing so to advantage. They were a favourite source of pride and boast to the ensign, a sufficient plea for every becoming assurance, and entitled him to aspire to the hand of the commander-in-chief's daughter—if she had no sisters.

That possession of an estate, was more to Maurice without a rental, than the rental of thousands had been to their possessors. If it paid no debts, it justified the contracting of many a score; if it gave him no vote to send a member to parliament, it gave him title to the votes of others to be sent there himself; if it allowed him not the power of giving dinners, it gave him the right to eat many; while it jus-

tified his giving bonds in abundance, it with the same assurance forbade not his breaking them with facility. The less income it supplied, the more was he justified in seeking for a partner who had abundance; indeed, the less substance or reality there appeared to be in the estate, the more romantic and ethereal were its possessor's notions and expectancies.

The ensign was an elegant fellow altogether, but never all of a piece. He had splendid parts, but was cursedly defective in the whole. He had a high sense of honour—but no tailor would trust him more than twice. His notions of the sanctity of domestic duties, and nuptial obligations, were of the most jealous caste, yet few husbands would care to trust him even in these nice points. His fancy was good, and his sense of your merit must have pleased you, though it never tallied with the opinions you might hear that he entertained of you, when you were not present. In fact, he was fond of conciliating the good opinions of them who were present; and to do that, he felt bound to depreciate them who were absent;—not to injure them, far from it, but to advance the opinion of those he discoursed with in their own unbiassed esteem.

The ensign had a tolerable sense of gratitude, but an awkward way of evincing it, for he repaid injuries with a more substantial return than benefits—and loans he never repaid at all.

His meaning was good, but his purpose fickle. When he swore he would do anything he felt bound to perform, there was no doubt he meant well, but he lacked control over his design, and would perform, if the mind remained in the same state it was when he uttered the assurance—and nothing but the changes which time and circumstances are so apt to interfere with resolve and action, intervening, prevented his fulfilling his vows. If he failed sometimes to fulfil little duties of gratitude and obligation, he shewed that the real sense of return was in him, for he gave ample reparation for injury he received; and dealt his payment more liberally to imaginary claims, than those of a more substantial caste. He carried that sense of obligation to a romantic extent; for, when he had done a man an injury, he was ready to give him every redress; so that, if he did him wrong, by pinning him through the body, or sending a bullet through his cranium, he did him all the reparation in the world.

In uniform, O'Regan's general appearance corresponded pretty well; but in coloured dress, he was by no means so uniform. If his hat were of approved shape and quality, it was too small, and if the fit were unexceptionable, the shape was dubious. If his shirt was clean, his boots were not well brushed; and if they happened to be clean, one of them was new, and

the other newly soled. If his coat had been made for him, his trousers were second-hand, or the one was a tight fit, and the others a world too wide.

He was charitable, though the objects of his generosity were by no means worthy. When his reflections followed his actions, they were tolerably correct; when his thoughts anticipated them, they were as far astray. He was partly handsome, partly coarse in his appearance, and rather powerfully than neatly made. He had some wit, little judgment, less prudence, great luck, a tolerable assurance, and a reasonable quantity of large debts and small obligations. What he wanted in morals, he amply made up in meaning, and the defects of his disposition were liberally atoned for by his courage and alacrity in fight. If he did not always abide by the truth, you might have assurance of satisfaction, as much as any gentleman could give, or man of honour demand.

With such an estate, and all these titles, he who should attempt to sue the affections of Miss Hamilton, must not only give challenge to his claims, but prove his own to be better—and convince him withal; and though not insensible to reason, he was impatient of argument in cases of delicacy; and thought the nearest way to the lady's heart, was through his own, or through his who disputed it. So that, inde-

pendant of her feelings or choice—if she were presumed to have any, Ensign O'Regan was a rival, whose claims were not to be passed over by any one who should have the misfortune to fall in love with her.

But the officers of this regiment, with whom the reader is likely to meet most frequently in our narrative, are Major Seyton, Captain Belford, and Lieutenant Balduino.

The first of these we have more especially to do with. Major Seyton was a man somewhat about the age of fifty, though from a fresh colour and handsome appearance, a good and well-guided constitution, he appeared to be little more than forty. He was a man of a reserved and dignified deportment, and of stern military discipline. To those unacquainted with him, he seemed proud, though few were of more easy access, or of a more humane and charitable disposition. None listened with more attention to the requests and petitions of those under him; and while he seemed impatient of the restraint of superiority in those of higher station, and disdained to ask favours for himself, no man was more ready to grant them to others, or was more successful in the use of his influence in their behalf, even in quarters he ought to have solicited for his own.

He had been longer in the regiment than any other officer attached to it, yet was less

known than the most juvenile subaltern, except for his personal merits. Though a strict commander, and unflinching in the maintenance of discipline, he was exceedingly beloved by the soldiers for his impartiality and attention to their wants and comforts, and highly respected by his fellow-officers, as a man of unimpeached honour and tried courage.

Though silent to mystery on one point, he was open and unreserved on every other. Notwithstanding his length of service, and his being a distinguished officer, who had been in frequent engagements, of which he bore honourable marks on his body, from a feeling of pride and an apparent want of ambition, he would not ask as a boon what his merit and services might demand as a right; and having no friends at court who should speak for him, he had, after a service of twenty years, but lately obtained the rank of field-officer.

There was a mystery attached to Seyton's origin and early life. He was thirty years old when he joined the regiment; and though he appeared familiar with military duties, and to have seen service, his name till then was unknown in the army. Some had secretly enquired how he had got his commission; that it might be discovered through whose influence he had obtained it. Nothing further was known but that it was got by purchase. In the same

manner was his promotion gained, purely by service and rotation. He had never displayed any wealth, but that which arose from his pay, and something he had gained from prize-money, or saved from the emoluments of a lucrative appointment he held for a few years on the staff in a foreign station.

It was supposed that Balmano, who was the son of a nobleman, knew something of his family and origin, but he was as silent as his friend. It was the opinion of some, that he had been engaged in affairs in his youth, which are best to record when the possibility of any effects arising from their credit hath ceased, whose publicity might cost him his commission, and even something more: others, who like to trace things to causes more remote than those of their neighbours, thought there was some disgrace attached to his family, whose revelation he dreaded; and others went so far as to say that the name he bore on his commission was different from that in the registry of his baptism; while they who reasoned deeper on matters they knew nothing about, could mark there was nothing criminal or disgraceful in the secret: it lay in one sense lightly on him, and troubled his pride more than his conscience;—pressed him indeed more like the sense or memory of injury endured than of injustice committed.

“A man who skulks from fear of merited

desert, in the way of wholesome chastisement," said he who hazarded particular sentiments on general principles, "must have something very bad on his mind—something disgraceful to conceal, in a man of Seyton's courage."

"Not at all," said the inheritor of the estate in Connaught; "though he fears its disclosure, it's not the fear of a man of dread, or a man of apprehension; but of a man of wholesome prudence. It's not a thing of disgrace. He who refrains twenty years from doing anything to be ashamed of, is not capable of doing anything before that—not the whole thirty—to hide his head for."

"Not after twenty years; but he may repent twenty, and ten to it, for the deeds of an hour."

"Repent to his heart's content, if you will," said he who was never all of a piece; "but it's that same want of repentance that makes you see there's no disgrace in his former life. He repents nothing, unless that he was prevented making others repent. He would repent with the greatest pleasure in life if there had been no failure in that he has reason not to boast of."

"Some little treason?"

"He's too good—too true a soldier, to do treason to any king living or dead."

"But the king to-day may be the Pretender of yesterday; and Seyton's loyalty to his monarch may have been a transfer from one that was, to one whom he thought should be, a monarch."

"Not capable of it at all," added he who had an estate which was capable of everything but cultivation; "if he had gone to war against a king, he would not after that go and serve that king, because he happens to have had better luck than he had whose cause he took up. That would be a bull in honour."

"Success often convinces the people of the rectitude of his cause," said he who saw depth in things.

"Then they never knew what the rectitude was," said he who saw only honour in them, in discourse; "their patriotism would be like the Irishman's love, all for gain; and it would matter then as little whose cause succeeded, so their fortune lay with the luck, as the other's love, so he got the marriage portion or jointure."

"But serving the House of Hanover is no disgrace to the servants of the House of Stuart, in a liege of the same house. It is the duty of the Jacobite to forget Jacobus, and be leal to George."

"How so?" asked he whose loyalty in the abstract was as leal as it was pliable in usage.

"Because with him you fight the enemies of your country, not the personal enemies of the monarch, or the friends of him across the water. By enlisting in his service you covenant to serve and defend your country."

"All logic," quoth he who was all honour to

an estate that was all credit to him; "that's fighting in the cause that wins. If Major Seyton drew a sword in the cause of Charles Edward, it would stick in the sheath in that of him who sits in his chair. I know the man too well—he can serve but one cause."

"What do you suppose makes him so reserved about his family?"

"Perhaps they may have been nothing to boast of."

"There is the stamp of family in every inch of him."

"Yes, they may have been big and old enough, but that mayn't have hindered them doing a little amiss, if they had the mind to it," continued he whose reflections were more matured when they followed his actions than when they anticipated them. "A man might have paternal disgrace in his mother's doing a blunder."

"What countryman is he, then?"

"Irish. He never did a dishonourable or ungentlemanly act," replied he who never did a wise one, nor would allow a man to say he ever did anything else.

"Very likely he is, as he never boasts of his being so. Then do you think that it is his own sins that press him, or the sins of his family?"

"Oh, not his own, by any means," said he who never would own he had any himself.

"Your reasons?" asked he who thought assertions were all the better for proofs.

"First and foremost," replied he who proved things first and then reasoned on them; "he is incapable of doing them—which is strongly presumptive that he never did them. He talks freely of himself—never spares himself; though he says nothing about his mother."

"Did you ever hear him boast of achievements done before he enlisted?"

"Very little; but that's modesty—he never talks of himself at all. When Varnham got the glory of the assault at ———, did he ever claim it, though it was his own?"

"No, he felt the other needed the lift, and he himself wanted none. He could afford to give him the credit of it."

"Maybe he can afford to give others the credit of his secrets too," added he who could afford to take as much credit as the reversion of endless leases could gain.

"I never knew a mortal so isolated. I have been seventeen years in the regiment, and I have never known him to be one day absent. Has he not one inquirer in the world?"

"Not even a tailor," said he who had many; "and it is only of late that I have known him receive any letters. The world to him seems as silent and strange as my tenantry. Yet I think there is something he'd fain boast of, if he dared, and give some I know a swatch of his mind."

Captain Belford, the next in rank to Seyton, was the son and heir of Sir Ralph Belford, a baronet, of extensive estates in the county of Warwick; a man about thirty-five years of age, tall and stout, who in person and character was considered the model of an English gentleman. He had married the daughter of Easton Ferrier, a gentleman of great fortune and eccentricity, who resided in the neighbourhood of Bath, by whom he had one child, who died in infancy.

Balmano, the son of lord Balmano, a nobleman of ancient title and possessions in the Highlands of Scotland, where he lived, endeavouring to preserve the fading customs and language, dress and manners, of his clan, and seldom seen south of the Grampians, was the officer who was supposed to know something of the family of Seyton, whose rank and connexions gave a reasonableness to the supposition that Seyton himself was of no mean origin.

Between these three officers, Seyton, Belford, and Balmano, a friendship existed as steady as it was sincere. Though they entertained different notions on political and other matters, neither dissimilarity of opinion, nor opposition in argument, ever once interrupted the harmony of their intercourse.

Though Seyton was a loyal and zealous officer in the service of the reigning family, yet to Belford and Balmano it was known that he

had a lingering inclination, or rather leaning, to Jacobitism, which he strived not only to conceal but to suppress. He certainly seemed like one who had seen cause to renounce his family, but who felt it difficult to shake off all natural feelings and predilections—who though he might rail at or condemn them and their ways, could not but feel a glow of shame or wounded pride suffuse his cheek, when he heard them abused, or when he listened to anything recorded to their dishonour or prejudice. He never boasted of any tendency or leaning to the fallen cause, though his eye would glisten, and his cheek glow, when he heard anything recorded in its favour.

Though, as we have said, Seyton was but little known, except for his personal virtues and courage, he seemed to know more than he cared to boast of. He studiously maintained a silence and reserve on his own opinions, and was no ways influenced in his esteem of any one by his holding sentiments different from his own. Captain Belford, on the contrary, had a violent antipathy to the Pretender and his cause, which he was by no means careful to conceal; but as Seyton uttered nothing in its favour, he avoided argument, and consequently avoided quarrels and disputes. The major, as he considered himself entitled to hold his own opinions, granted the like privilege to others; and though in all other

matters bold, both in the assertion and maintenance of his opinions and doctrines, and by no means backward in his expression of dissent to those of others, yet on this he was uniformly silent.

"Are there no other troubles in earth or air for a man or his grandfather to have been in, to give interest to his mystery, than this everlasting rebellion, that all creation of the upper ranks seem to have been engaged in?" said he who would reconcile particular calamities to general principles.

"None to take the burthen of a man's disgrace off his shoulders," said he who would reconcile general advantages to particular benefit, and who gave the burthen of his honour and repute to a possession that gave not so much as thistles or briars. "It has been the most convenient epoch in the world for making romance and interest twin to reverses and disgrace. It has been as prolific to the fallen and needy as the O'Regan property has been to its heir."

"And that will have as little chance of failure in need, as the shillelah has to hang fire in honour," quoth the other. "It's a pity we can invent nothing else of interest to give a man cause for mystery and early misfortune."

"Yes, no prescription—no forfeiture of estates—no attainure for love or money," quoth he who had no reason to fear any sequestration of

his. "These national calamities are very useful for particular sympathies. Now, in my country, it is the number of particular rises and troubles make the national grievance; and we get no credit for it."

"Yes, you want sadly some wholesome concentration of the dispensations of Providence, to warp the miseries of the kingdom, and by giving an ideal woe, get credit for real distress."

"Yes, the mischief is with our afflictions, they leave no room for the fancy, and don't suit amateurs of distress. There is too much calamity for any reasonable interest. People get sick of complaint when there's cause, and have a mighty antipathy to that sort of distress that calls for relief. It's like prating of honesty to a man of feeling in debt. Misery, you may depend, isn't worth having, if it be in the shape of steady need. Reverses of fortune that reduce the delicate and refined in taste and habit from the luxury of a coach or reduction of an establishment the high-born were bred to, are touching; but that reverse which knows no change and gives no action to the teeth, gives as little to the bowels of compassion. It is interesting to see a man, to whom an appetite is a rare luxury, feeding at our mess, who knows what cooking is; but to see one devour our mutton from sheer hunger, is as great a profanation to our sensibility, as it would be sacri-

lege to a pious priest to see a greedy fellow make a meal of the symbols of communion. That's the great error in the woes of Ireland, they are too real by half."

"And a greater still, no end to them."

With this brief introduction to some of the characters who may figure in the early part of our story, we will proceed to another chapter, in which something occurs which renders mystery more mysterious.

CHAPTER II.

AN EVENT IN THE LIFE OF MAJOR SEYTON, FOLLOWED BY
AN ESSENTIAL ONE IN THAT OF OUR HERO.

A FEW days after the conversation we have recorded in the preceding chapter took place, Major Seyton was missed from the morning's parade. The absence of an officer who was so attentive to his duties, so strict in discipline, and who had never before failed to be at his post, either from sickness or on furlough, created some curiosity and conjecture. It was soon known that he had gone on furlough for some days, but whither he had gone, in what direction, or for what purpose, was as much a mystery as were other things.

One said he had found out his relatives, and gone to see them ; others supposed he had repaired to head-quarters to solicit promotion. The colonel of another regiment had lately died, and some feared the major meditated a removal from them. He had means saved from his pay as an officer and from appointments he held, which, independent of his merit, were sufficient to purchase his promotion.

Some said there had been a reaction of feeling

exhibited by the government to rebels and the attainted, and an inclination had been lately betrayed by it to relent in its austerity to such as chose to sue; forgiving even so far as to grant them restoration of both title and possessions; and no doubt Seyton had gone to try what his presence could effect with the power which he had first offended, and which he had afterwards faithfully served.

A week passed without any signs of the major's return. The officers conjectured, guessed, talked, looked wise, and shook their heads.

"He's after something to challenge mystery," quoth one.

"He has challenged it enough, seeing he has thrown down the gauntlet to it for the last twenty years," said another.

"Mystery may be very interesting to read and to hear tales of, but it always cloaks evil. No man has forbearance enough to dissemble good all his life."

"No, and to look melancholy on it all the while. No, people are uniformly so, either whose progenitors were hung, or who expect to be hung themselves. As cunning is the resort of the timid and the defective in capacity, so is mystery that of the wicked," added one, who was no mean judge.

"Surely a life of twenty years," said another, who thought himself as good, "before us, so

uniformly consistent in honour and in every gentlemanly, every Christian feeling,—one who has never once swerved from the point of rectitude or manly conduct, must be incapable of error—of error that an officer may be ashamed of. No man who has been once capable of an ill act, can be so uniform in his life, as never once to be off his guard. My soul on it, the upright career he has led among us, is that congenial to his heart, principles, character, and education.”

As conjecture reached its height, a carriage and four drove into the barrack-yard.

As the carriage approached the officers' apartments, it drew a number of the officers from the mess-table to the window, to see who came in such haste.

“Seyton, by all that's unknown, and with his head on his shoulders!” exclaimed a subaltern.

“And something on his arms—a young lady! Where on earth has he caught her? and away goes the carriage as if there was another couple waiting its convenience,” cried another.

To the surprise and astonishment of all his comrades, Major Seyton descended from the carriage, and handed a young lady out whose figure and beauty struck all with admiration.

The lady could not be nineteen years of age. Her look and carriage bespoke high birth and elegant breeding. Her complexion was exceed-

ingly fair, her figure inclining to tallness, though not filled up, and her bearing bespoke an intercourse with the best society. Her large blue eye, as she turned round and beheld the number of anxious faces looking at her, beamed with beauty and feeling; while the deep blush of modesty which overspread her face as she encountered so many eyes, betokening deep sensibility, enhanced the remarkable beauty and interest of her at once delicate and intelligent features. A glow of pride flushed on the manly countenance of the warrior, as he led his young and beautiful bride, for as such he introduced her to his brother officers, into the mess-room.

"I told you he was after something desperate," said one to his comrade.

"I wonder now if she knows more about him than he knows himself?"

"No doubt she'll know by what tenure his head is held to his four quarters, and be able not only to tell whether he has a right to have his head on his shoulders, and whether she has one to add any weight to it."

"Isn't it strange, too, that without trying it, he can make a better selection than we who are ever on the outlook? I wonder whether he has got her by proxy or advertisement?"

The young wife was heartily welcomed by every member composing the regiment. She was the admiration of all, and became the com-

panion of Colonel Hamilton's lady and daughter, Mrs. Belford, and one or two more belonging to the regiment. Though the society and life she was introduced to were new to her, she seemed to require no effort to reconcile herself to them.

This event wrought a change in the whole man of Major Seyton. Life's current seemed to run renewed, as if he had been barely in life from the time he began to carry the British colours, till the hour he brought home the object of it, and at once melancholy, anxiety, and care vanished. He became more social, more communicative and indulgent. He seemed to have gained all he aspired to or longed for, or to obtain that which made him forget all he lacked or all he had lost.

It was with a pride unmingled with jealousy, and a delight that required no return, that the major looked upon his young and much-admired wife, or one he treated as such, and whose honours he was most solicitous she should share, and seemed fondly to anticipate all her wants; while she, unlike others in her situation, received his fond attentions, not with the coyness with which one conscious of her superior beauty and youth takes such attentions, nor with the pettish frowardness of one who has her wants anticipated, but accepted all with the grateful feeling of affection and gratitude for favours and kindness from him she loved.

It soon became a question, of course, as to who she was, and they who were formerly perplexed in their conjectures on Seyton's absence and character, had reason to rejoice they had found additional matter for the exercise of their inquiries. The carriage in which they arrived had no sooner set them down, than it retreated along the way it came with as much speed as it had advanced; and on its arrival, the sentinels it passed were too much engrossed in their attention to those inside of it, to mark any coat of arms by which it was adorned. Neither Belford nor Balmano were at all aware of the object of his absence, and knew as little of the direction he had been as of whom or what she was he had brought.

"How he could have courted her, seems as puzzling to me as where he could have gone to find her," quoth one.

"The man is in a contest with mystery, believe me. Whether she be Scotch, English, or Irish, it would be difficult to decide, either from her features or her speech. I have been in every county of the three estates; and of which her language partakes, I cannot determine," said another.

"Perhaps he had time to go to Inverness, where they say there's a concatenation of dialects; and, if you believe its inhabitants, the beauty and correctness of each, with the twang, patois, and faults of none."

One observed that he seemed inclined to beggar mystery, by adding, at the mature age of fifty, new matter for conjecture, after they had guessed since he was thirty.

"'Tis an eccentricity that would glory in being different from other people," added another.

"Little glory, in it, I guess," quoth a third, "that seeks obscurity and shuns inquiry."

So the curiosity which had so long been attached to Seyton's character, his origin, his family, and his early life, was by no means diminished by his marriage; but as we have said, the reserve and general character of the major, were such as to preclude even his most intimate friends putting any questions to him, pertaining either to his own family or that of his wife. It was not that reserve which would either fear or shun inquiry, but something that arose from that which had compelled him to conceal, what in reality he gloried in, but which prudence, for a time, forbade him to disclose.

There was one thing very remarkable in his conduct; so remarkable indeed, as to attract the notice of others, which was, his nervous zeal to show her every courtesy that was due to her exclusively as his wife. He appeared anxious she should have the full compliments of a wife, when some remarked, why should he care about that, if she was sufficiently content on the point her-

self. It was also observed, that she herself seemed easy on the subject, as if she felt either satisfied with the rights she had, or felt she had no others to look to.

There are some things which it is impossible to conceal, besides guilt. Guilt, indeed, may be hidden, if it be not repeated, as the proofs or evidence of it may die or be destroyed. The great evil, or rather difficulty, in concealing crime, is its aptitude to be repeated with a recurrence of the temptation, or what is nearly the same, the opportunity to its re-enacting.

The conscience is not so unfit for its burthen as the general character for consistency; and the betrayal of crime is not so much an effort of recollection, as a faithful obedience to the prompting of habit and inclination. A life of correctness and well-doing, by a virtuous resolution of expediency and prudence, after some early deviations from the right way of working, is interrupted, after a reasonable tract of correct conduct, not by the lingering recollection of the sweets or bitters of early error, as by the growing insipidity of a life of sameness, or the wayward course of events presenting a recurrence of allurements and opportunity.

But there are some things besides it, which it is impossible to conceal, and some things which the perpetual endeavour to conceal produce strange surmise and conjecture in the minds of

those from whom you would conceal them. Poverty and old age are two honourable states which people in general are ashamed of, and seem to shun their wrinkles and raggedness the more they are patched and cloaked. The well-fitting wig may ill set-off the withered countenance; the bloom that's sought to take the place of departed colour, makes but deeper havoc on the cheek, and the more the defects of nature would be concealed by the assumption of arts counter to them, the more is the want of youth's accompaniments missed by the miserable contrast of their unsympathising representatives.

Poverty again, which is equally reprehensible, and of still less esteem in general, is equally difficult to hide. Silks, however well guided, will wear as well as the skin; though unlike the covering of nature, that adds roughness to its coat, it gets the thinner the longer it is exposed.

Deny yourself what you will in private, to make some display before your fellows, and it will be pitiful enough. Assume the easy independence of one who is above the world's censure, because not dependent on its favour, and talk of dining when you're hungry, drinking but to satiate thirst, to justify the meagreness of fare you cannot better, or the wholesomeness of a beverage you cannot afford to pollute, however noble in the main, will be received like other sins against which no laws are provided.

Simplicity, which in the great is sublime, to them to whom it is the substance, and not an ingredient, becomes want; and eccentricity, which in the rich and privileged, is an amiable characteristic, as flattering the world beneath them by showing them to be not above its ways, in them who take to it to conceal defects, like dissimulation and cunning to the dishonest, but add to the degradation of their character.

In like manner the struggle to conceal some vital circumstance of life, such as early crime, hereditary dishonour, or that whose disclosure would bring disgrace, will not always escape the suspicions of those we daily live with; and the very refinement of the art with which it is concealed, will itself give rise to the disquiet which things too good to be wholesome so often produce.

The birth of rumour, which may be deemed the mighty herald of these suspicions and surmises, is generally as dubious as its origin is obscure. Its ancestry may have been numerous and of extensive connexion, but their condition is low. Where the race originally sprung from, is not decided, but though mean in their character and ignoble in their life, they are as old as the flood. In proportion to the ignobleness of its birth, is the magnitude and alacrity of its growth; and while received and welcomed by all, few care to claim intercourse with it. It hath

not only as many mouths as Hydra, and a well hung tongue to each, but it hath also as many shapes and disguises as Proteus. Unseen in its growth and unmarked in its gigantic progress, everybody is surprised at whence it received its breath, and how it gains its liberal sustenance; for though gluttonous as the grave, and with a maw as rotten, it hath not a greater swallow than food to cram it, and there cannot be a more wholesome digestion, nor is there a more liberal sustenance dispensed, requiring no provision while it lives from law to prevent its coming to want. Yet it hath but little credit, and while the world seems to deny it assistance, it hath more than it needs.

With a form as fair as innocence, and a life as spotless as that of Diana, Mrs. Seyton did not long escape calumny.

It would be as easy to give the genealogy of rumour as to account for the conception and birth of the grim suspicion which sprung, no one could tell whence,—and grew, no one could say how,—that there was as little right in Mrs. Seyton to the title of wife, as there was innocence in her husband's life before she was born.

It is certainly the curse of this generation—and generations, since the invention of record, are very much alike in some things—that men put the worst construction on their fellows' conduct. We know not whether women be exempt

from this malignant charity, though there be few things they are not as liberal in as the sex they were born to adorn; but in man it is sufficiently to be lamented.

Though there was in general an esteem for manly virtue and soldierly conduct in the members of the corps to their much revered major, and an admiration which beauty, good-nature, affability, and the most unassuming modesty can beget in his lady, it was not long before the rumour spread that they had not been married at all.

No one could claim paternity to the report, and the reasons which were used to prove or disprove its claim to existence and support, were as various and subtle as they were charitable and delicate.

One declared it was his opinion from the first, though he would not so much as breathe the thought: he could see it in the lady, as she was first introduced among them. And though Seyton might be vain enough of such a trophy, there was that in his demeanour he could read, as he could the weather from the gathering sky, that something was wrong.

It is difficult for the unfortunate to refrain from contiguity with the unfortunate; as man being social, the lucky abjuring him he betakes himself for sympathy to them who lack it themselves. In like manner, the wicked are fond of allying toge-

ther. There is a mighty similarity of taste in ill-doing, and a strange analogy in their pursuits and ways of working. There is not that jealousy of ability in the display of crime, nor that rivalry in the fame that is so apt to attend it, which often follows the suitors of a different renown. They are not envious of success in iniquity, as some are in well-doing. They too have their little sensibilities and amenities of nature, and of course seek for bosoms to impart their secrets and get response to their sentiments. There is a mighty uniformity in mankind, and if there be any defect in the character of an individual's consistency in one material point, it will be illustrated sufficiently in others.

It is on this principle that there is such a proneness in people to make their marriages and unions conform to their ways and character. The selfish who are wealthy, like their children to intermarry among their own connexions, to keep their wealth among themselves, careless of the evil effects of such intermarriages upon the minds and bodies of their offspring. The theatrical and gypsey tribes rarely intermarry but with their own fraternity; and it has been observed, that there is an evident bias in the illegitimate to unite with them who were not born in wedlock.

In this respect it was evident Seyton had been consistent with his character: as there was evi-

dently disgrace attached to his early life, there must be something wrong in his marriage. As there was something dishonourable in his name or family, so should there be something equally disreputable in his alliance, and it became the received opinion that he had not been married at all.

"Not married!" cried one who could see no dishonour in obscurity, and no disgrace in a character so consistent in conduct and duty, though he boasted nothing of events he claimed no hand in: "Not married! such youth and beauty would not make a sacrifice so great without a church offering, unless he gave her a nobler settlement for her future doings than the crown seems inclined to make him for his past deeds."

The opinion soon spread through the whole regiment. There was too much awe and respect felt for the major, to admit of any coldness or any change of manner in the bearing of his fellow-officers to him, and for a while there was no hint of any such surmise given him, as it would be an evident questioning of his word, which they knew he would treat as an insult. Neither Belford nor Balmano, his most intimate friends, gave any hint of the scandal.

There was something morbidly sensitive in the major in any thing regarding his beautiful wife. He loved her to a degree that was pain,

ful, in so much as she engrossed every sympathy of his nature. And there was something so perfectly ladylike in his young wife, such apparent conscious dignity in her conduct and bearing, as to satisfy the feelings of any who had particular intercourse with them.

The officers of the regiment were decidedly what they were called, a crack body, in so much as they were the sons and connexions of people of family, who had for the most part been educated and bred at Eton, Harrow, and such like schools; and as there was a number of them, whose wives, ladies of considerable rank, were with them in the barracks, and though they saw nothing to question in their association with Mrs. Seyton, it was still a courtesy due to them to be satisfied on a point so nice. Moreover, there were some officers, young and gay, who would gladly take Seyton's case as a precedent, to warrant their doing the same. It therefore devolved upon the colonel, as their commander, to communicate the fell report, in a way the most delicate and open in which such a subject could be conveyed.

Poor Seyton! the whisper came upon him like a thunderbolt. It was evident he had not the most distant idea of there having existed such a suspicion; and he seemed to think as if it were one he might feel some address required to treat. He was perfectly staggered by it—but alas! could not contradict it.

Presently a frown, black as vengeance, sat on his features—when with a deep hollow voice he requested to know the source from whence the slander issued, that he might hurl the lie in its utterer's face, and prove him recreant with his sword.

This appeal to the sword, to disprove by its testimony, instead of referring to the records of truth, seemed the appeal of evasion from a disagreeable verity, to courage, which no one cared to dispute, tended only to confirm the surmise and substantiate the opinion, that he had no where else to refer to. To one who could use the freedom of friendship, who plainly asked for a simple reference to quell the calumny, and thereby gain the greatest triumph over the foul authors of it—he had to swallow his wrath, and own it was not suiting to him to do so.

Then came the trial of disclosure of this gratifying matter to his wife. He entered the apartment like one who had come from a court-martial, by which he had been broken.

"Heavens, George!—what's the matter?" exclaimed she, as with an ashy palor on his cheek he stood as if the herald of his own doom.

"Nothing—but your character's gone—and my right hand is impotent by my side!" said he.

"What can they do with it?"

"They say—we are not married! Why don't you call me coward, that I did not lay the organ of it a corpse at my feet?"

"And what the better would my character be for that? Well," said she, with a shrug, accompanied by an involuntary and half-suppressed sigh; "well, it can't be helped."

"My God! does not your flesh creep at the slander that makes you ——"

"Oh, spare me!" cried Mrs. Seyton, with a kind of shudder, and in a moment checking herself, she added, "What can we do? We can but give them our bit word for it, and if they do not chose to take that," added she, in a solemn tone, "we can give no more."

Seyton groaned in heart—bit his lips till the blood issued.

"My God!" exclaimed Mrs. Seyton, the tremor of her partner taking possession of her frame; "has there been any thing in my conduct to give rise to this?"

"No, I am bound to repeat, they all acquit you, to the verge of honour; it is I who am to blame, and have but one life to stake."

"And that you vowed to me. Then if they choose to give no shape to calumny, we can but bear. Thole on Ullyn, you have done so for a while, and I am content to share the burthen."

"Heavens and earth! 'tis that share that whelms me. On myself, you should see how I'd treat it," said he, with a frontlet and play upon the mouth, that hurled in fancy the gauntlet to the whole mess.

There were ladies attached to the company who had no reason to keep aloof from this unfortunate young lady, who had evidently abandoned home and family to sojourn amongst them. There are some who have reason to be careful of their repute, and some let their repute be careful of itself. Some have a character to get, and some have a character to lose; so with some a reversion is all gain, with others it is all a loss.

The lowly in origin, who having been elevated somewhat to their own surprise, who would wish to forget whence they sprung, feel called upon to associate with none but those whose fathers were born before them, as well as to be ignorant of all that happened before their exaltation;—they of doubtful repute to be acquainted with none but such as are renowned for probity and good faith. The really noble have little to fear for their character, or to feel alarmed at its being tarnished by contiguity with the dubious or the unfortunate. It is a moral impulse that urges us to draw upon our alliance and connexions for what we lack in ourselves, and to try to make our descent compensate for the lack of nobility in our nature and actions. There were ladies attached to the regiment who were women of birth and unblemished name, who found in Mrs. Seyton a woman of elegant manners, a companion in whose society they de-

lighted ; but there were others whose associates should not only be innocent, but above suspicion.

It became a nice question with the officers, how in this peculiar case they were to act. The scandal had been with the utmost delicacy communicated to Seyton, and it was evident that he was staggered by the alternative that was left him. Some urged that there might be some delicacy of family or deed he wished not disclosed ; and his marriage he could not prove, without proving something it concerned them not to know. If he introduced her as his wife, gave his word she was legally married to him, they had every right to be satisfied, so long as there were the conduct and bearing of a married lady in her character before them.

Others again felt there was something more due to them ; and one, who had been obliged to marry an actress of some renown, to satisfy the refined sense of honour and nuptial sensibility, when but for that there was no occasion, for they had vowed enough to each other for their mutual satisfaction, took it upon him to shew the reasonableness of their satisfaction to the major, as much for the sake of his reputation for courage as from an amorous zeal for morals.

Having coughed as he began his address, that he might not be interrupted by any obstruction in his throat, he stated that he considered it was a duty due to Major Seyton, as well as his brother

officers, to let him know that there were unfavourable rumours abroad he ought to be made acquainted with;—that it was a part of etiquette in the corps, which none knew better than the major himself, that the confidence of the members of it should be as unreserved as their honour should be untainted; and, that when a lady was introduced among them, she should have the full respect and honour paid her to which she was entitled as his wife.

Seyton perfectly understood the object of Harrowgate's speech, and asked what more was required than his word of honour; if there were courtesy due to a fellow-officer, it was sacred to his parole of honour. He had introduced the lady among them as his wife—did they doubt his word? "Oh, not at all!" was the reply, as Seyton stood erect, while his eye, as he spoke—which at any time rivalled that of the eagle—flashed with pride and indignation. He was as incapable of giving an insult as he was of taking it; and knowing that Harrowgate was not the mouth-piece of his own sentiments merely, refrained from giving that reply which his heart dictated; but he added, that he who should refuse to take the pledge he gave he should treat as his insulter.

The officers felt on consideration that they were bound to take the word of him who was never known to break it, and they communi-

cated their satisfaction to him with the utmost delicacy, and would receive him with that courtesy they had been accustomed to pay him ; but in some the full measure of this respect seemed due to his own person and courage ; and whether the morbid sensibility of the husband, or the refined feelings of the lady, interpreted some very delicate marks of inattention to coldness and distance on the part of some of the corps, but he kept her from their intercourse, and she herself stood aloof from them.

There were some, however, who felt this coldness more than the lady felt it herself. These more especially were the ladies of the colonel and of Captain Belford—the two, by the way, of superior rank and family to all the others. They urged the more their courtesy to Mrs. Seyton, and she, however proud in her heart, shewed no airs ; and though with distant unassumption she accepted their civilities and kindness, there was sufficient in her manner which bespoke how much in reality she pitied the restraint they had been put under on her account.

This feeling of reserve and distance, however delicately shewn, towards his wife, cut her doting husband the more from the interesting situation she began to be in. And moreover, he felt there was some reasonableness in the conduct of his officers, who were the authors of the slander, and who shewed no enjoyment in

the scandal ; yet greater satisfaction he could not make them. If he left the regiment and betook him to another, rumour would be there before him ; and the very act of his leaving might be deemed a tacit concession to the truth of the suspicion.

About a year after Mrs. Seyton had arrived at the barracks she bore a son, who will form the subject of this eventful history. With this commencement of his life we will close this chapter.

CHAPTER III.

SUSPICION THICKENS—THE MYSTERY OF SEYTON'S LIFE DOES NOT COME TO LIGHT, THOUGH HIS OFFSPRING DO. —DEATH SEEMS TO MAKE WAY FOR THEM WHOSE LIVES ARE NECESSARY FOR THIS WORK.

**"Little did my mother think the day she cradled me,
What lands I was to travel in, what death I was to die."**

It is a mercy that parents have a very indistinct notion of what their offspring will become when they enter into the world. There may be lucky hours to appear in, and certain portentous signs in the sky or on the earth at our birth, which may be interpreted according to the fancy and predilections of the mother, or certain formations in the as yet undeveloped cranium, to give the father assurance of his having become sire to one who will cut a figure. But it is little they can, or ought to know of what their fate may be.

Could the mother of Buonaparte, when she surveyed the innocent and helpless babe the day she gave birth to him, have foreseen that, even in her lifetime, he would perturb the globe, make and unmake monarchs, she never could have reared him; and had the humble and youthful mother of our hero known what her infant was born to, it is a question if she would have had any desire to rear him.

Coming into the world, is certainly an event in a man's life—especially if he be destined to belong to that class who live, die, and are buried. It is an event, however, that every body rejoices in but himself. Indeed, his small and unaffected lamentation forms the rejoicing of them who hear him—if he shewed his satisfaction by being perfectly mute, their congratulations would be converted to anxiety and alarm.

We never could give a satisfactory reason for that wail man gives at his entrance into a world in which there is so much to be satisfied with; and we never knew one who had been precocious enough to give his sensations at a period so interesting. Whether it be the change of climate, the annoyance of society, the intrusion of strangers who threaten to kill him with kindness, or half smother him with their welcomes; whether he gets the first swatch of his mother's sin, as he sees the light, or suspects something wrong when he feels the air; having left the pure state of bliss, the unconsciousness of all pain, anxiety and sorrow, and gets the scent of a new state of affairs, he howls his regret at leaving that existence he had no idea of reforming, and wails the ambition that brought him into that which promises so little to brag of,—we never could get any rational reply to our inquiries on the matter. But assuredly coming into the world is no trifling event in an ordinary man's career.

They say dates and events we may forget, but epochs never. Our career in well doing, may have many remarkable circumstances, whose remembrance may be worn out by time; but the commencement of that career, and the cause of it, form an epoch that is not to be forgotten. A reversion in fortune, however interesting its course, hath few events to wear off that which caused, or began the backsliding. The first error, and the first piece of ill luck, engross the greater part of the reflection of an ill-spent career.

We are guided in like manner in our recollection of the history of an empire's stages by revolution, dethronement, or abdication—by reforming or emancipation—by peace and by war—by pestilence and by famine. So do man's first entrance into life, when he leaves his father's home—his beginning business on his own account—his marriage—the birth of his heir—his bankruptcy, or his retirement from business, form the grand landmarks of his voyage through life to his recollection. Yet the two greatest of all—his birth and his death, are the only ones he has not any distinct conception of, and may form data for everybody else but himself.

The subject of our history certainly made little more noise on his entrance into the world, than full-grown children are accustomed to make. Still, his birth was regarded by his

father, as an event which might involve more than the son of a mere soldier, (somewhat obscure) turned of fifty, might be said to gender. He seemed to regard the infant as born to more than the inheritance of his father's misfortunes and his mother's fame. He had been a bold man who should announce that the day on which his son was born, she, whom he called his wife, had given birth to a bastard.

Though the barren, who may be deemed judges, as being disinterested witnesses of things, held the event as a dispensation ; which, he who saw the light was destined to be the subject of, and the amateurs of virtue, and professors of abstract morals, as an anniversary, like the 5th of November, the mother seemed perfectly satisfied with the way in which her child had come into being. Had she chosen to be content with her own fall, and with the dishonour thereof, giving birth to so beautiful a pledge of love, conjugal in repute, but illegitimate in reality, might have twinned it with the birth of a sigh, at thought of the ills the infant was born to, as the penalty of a sin it had so little hand in. On the contrary, she rejoiced in his appearance, and like her husband, seemed to hail him as born to better things.

Here we cannot refrain from expressing how much we quarrel with the justice of the world and its laws. The sin and shame of illegitimacy

descend upon the head, not of him who achieves or perpetrates it, if he can pay the usual expense of it, but first upon her who bears its throes, and then upon the unoffending creature that is called into being by it. It is he who is punished, not the parent who offended the law—it is he who bears the stain of its dishonour, not he who enacted the disgrace. A fornicator of rank does not even suffer shame or discredit for his crime, nor for the paternity of the living witness of it; while the issue may have to depend upon the whim or caprice of his sire, whether he should be content with the fame and treatment of an outcast. And the unoffending country may be favoured with the little load of its support, or enriching by the rewards of services and merit—which are called “sacred to desert,” by them who have control in them, and “pensions” by them who have hand only in their payment.

This is a very allurements to iniquity; which, in better language, is called “liaison,” “peccadillo,” or “faux-pas.” Surely there can be no shame in that which the very language hallows by gentle and delicate titles for its expression? There is surely little in a wholesome rebuke in session for carnal deeds, or in a small order of affiliation, compared to the mark of illegality or illegitimacy stamped on the frontlet of the issue, to bear with him through the world he was forced into, for no desert of his own.

There seems as much cause to find fault with the world's esteem, as there is to question its wisdom and enactments. Its estimation of good, and its visitations of evil, go terribly counter to the very common-sense it teaches. It seems to use its discretion as those gifted mortals do their talents, whom the Divinity hath been most liberal to, by turning them in revolt to Him who gave them—seeing that they whom the Creator hath been most kind to in the dispensation of His gifts, oft show their gratitude by raising their voice against Him, converting their reason to argue His imposture, and turning their powers to disprove His existence. We think the world errs in visiting the iniquities of the father upon the head of the unoffending progeny, and insomuch as it is a prerogative claimed only by Providence, who albeit knows better how to use it.

However, independently of these principles, Mrs. Seyton gloried in the son she had borne, and rejoiced as much at the sound of his wail when he announced his entrance into being, as if legitimacy had made it the organ to proclaim him as her own adoption—and she nursed him herself.

In addition to the love Major Seyton bore the mother of his son, of whom for reasons which may afterwards appear, he had cause to be proud, he loved her the more for the sacri-

fices she had made, and continued cheerfully to make, on his account. Every leisure hour he had he spent in her society, and having his, she sighed not for that of any other.

The child, which was named Douglas, continued to thrive, and seemed to form another era in the life of Seyton. Mrs. Hamilton and Mrs. Belford, who maintained their friendship unabated, took every opportunity of evincing their esteem, both by associating with her, showing that they even courted her society, and by avowal of their opinion of her honour and character.

It was not long before there was a reaction of feeling in her favour, on the part of them who had formerly evinced a coldness to her. It is seldom that, when some of our betters lead the way in showing court to them who might not be deemed the fashion, we are long in withholding our patronage. We begin to question very much the discredit of them who are honoured by the attention and hospitality of those whose hospitality we would have no objection to enjoy ourselves. It is like the bad opinions we have of those who, notwithstanding, continue to flourish. Success in anything staggers our ideas of the insufficiency or error of the means by which it has been gained. When the lady of the colonel, and the wife of the senior captain and heir-apparent to a wealthy baronetcy, continued to

manifest an unshaken respect, amounting to regard, to Mrs. Seyton, it is not to be wondered at if the others relaxed in the distinction they would show to them who could produce certificates of their licence, and them who at least deserved such testimonials.

"For my part," quoth one, "though society can never be too scrupulous on such points, in this I saw a distinction; there was the look in her that she was conscious of possessing what she saw it prudent to withhold."

"That was always the thing," said another equally acute; "it was like the bearing of the innocent under accusation; there might be fear of perjury or mistaken evidence, but there was no conscious shame to make her blush at."

"I was sorry that the slander afloat made Mrs. Seyton imagine me cold or punctilious. It was not sincere—I admired her the moment I saw her."

"Took my fancy from the first. There's always something in people who are of the right sort, that satisfies your feelings, and allays any fear or suspicion of their being wrong. After all, when Major Seyton shall be found out, the cause of his mystery will turn out some early deed of treason—which, after all, is but loyalty the wrong side out."

Three years after the birth of our hero, Mrs. Seyton and Mrs. Belford each began to show

symptoms of an iteration of that state, which, to use an utterly original phrase, may be denominated "that in which ladies wish to be who love their lords." Seyton and his little family were stationed with a detachment of the regiment at some little distance from the general depôt of the corps. Though there was a regular intercourse kept up between Seyton's party and the main body of the regiment—Captain Belford and his lady suddenly ceased their visits. A fortnight elapsed, and Seyton heard nothing from them. This sudden change, or pause in friendship, disconcerted the major not a little. He knew not what to attribute it to, and at last construed it into a tacit condescence to the sense and opinion of the world.

He felt the loss of this friendship the more, as it had been proved in time of trial. The good opinion of the Belfords alone had more than counterbalanced the vexation he had experienced at the revolt of all the rest. When they, therefore, withdrew their countenance, it was time to resort to those elegant resources so much spoken of in books, viz. the consolations of self-approval and a good-going conscience—a mine of large resource, because so little wrought. This condescence on the part of the Belfords, after such a trial, seemed a proof that it required more courage to withstand the opinions and the example of

society, than many give themselves the credit of possessing.

It was on a beautiful evening in summer, while Seyton and his wife sat together, looking with parental pride and fondness on their son playing with some cards on the carpet, when the major began to notice that the third week drew to a close, in which they had neither seen nor heard from Belford or his lady.

Had it been the jubilee or anniversary of the half century since they had ceased their intercourse, Mrs. Seyton would not have been the first to observe on the circumstance, lest her husband should think that what the world could not do, two friends had achieved,—make her give utterance to regret, or draw from her a sigh at that in which she had the chief sufferance, namely, the abandoning of friends and society. However much she had reason to feel her altered condition, for she had not always been lonely, or however much she felt it in reality, she would not allow to escape from her the slightest utterance or show of chagrin, so much was she satisfied with the society she enjoyed.

Seyton, however, could not but express that he thought it strange that Belford, his brother officer, who had proved firm as the rock in friendship and attachment, and as stubborn in yielding concession to any popular feeling he did not sympathize in, should at last surrender,

and cease an intercourse that promised to survive even the fashion.

"And Mrs. Belford, no dissembler," quoth Mrs. Seyton, "when we last parted, showed no semblance of coming coldness."

"It would be strange if friendship could survive the world's opinion and the example of the great," quoth Seyton; "it is seldom it can breathe after ridicule and reproach."

"Never mind, Ullyn!" said the devoted wife, catching the boy in her arms, "I am content. I shall not complain, if wife and maid, men, commissioned and non-commissioned, from colonel to the corporal, pioneers and all, do shun me. I am content in your society, and repent not what I have done—though with dereliction of kindred and loss of society—even though forsaken of the world—all my indiscretion has brought upon me. I am repaid all by your love."

This prating of her indiscretion to her lord, is the genuine language of a mistress to him who keeps her; in some ages, it would have been to him who lives in sin with her; but we have altered that sort of thing now, as we have many of the works of nature. This may be maintained to seem the legitimate language of one in the situation of the mother of our hero to his father, which the world allotted her, and to give too much cause for the ills they brought her, and

some justice for those they brought the sin-entailed issue of their intercourse.

“And in the hope of this representative of legitimate prescription and legal attainure,” continued this infatuated woman, holding the boy in her arms; “and may the curse of his father’s name press lightly upon his unoffending head!”

Had the mess heard this there had been an end to all doubt on some matters.

“Amen!” added the doting father, joining his to the mother’s caress; when the conscious child put his little arms around the neck of each parent, to form a chain nought but nature could rivet. This little piece of domestic tenderness and sentiment, was suddenly interrupted by the entrance of the servant, who appeared with the heraldry of weighty tidings overspreading her countenance, who announced that Mrs. Belford’s maid had come to bring Mrs. Seyton to her mistress on the instant—she was dying in child-birth, and would see her.

Mrs. Seyton gave the boy to the care of his father, and without waiting to change her dress, or to take shawl or cloak around her, entered Captain Belford’s carriage, which had been sent for her, and was driven at full speed to the fort where the captain was stationed. Mrs. Seyton arrived at the garrison in time to see Mrs. Belford alive.

The same day that saw Captain Belford a father, saw him also a widower. Mrs. Belford died on the evening of the day on which she gave birth to a daughter.

Three days after the death of Mrs. Belford, Major Seyton was himself the father of a daughter, who was afterwards named Lydia.

By this bereavement Captain Belford lost that companion whose place he never could again see the object he would have fill; and Mrs. Seyton the only real companion she had in the army.

About this time a relation of Major Seyton joined the regiment as ensign. His name, or rather title, was Glenfalloch. He had been a dissipated youth, who had spent nearly the whole of his inheritance in extravagance and gambling. Having mortgaged the estate his father left him to three-fourths of its value, he parted with all interest in it for the price of a commission and annuity of £240 a year. This was a handsome return for the remaining interest he had in the estate, but from his character and habits, it was not deemed many years' purchase; for though only five or six-and-twenty, he could bound the space between that and a good old age, by his adroitness in living.

Glenfalloch brought to the regiment with him a companion, a couple of years older, of the name of Varnock, whom he had ruined at the

university. Varnock, at his father's death, which happened while he was a student of medicine, inherited a thousand pounds. To do it ample justice in spending, he applied his zeal to the purpose—suspended totally his studies, and proceeded to work as if fully aware of the importance of the undertaking. The task might be great—he showed himself fully competent to go through it.

A matter of this kind is very different in the northern capital from the same noble struggle in London. The drinking part of the encounter forms by far the most important department, and as the refinement of taste in palatable excitement soon seeks for that which is ardent, the expense of quality diminishes with the zeal for increase of quantity; and in this way the struggle is considerably prolonged.

In that where Varnock so nobly lent his young energies, the desires centred in that which could be most conveniently procured. His career lay there too where the genial influence of the climate lent its aid. In London the air is less auspicious, and every debauch works sad mischief on the frame. The flushed, then bloated, face, which is so soon noticed, where the temperature is milder and the ingredients muddled, soon betrays itself in London. There the career is but brief. The expenses are so heavy and the temptations as numerous. Common stimulants

produce, besides their mischief on the health, so many disagreeable sensations and depressing feelings, that refined ministers of exhilaration are to be summoned whose attendance is expensive. The career is short, because the course of respectability is brief. Here there is too much difficulty to live; there are none idle who can get employment of some kind agreeable to their feelings or habits; and when one takes to that of dissipation from choice, his fellows soon become of that class who follow its train from necessity, and minister to it to minister to themselves an honest living. All are too much bent on some object, having their living, their independence, their fortune, or advancement, in view; and though their pursuits may differ in credit and respectability, and vary in honesty, they are attended to with application, and evince but little sympathy for them who fall, or who turn aside from the regular course.

Hence the brevity and havoc of such a career. There is some plunder, but little sympathy in attending it. They who have any means, or mental resources left, soon quit it as an unprofitable career, even to enjoyment; and they who have not such resources remaining, descend to a grade few are vain or ambitious enough to try to rescue them from.

In that city in which Varnock began his course, things are better constituted for continuing and

prolonging it. The winds are keener, and the ingredients, if more ardent in their nature, may be purer in their quality. The evils of midnight air, damp, and draughts, are not so fatal to constitution and appearance. Irregularity is not noticed, as they who are not bound to see it from their habits, make no mention of it; and they who do note it, make as little. There are too many like him to make him an object of abjuration. The people, though they may be poorer, have less struggle to live. There is less opposition—fewer claimants at the door—ample leisure and time may be devoted to deep-toned enjoyment, and business not materially suffer the while. The people are not so much the creatures of those habits which a perfect organization of mercantile pursuits produces, which can suffer no amalgamation with any other class or pursuit, but that its soul is in. Then the professional man of extensive practice can unbend even in revel, and still do outrage neither to his character nor pursuit; and he who at night seemed to have no care for the provision of life, no object but its free enjoyment, evinces next morning no traces of having done violence to the sober pursuits of a life of study.

The main ingredient which forms the substance of so serious a life, is the drinking. Where that is religiously provided, the rest seems to

come in the regular way of things. Eating there becomes more a recreation than an object of serious provision, as in London. The drinking is the staff; the eating, clothing, and lodging, the auxiliaries of existence.

Varnock, with the thousand pounds his father left him, adopted a method in his course which showed that he had not embraced a calling he had not talent for; and took up his abode in a commodious tavern in the High-street, in which he had board and lodging for ten shillings a week. This sum afforded liberal supply to the more momentous object of his adopted life; indeed, if he had complained of any extravagance in such a charge, as threatening to curtail the genial current of the other's flow, he might have had it for nothing, with the washing thrown into the bargain, and neither party have had reason to complain of the terms.

Being a youth of likely appearance, from the character of his associates he soon gained an address in the accomplishments that adorn that line of life. His dress was becoming; he could shoot, and play at billiards; ride and swear with a grace that showed him no intruder upon select ground. It was in the beginning of this serious sojourn, that Glenfalloch took special notice of a youth so promising: and in the prolonged course of three years, the thousand pounds, together with one-half more in advance from his friends,

were fully expended ; when they left the city, taking not even their name with them, leaving ample testimonials in the shape of debts and two years of the board unpaid,—that being then in general deemed a sort of superfluity, or waste; it was enough that so much had been given for bills of a more serious character.

Glenfalloch was not only the nearest relative Seyton had, but was presumptive heir to an estate Seyton never possessed. Indeed, the estate had been forfeited to the crown, in whose hands it had lain for a quarter of a century. It was the marriage of his kinsman, or at least his reputed marriage, and the birth of a son, which arrested Glenfalloch in his career of extravagance and dissipation, and caused him to transfer inheritance for the means of living in the army, and pursuing his fortune with his relative.

He knew who Seyton was—what he had been—and the service he now belonged to. To him, his family and his early history were well-known. While he continued unmarried, Glenfalloch gave his fortune no concern ; from which it may be presumed that the inheritance the major should possess was of no mean extent, since that of Glenfalloch, rated at seven hundred a year, should have given its fair possessor little concern.

The families of Glenullyn and Glenfalloch had never been on good terms since their union,

and had held no intercourse after they became related. The bond of junction in relationship, viz. the estate, became a stronger cause of disunion in feeling. They had naturally adopted different views and opinions, to foster a diversity of interest, and had embraced opposite causes, which did not tend to soften the feud that was brooding between them.

No doubt, the major seeing he had got an heir to that which he should himself have inherited, would naturally feel an increased enmity to the presumptive family. Would the son he had born to him be entitled to his heritage? As men naturally feel hostile to them who are born to their inheritance without having drawn their being from their loins, Seyton might relax or increase in his hostility, according to his conviction of the reality of his son's right to succeed him. The enmity, however, was likely to resort to the other side; being deprived of hopes by the birth of one, at a season when the ambition for issue in the sire should give way to that of being himself the heir to promises in a state of existence where entails are regulated by other laws than those of primogeniture.

This circumstance of the addition of a relative to his corps and mess, would, no doubt, settle conjecture on the subject of the major's early career, and clear up all mystery that attached to him. So far from that, however, the major was

not in the least aware, that by this addition to his society, he had gained either relative or kinsman, far less the society of his heir-presumptive, for Glenfalloch, for reasons of his own, had assumed the name of his mother, Fuller, and in that name was he gazetted. He neither claimed acquaintance nor affinity with Seyton, but as his commanding officer.

He who accompanied him, who had been ruined by the legacy of a thousand pounds, and getting his board and lodging for ten shillings a week, and who had gained habits which ten thousand would not suffice him to unlearn, was sufficiently necessary to him, as will appear hereafter. His father prophesied that he would not die in his bed, and though he seemed to betray a very laudable ambition to prove his father no mean oracle, he vowed he should take care not to die with his shoes on, at any rate, which circumstance his father seemed to imply. He had more nerve and resolution than his companion, to whom he had linked his fortunes, but though his senior in years, was much his junior in design and vice. Fuller, though he intended Varnock for his use, had in reality a strong desire to serve him; and the object for which he had him by his side, was one, which if successful, would make amply up to him for all he had lost.

CHAPTER IV.

EXHIBITING THE DEVELOPEMENT OF DEEP PURPOSE AND DESIGN — ANOTHER IMPORTANT CHARACTER INTRODUCED.—THE NICE DISTINCTION BETWEEN RASCALS OF RANK AND RANK RASCALS.

ON Fuller's being introduced as a young soldier to Seyton, his commanding officer, the latter asked him merely the place of his birth, but put no special questions to him, which might betray his own locality as well as that of him he questioned. The object of Fuller's taking this as his profession, and the scheme he had indistinctly formed, were too great and too exquisite in conception to be given or commented on, but as they develop themselves in the progress of our narrative. Varnock did not see it distinctly himself, but he had idea sufficient given him, that he would be the main instrument in its working, from the deadliness of his aim, the vigour of his nerve, and a resolve whose purpose anticipated not remorse, nor would meet repenting half way.

"This office of serving the king," said he, "is all very loyal and very patriotic, as the king

makes war for the credit of the country: I like the trade too. I began the study of anatomy, and there may be good illustration in the slitting of craigs. But I do not see sufficiently clear how you're to work our fortune in it. It's my opinion we'd better turn horse-coupers and forage to the forces, than give ourselves as forage for Moloch."

"There are a great many chances of fortune in the wars," said Fuller drily.

"I don't see much your kinsman can do for you."

"A great deal, if we could do for him."

"A good sentence that. But if the man hath forfeited claims to himself, how is he to work them for his posterity?"

"They'll be given back as sure as they have been given up; if not restored to him, his death would be our infestment with the crown." It would punish no more, especially as he has heaped coals of fire on its head——"

"By dying in its service. Who should convince the rebel to give such a wind-up to his eccentric career? and when mute, how could he plead your deserts with fortune?"

"By being mute, they'd want no tongue."

The day after the birth of Seyton's daughter, Fuller entered the apartment in which Varnock lay, for he had been accustomed to late hours, with a letter in his hand, which that morning's post

had brought him from London. The letter was from a lawyer, the legal agent of the Earl of Clancourt, a nobleman of considerable political influence at court. With this nobleman Glenfalloch had extensive correspondence, ever since the news of Seyton's marriage had reached his heir. The letter contained an official account of a notice having been given of an act of oblivion being brought before parliament respecting certain titles and estates which had been forfeited in the late rebellions of fifteen and forty-five, and for the repeal of some deeds of attainure which had been decreed upon them who had forfeited them.

"Couldn't such a humane act be prefaced by one for the oblivion of homicide in this year of grace, one thousand seven hundred and ninety—?" said Varnock, as he read the letter.

"Otherwise we are like to seek some other opiate for our oblivion. Oh! Lear, that thy curse had descended upon more daughters than thine own:—'Into her derogate body convey sterility'—continued Fuller, quoting from Shakespeare—"dry up within her the organs of increase.'—Be as barren as be thy fortunes, Gasper, if procreation teem thus; for this morning hath squeaked another imp to torment us withal. Thou wert the grandest accoucheur that ever expedited nature in her efforts, if thou hadst brought with thee a well-written diploma, and given us practice in the regiment."

"But we should have been at the first lying-in. There may be no more deliveries, and how shall we deliver us of them who are whelped? If this bill of pains and penalties to them who were in no 'rise,' but of grace to them who had forfeited it, do pass, then the axe, so long suspended over Ullyn's neck, falls hurtless; or the hair by which it hath so long hung converts to a cable, which may serve the double purpose of suspending it, and us too."

"But they say this young Circe spawns us torments without a licence."

"Never believe it—you know better than that—the world belies her most transcendantly."

"That world is but a shallow fool, or you had had your deserts long ago."

"It is by Janus! else you had not so many of them," replied Varnock.

"How do you infer that this concubine of our luck is the spouse of our despair—that she brings forth nought the priest says not grace to?"

"There is no shame in her transgressing, or she's brazen thrice deeper-coated than she of Babylon. If she be recreant there ne'er was virtue in modesty, nor pride in honour, nor honour in pride."

"Yet I know the temper of Ullyn—the block which he may not longer dread would not hinder him belying the slander they heap on her he loves. He cannot, or he'd soon disprove the villains."

"Why didn't you give him up as traitor, when his weight was something in the balance?"

"It was too late ere we knew where he was. He had done the state the trick. Moreover, as it was by his deeds he lost it, it could only be got back by his own merits. I stand, or have stood, in relation ashis heir, and can get but that he leaves. What he had forfeited claim to, I resign,—inheritance. Had he got his deserts fifteen or twenty years ago, it would avail me not that I was born after him."

"And another barrier, say you, 'tween you and Paradise?"

"This morning; which leaves us scarcely one 'tween us and Erebus. Monsters are procreated to us in rotation. Were we to take them off two at a time, assuredly forth they'd come in twins. What the better would we be if frogs and toads are taken from us, when lice and locusts are to be showered upon us?"

"There were ten plagues ere they were got rid of, and the last displayed science," said he who suspended its study and reduced his expenditure in living, to give ample verge to the play of indulgence.

"Why should we quarrel with our dispensations, seeing they are but in their infancy?"

"Besides, the reward's the same for one sheep as a score; and in ferrying to Hades, the more

the cargo, the less ballast will be required," added Glenfalloch.

"But the more troublesome to get under weigh. I'd rather freight an elephant than a score of pigs, especially when the insurance is the same for one as for twenty. I think to lure the cubs under weigh, we should ship the dam," said the son of a sire who augured ill of him to make him follow a better career; as they to whom the wicked are objects of interest, prognosticate to them an untimely end, that they may shape it better by their warning; while they, deeming these soothsayers too good to err, think altering their ways a wilful waste of pains and opportunities, maintain a walk and conversation up to the high mark.

"Oh, now if war, glorious war, proclaimed her advent, then might we wield the bolts of Jove! That would reconcile carnage in the small way. When slaughter is dealt wholesale, little massacres might be retailed under the general licence, and nobody ask us for our permit. A minister might just as soon think of reconciling his country to ruin without Bellona giving security of liberal sacrifice for the levy, as we of reconciling fortune to us without her collateral aid. Conscience, too, gets mailed in very steel, when it feels its breast mailed in armour, and feels less repugnance to deal death when death becomes gawn gear. I could scarcely

look an honest friend in the face I felt expedient to go in a hurry before me, if he were to go alone, I could pledge the souls of a whole battalion if they got their quietus to the sound of the bugle. It would appear that a shilling a-day paid in life, keeps ghosts at peace in death. Forgiving may be deemed sincere, when it's paid for. Simon Magus would purchase grace with coined drachmas, but Simon lived in too pristine an age for free dealing. As Leo the Tenth had seen havoc purchased by pay, and no scrimping in the measure, he thought a good going trade might be driven in that Simon showed such a commercial spirit in,—set up trade as general agent for the dispensations of Providence, and began the truck system, by making all his workmen and servants spend their money with him, that he might have the profit of their penitence ; and a snug business he made of it. The only difference 'tween the pope's indulgence and the soldier's store, is, the one gives his precious commodity from a warehouse that hath ample stock, the other takes it from one that can often ill afford it."

" Then you'd have me infer from this figurative sermon, that it would be just to make our own enemies go in company with those of our country, that her big example might extenuate ours in a small way ; or that in her confusion of mighty carnage, our individual slaughter might

be lost ; or at least, pass unheeded in the thinning of full battalions. How poetic and typical the phrase ! It strikes me the devil's the father of poetry—his imps troll it so figuratively—not one of them talks of crime, but in fanciful and trope-dealing speech. Where Satan's pre-eminent, Apollo shines ; common language is beneath the dignity of wickedness. No doubt Eve had a poetic turn of mind, or she never would have fancied a better state than Paradise. A poacher cannot snare a hare in the moonlight, but his talk would be as much out of the common thoroughfare of language, as the tract of the hare he means to gird is out of the tract of the turnpike. In books and plays I find the villains have all the poetry to themselves, and here you prate of slaughter, and you forget the discourse of this world."

"Daring deeds would have their relation mantled ;—they are modest, like true courage, that is no braggart. What the hand is bared for, the fancy would veil. And we are afraid to be as much matter-of-fact in tongue as we could be in hand."

"Now if you could make a good disposal of your reversion of Glenullyn—say so much during Seyton's life, to be doubled at his death—with a reasonable premium at his dying without legal heirs——"

"Holy St. Peter ! what a temptation to cut their throats !"

"How much then would your responsibility be lessened ; the interest of Seyton's dying without heirs would be shared, and the sympathy divided, if you had a purchaser with a conscience."

"Jacob Varnish, the commissariat,—he is the man!" exclaimed Fuller, delighted with the proposal ; and with him they purposed to have serious discourse.

Jacob Varnish, who was contractor to the regiment during its former campaign, was a man between forty and fifty, of a goodly presence and no small wit. Thinking did not make him lean, and he had advanced in the world by schemes alone.

It would appear that a different intensity of thought is necessary to the attainment of excellence in one pursuit from that of another. To gain renown in science or literature, the work is visible on the frame of him who achieves it. No matter what his capacity may be ; he soon shows the ravages of thought. One man may surpass all his acquaintance by his skill at chess, the result of much devotion to the game ; and though he may surpass men of genius at it, there was no genius, nor the workings thereof required to gain the superiority in it. He who distinguishes himself above his fellows in the art of writing, whatever may be his adeptness at it, pays a greater penalty for his eminence. A plodder in busi-

ness shows none of that simplicity which accompanies the mind absorbed in deep study, nor of that absence and disregard of self and the little matters pertaining to it, which belong to the higher objects of science.

In like manner a capacity for that knowledge which is exalted above the common comprehension, is incapable of figuring in objects of a lower grade. The inventor of the steam-engine might never have left a name for superiority in playing at billiards, though he had been trained a marker. Newton would never have been distinguished as a horse couper;—he who could detect the errors of a hundred ages in their knowledge of the laws of worlds unseen, might not see the faults in a horse paraded before him. The author of *Waverley* proved himself no bill-broker; and he who could lay bare the hearts and conceptions of men, may be the easiest dupe of him who has least of either. There are minor grades of excellence, as well as pitiful objects of ambition in the world.

Jacob was a man of no mean capacity, though he never would have distinguished himself in any pursuit of an intellectual character. In that of foraging to the army he displayed no small address. He was in soul and look decidedly a cattle dealer, or grain merchant. His frame argued a man who could do more than live by supplying provision to them who kill.

There were in his countenance the signs of following a congenial way of life—of success in his pursuit; while in his conversation and discourse there was that flow of wit and drollery which a train of eminent good luck will bring, even though the luck be subject to the control of a cunning and a conscience that seemed born for each other. He had been originally bred to a line of life that forced him to gain his bread by his hands. Though by handling the pick and spade, there seemed no immediate prospect of elevation, he soon took a contract and proved he could make a bargain. As he was under an extensive company, he had the address to recommend himself to the notice of him who had the letting of such contracts, and he soon proved his superiority to all who had been before him, by adding to the income of his friend in the same ratio in which he added to his own. A man of such discernment will never want contracts, when there are any going, nor fail to gain liberally by them. There seems to be good luck attending a generous sharing or participating of benefits; which does not always follow those where the profit, like the undertaking, is all on one side. The real meaning of a contract is to draw together, and Jacob knew *that*, though he made no pretensions to etymology.

With the proceeds of his savings, Jacob began the trade of merchant, and dealt in a variety of

things. After a few years' engagement in this line of life, in which he did a considerable business and maintained but an indifferent name, he began to extend his dealings, and drove a most extensive trade. All who were in the same line in a manner suspended their sales, waiting till Jacob cleared his fortune and retired; when he suddenly complained of bad payments, and suspended his own.

There is some virtue in a well-conducted failure in business. It augurs a change in the usual routine of ordinary traffic. Men who have but an indifferent name, make a suspension in business and produce an alteration in their renown. A man gets a receipt for payment in full, and commendations, if there is a prospect of future favours; but he has sympathy in a reasonable dividend. A break often proves a safe solderer of an honest man's tottering fortunes. It is like a quarrel in the monotony of love and friendship, the very means of cementing and renewing them. The current of the affections is apt to get somewhat stagnant when it flows too evenly. Like the Pool of Bethesda, it proves its virtue when its waters have been a little troubled. A skilful boxer, (to go to a refined subject of illustration of what is common), when grappling with a more powerful antagonist, slips his foot and falls, that he may be brought up again to the combat with a renewed

advantage, freed from the gripe of his adversary, and refreshed by the short breathing he has gained ; and getting a new chance, gains with it a new advantage, and perhaps the victory.

Jacob failed, and on the failure he laid a solid foundation to his rise. In this there seemed something like a becoming humiliation, that augured well for his future elevation, and looked well for, and seemed becoming his character as a Christian. After this he got a certificate and a character. Where there was doubt in trusting before the séquestration, there was none after. All with whom he dealt saw good luck would follow the affair, and they were no bad judges, for his premises were soon found to be too small, and larger barns and warehouses had to be erected. He dealt extensively in the bill way, as the people called the accommodation business; and it was observed, that they who were once in that line with him, never got out of it again. It seemed they found things go so smoothly under his management, they had nothing to do to get them out of trouble but renew acceptance, and thus they were freed from all the evils, terrors, or anticipations of ruin on its approach, as it always came upon them without any of the ill-boding forerunners that are so apt to herald it; and thus was it stripped of three-fourths of its evil;—for the pains of ruin, like the pains of death, are *per se* trifling.

Seeing the Laird of Glenmore Haugh, a small but ancient property, going steadily to ruin, Jacob opened a running account with him. A falling man, where there is plenty to go and come upon, is the sort of character to stick to, if one means to rise on his ruin. Jacob, though he abjured the unfortunate, clung to the laird, and lent him aid; which aid, like enlightenment to the wicked, in propelling them to perdition, served to urge him along in his easy career. What a pity the way to destruction, whether moral or temporal, is not longer;—it is so easy and smooth, and there need be so little care or anxiety about getting to one's journey's end.

There was such ample assistance in Jacob, that the laird feeling things easy, gave bills and other matters no concern, till Jacob gave him in trust to the great controller of things, and notice to leave the house and estate of his ancestors. The man of accommodation found that he had made as good a traffic by lending to the man of need as by compounding with solvency; and the man of necessity that he had better have given usance for mortgage, even to Mammon, than have touched the accommodating one's advances with no interest at all.

Jacob did nothing unsanctioned by law, though the other did as little that would have been sanctioned by common-sense. The laird could not make out in any way, how he who could take

dear contracts and benefit him who let them to him and complete them, had wiled the estate out of his fingers; for the very bond he gave him, though meant to make the property sure, strangely enough was that on which his ejection from it was secured.

This attainment of an old property for due consideration, in all honour, was the summit of his ambition who could turn his own fall and his neighbour's misfortunes to good ends. Being of obscure origin, he could make up for any defect in his descent by possessing a small estate of some antiquity, as he had done with his credit by a reasonable composition.

When the laird fell, many seemed sorry to behold the last of an old family leave the house and lands which their fathers had held for centuries, and another of a mean and vulgar origin and class take possession; but that sort of easily paid regret died away, as its new master continued to flourish, to rebuild the house, at least to reroof it, to add both another story and wing to its dwelling, to drain the lands, and improve the breed of cows; and when the fallen laird betook himself to drive a cart, and to support his family by the labour of his hands, which he could not do by that of his wits. He might, no doubt, have lived as tenant on the estate in which he could not support himself when he had no rent to pay; but its new occupier had altera-

tions to make on a larger scale than he deemed him who could not keep it, capable of accomplishing. Besides, he wished the broken man to exercise his industry elsewhere, and evince his pride by taking another place as the scene of his operations.

We wish as much to see them we have injured, as to behold them to whom we owe anything we can't pay. The sympathy of the world, which is so apt to break out at the contemplation of interesting ruin, soon changes, when Providence seems, as it were, to put His finger upon it, by the object appearing past redemption. If success be so strongly presumptive of merit, there must be something wrong in failure. Jacob's putting, as it were, his foot upon the laird, seemed at first like presumptuous usurpation; but when he continued to be blessed in basket and store, it turned out like a right gained by conquest, hallowed by possession; and when the remnant of antiquity came to drive a horse, conveying stones from a quarry, the man but inherited the fruits of his own folly.

Having thus advanced by contracting,—dealing, failing, and dealing again,—he thought of extending his abilities and labours to a more extensive sphere, and made tenders to government.

He was an excellent judge of cattle, and sent a number of horses to the army which were

approved of, and he got employed as one of its purveyors in that line. He gained the confidence of them who had the selection of tenders, as he had that of him who let him contracts in the beginning of his career. He had an approved way of obtaining confidence and favour in his integrity, which was by sharing it with him who was its judge; which generally proves like inoculation to prevent infection,—a diffusion of its properties, and makes the object who receives it enjoy the advantages of a sacrifice, without making any himself; for when we receive benefit by another's snaring his soul, we have no idea of our own being in peril; and the very interest we have in the thing, makes us think it is no matter of ours, and leave the divulging to them who deem it their duty and interest to make it.

To Jacob, who was at that time in the garrison, at which they were stationed, did Varnock and Glenfalloch repair.

"How shall we broach the matter then to this commissariat?" said Varnock as they proceeded.

"We must use some caution: for we divulge him a secret that may cost us dear if he abuse it."

"To prevent that, we must enlist his interest in it. There isn't a neater guardian of your honour than that same interest."

"Let us invite him to supper,—he likes good

things, prefers old port to new, as much as he does the old fathers of the Church to men who read their sermons. Then the matter may flow in course of conversation."

They found him who could draw consolation from affliction, and minister supplies to rank and file, reading one of the old fathers of the Church, for he had as much veneration for antiquity in expounding both the old and new dispensation, as for ancient prosessions in reconciling a family of yesterday to intercourse with them who were not born by their own efforts, which withdraws sadly from the merit of being born at all.

"There's a want of matter, of real pith, in your new-light moral-conscience ticklers; these may do for the age when everybody may have his creed trimmed as he would his coat or the tail of his horse. I like your men of the old mould, who could expound you grace with the bonfire between them and their hearers; not to write periods for reviews, to please people who judge of the sense by the sound. Light horsemen, 'faith; I would as soon judge of a nag by the noise of his bellows, as the pith of matter rowed till there's no more sough of substance in it, than in the flying of a balloon going through the air, that rises in proportion to its emptiness. These old fellows gripe your errors, your doubtings, and your waverings, and shake them as a Colley would a whitteret. I have a son at

college I mean to make a light of,—to hold the stilts of the gospel plough ; and if he root not out the weeds and couch of error with the well-shod coulter of right doctrine, I'll drag him from between the trams, and set him to Wilkie's iron swinger in Glenmore Holme."

"Ha weel callants," quoth the commissary to Varnock and Fuller as they entered, "you two remind me of David and Jonathan ; it's refreshing to see such friendship in youths."

"Yes, we have spent our patrimony together ; why should not we the inheritance that leaves repentance, in the same way ?"

"Yes, repentance,—that sort of sorrow that weeps there's no more of it."

"I know not one more bitter or sincere," quoth Fuller. "That sort of regret betokens a sad catalogue of evils,—want of power to go on with them, and nothing but time to think of them too. It's like the endurance of lasting thirst, with a fountain dripping at your lug, but one you can never reach."

"I don't know whether misconduct or misfortune, be the more favourable for reflection and sentiment. In evils brought on by one's own doing," said he who could turn them to account, "there's always a wholesome mixture of railing at the Controller of events : whereas in bad luck or affliction, there's an inclination to be reconciled to His will."

"Yes, we don't like to have it rest on our-

selves: that it was our own fault, or our own doing, when we are so little convinced of our error; we only complain that we can't go the circuit again."

"But that must be fine piety, that bears affliction it had no hand in, and prays that He who sent it would sanctify all His dispensations to our use," quoth he who could turn them to his own.

"We who have laboured, however, to bring them upon ourselves," said Varnock, "have a double reason to revile and complain,—we have ourselves to thank, and no one to vent our gratitude upon. One can't gratify one's angry will upon oneself for doing wrong, by giving the offending hand pain. Having then anger and no object to vent it on, with the additional motive of the avenger being the culprit, no wonder there's such difficulty of reconciliation."

"Perhaps it would be as well for you to pray to Providence to amend your motive by sending a few wholesome chastisements for you to bear, not of your own bringing."

"I'd rather have an annuity," said he who could do something with it.

"Do you know that I got for Glenfalloch £250 for a good eight-hundred a year, and a little mortgage, and a commission to be shot at? When a sharp campaign would bring a long annuity to a year's purchase may it not be a good bargain?"

Fuller saw the sentiment mount the countenance of Jacob, like benevolence mantling that of a patriot as he justifies a tax on corn, that he sorrowed deeply at not knowing it's incumbent before he made the transfer, as did Varnock that he had it not to make again.

Glenfalloch then, with some address, hinted to Jacob that the deeds were not good, and that if he had a mind to deal for his own benefit and theirs too, he would come and sup with them and talk of terms.

The commissariat declared they had nothing to fear from his want of punctuality.

"I saw he was the man for us, when he paralleled us from the Old Testament. If we make him not a David and Ullyn an Uriah."

"Hush," quoth Fuller, afraid to hear whispered what his heart conceived.

As there was to be a feast of interesting discourse after that of the body, the hour of supper was early, and at nine, the welsh-rabbits and oysters were on the table when Varnish entered. As we have said, Jacob had a disposition for enjoyment, as well as an eye to business; he had been accustomed to make bargains for horses and cattle, after deep draughts which have been deemed necessary to urge a sale.

There was a fund of ready wit and comical discourse in the contractor,—a flow of spirits and jest that made him alike the companion of

the young and gay, or the grave and elderly. He had anecdote for each, and enjoyed no less the agreeable discourse of the host than the good things of his board. Those, too, he had come to sup with, were men that suited his character. While in the army, they did not transgress the boundaries of free living, for with them there was an evident purpose in view, and there was in them a force of character blended with ample ease of principle, capable of action, and useful where nerve of hand and vigour of design were required. Though they went to the full verge of discretion in enjoyment, he thought he saw in them sufficient ambition to attain higher ends, when there was the chance of distinction in action. They were gentlemen too, of birth and college breeding, with no symptoms of need in them, which is often a great drawback upon sympathy in others, as well as satisfaction in themselves. So, as there was safety in the proffer, Varnish declared that he would rejoice in advancing their views, if there were anything in his small way he could do.

“The great value of assistance in the world, you may depend, is where it is mutual,—that is, the twice blessed of charity helping the object, and yielding service to the helper. It’s a pity well-doing should be crippled in its operations; but where help is lent, it doesn’t work the worse with ample assurance of a good returning hand.”

"That will last the longest ; when the reciprocity is all on one side, the good is generally on neither," said he whose contracts paid them who gave, as well as him who took them. "Whenever good ensues from assistance, if it do not recoil to the assister, 'tis like the evil of the ill-doer, which, if it do not come back to him, has been innocent mischief enough. The very contemplation of a service working well is a glorious gratification to a Christian, of a good way of thinking."

"Though the best charity generally is that which a man does himself," quoth Varnock.

"At least, it is generally made the best use of; there's more display of disinterestedness in it. The world is not so liable to question your motives, and scandalize either your ostentation or selfishness, in giving alms to gain credit for liberality where you have none; and the world forgives that sort of bounty the quicker too."

"And so does the object !"

"You're right, lad; I find I am the only object I can bear to owe an obligation to. The debt felt in doing one's self a good turn, is never lessened by any desire to return it. There's interest in the principle sunk, and no security needed."

"If honest, it can afford to be so ; if dishonest, why there need be no complaint."

"How came you to make such a bad swap of

your father's inheritance, you rip?" quoth Varnish playfully, mingling business with enjoyment, to enhance both.

"To make the niffer of one still better," replied Glenfalloch, with a meaning look; then, to change the subject for a little, till it might come with equal pertinence, he turned the conversation upon the society they had in the regiments attached to the garrison.

Though discourse commence upon objects of the dearest interest to us now and hereafter, it will as speedily lead to scandal, if there be any going, as if it began with the weather and things in general. From the colonel to his lady, and from her to their daughter, thence to her suitors, and from thence the conversation took notice of O'Regan.

"I would advise Maurice to make a reversion of that estate of his in Connaught, as you have done," quoth Varnish; "for by this time he must have mortgaged it nine farrow."

"He might lose his status in his own opinion, and in that of society."

"Not an atom; it would be as substantial a guarantee for him as a gentleman, and man of honour and reputation, as if it really existed. It is but an encumbered idea now; it would be a free fancy then, to which he could give full play. I once knew a similar character, and was at the wake of his wife when she died; she died

a natural death, but a great part of his family did not so die. For the occasion, nothing could exceed the comeliness of the widower's grief, or our justice to her memory, in the wake; she hadn't a virtue we didn't pledge again, and not one her relict did not amply bewail. The man's grief was as sincere and real as our revel was. There wasn't a merit in a wife or companion we didn't do credit to, dwell upon, eulogize, and do credit to again; we had a poet who did her immortal honour in verse—a monody, that drew tears from the bereaved one, and dire draughts from the bowl. The coffin, still and sombre, was in a convenient place in the room, elegantly decorated with due trappings. The longer we caroused, the more bitter became our grief and thirst, and the relict's sorrow, till at length we would have a look, a parting look, at the deceased, as none of us knew her. The coffin was uncovered—the screws undone—the lid raised—the sighs and sobs of the widower got louder—off went the winding sheet—but d—d a soul was there!"

"No, I should think not; but there was a body?"

"Deevil a ane."

"What! neither body nor soul after all that wassail and wailing?"

"Not the ghost of either."

"Not so much as the ashes?"

"Not even the wraith."

"Then had the body been carried off?"

"Not an atom of it."

"Had there been no body?"

"Nor soul either, nor ever had—all a fancy. The man never had a wife nor family either, but he thought it interesting to have both; so accordingly he got married to an amiable lady of the age of seventeen—quite romantic—had a fine family; them he destroyed all in a conflagration. He talked of them so long, that he could not live without them, till at last he disposed of them to obtain sympathy, and in course of time the wife would die a natural death; we were at the wake; and at last he believed as clearly in their having existed as we did."

"What did you do, then, in such a sad dilemma?" quoth Varnock.

"Providence took pity on us; and lent us the wherewithal to make a complete funeral. We renewed our revel; and taking a mighty pull at the decanter—after such a shock to his feelings—down he fell in a fit, and never breathed again!"

"What! the lamenting widower himself afford you his body as a real corpse. That's a man should never wake without an object."

"Was a corpse himself. It was like a special dispensation. They rolled him in the sheet his

wife should have been in, lugged him in the coffin, and, wise-like, began the wake anew. So would it be with O'Regan's estate in Connaught; it is as much incorporated with Maurice's existence now, as it was with his imagination at first."

"You have been long acquainted with Seyton?" said Glenfalloch, putting, as it were, a pertinent postscript to the body of the conversation.

"For a number of years," replied he, who could wail with the happy, and lament with all creation, if it were expedient to him as a Christian, and man of business. "Pretty woman his wife."

"And of a good family, I believe, whatever they may say."

"I have myself no doubt of that; and from himself, I have reason to know that he's of no mean one either," said he who meant to tower above the obscurity of his own.

"I'm sure of it," said Glenfalloch; "and I believe a fine estate 'tween the fangs of government and his heirs."

"Aye, and a better reversion might be made of it than was made of Glenfalloch, if one could go about it," quoth Varnock.

"How do you make that out? These children will come in for it, if they live."

"Questionable; their legitimacy is sufficiently

to be called in doubt. If he were to fall suddenly, there would be difficulty in proving his identity. The stamp of deep treason is on his forehead."

"I have had reason to suppose that."

"There's more in his offence than dare be thought on, and can never be atoned for in his lifetime, at any rate; there's both blood and rebellion on him."

"What a chance now of purchasing a reversion like that! one might get it cheap," quoth Varnock.

"How?" asked he, who would traffic with Ananias the priest, Judas Iscariot, or Knox the anatomist; "would he sell his right for behoof of his children?"

"He has none to sell; he has no right while alive," said he who expected to have one when he died; "when he's gone it mayn't be liable; they may have none. It hath a dozen chances to revert to the other family, who are its presumptive heirs, and loyal to the spine. They might listen to such a proffer; indeed, I have no doubt they would; letting the doubts of these born lately go into the scale to lessen the price of course."

"Let me see—how?" said he, who waked without a corpse till one was made; "say he give up all interest in the inheritance, taking the chance of ever getting it."

"To make the matter reasonable, say it is sold for a sum; so much to be paid at his death, without legitimate issue; or, in other words, on the purchaser's gaining legal possession of the property."

"Aye, there would be something in that; but would the heirs be willing to listen to terms?"

"Pledge you my soul they would."

Then followed a conversation pregnant with meaning. The grandeur of a large possession, deeply mingled with the history of his country, floated in Jacob's brain. They pledged and vowed lasting union and secrecy. Glenfalloch owned himself to him, and revealed the name and history of Seyton. The thing was too great for immediate settling; but Jacob gave assurance of a willing ear to the proffers of the heir-presumptive of Glenullyn. Money would not be wanting—no, nor sparing either—in such a cause; seeing there were honour and secrecy, the necessary means would not be backward. Jacob had a son of the right breed training at college—one who had the worldly wisdom of antiquity on juvenile shoulders; who, as Jacob said, had the best idea of blending the three covenants in one unison and harmony, ever twined Repenting and Hope with a stipend—whom he had the ambition of making a great man. How splendidly would this achieve it!

"Now, if we had a Joab as a merciful instru-

ment to work out the mysterious decrees of Fate, to the attainment of this fair Bathsheba, we'll have frays for the exercise of his loyalty and patriotism ; already there is the sough of war," said Varnock, as they prepared for bed.

" Oh, I feel as much at ease, having the same interest in this attained possession as that commissariat has, as if I had entrusted my soul to the keeping of a good going priest. There's assurance of safety and good luck in being in union with a man who is about to contract for gunpowder to the army. Depend on't, there will be a sequestration of good fortune in the cause. There's the root of the matter in that contractor, and he has sent his son to study divinity for us all."

CHAPTER V.

ANOTHER IMPORTANT CHARACTER APPEARS—AN EPOCH IN THE LIFE OF THE CORPORAL PROVING ONE MORE TERRIBLE IN THAT OF THE MAJOR.

A FEW years after the conversation we have related in the foregoing chapter had taken place, Seyton and his family accompanied the regiment to Ireland. Seyton was stationed for some time at a town about seventy miles from Dublin, and while there became intimate with a worthy baronet, a gentleman with an English name and an Irish estate. At the house of this hospitable baronet the officers were almost daily guests, and Seyton and Sir Herbert Swan became intimate friends.

While the company was stationed there, a nephew of Sir Herbert, of the name of Bellesford, an officer of dragoons, came to reside with his uncle. As he had been bred at Cambridge, he had a refined taste and very elegant manners. Though an excellent scholar, he was distinguished for more accomplishments than those of handling the pen and silver fork. He was a member of a noble family in England, and lieutenant of a crack regiment of dragoons. Agree-

able in conversation, elegant in address, handsome in person, bold and open in disposition, he had a better chance with Miss Hamilton and other ladies, than Ensign O'Regan, with his poor estate and rich brogue, even in the country wherein that estate had the best right to exist.

With the gaiety of his years and rank, and the gallantry of his profession, there was a tinge of seriousness, or interesting melancholy, which set off and enhanced greatly the brilliant wit and easy manners of a gallant soldier and elegant scholar, which with ladies of refined sentiment and little dowry, commended Bellesford to their esteem more than his curly hair and fashionable name. He soon gained the friendship of Major Seyton, of whose regard he was deservedly proud. The major, no mean judge or common observer, began to esteem him for more sterling qualities of head and heart, than those admirers who preferred him to Ensign O'Regan looked upon him as possessing.

Bellesford was ambitious of the good opinion of the major, and seemed by no means careful to conceal it. It was interesting to see a youth of Bellesford's years, habits, rank, and prospects, leaving or feeling indifferent to the gaieties and enticements with which he was surrounded and in a manner assailed, and devote himself to the more staid habits and conversation of the veteran.

There was from the beginning of their acquaintance an extraordinary unison of opinion, of taste and feeling; and the major rejoiced that he had found a companion so suited to him in principle and sentiment, and Mrs. Seyton for awhile partook of the feeling of her husband. She recommended Miss Hamilton, now a lady of mature discernment, to him, and he seemed so much pleased with the proposal, that he made Mrs. Seyton his intercessor, and she carried on a little courtship between them, and daily communicated the progress of her suit, till she really became as interested in the matter as the parties were themselves. So pleased were they in such an innocent and flattering occupation, that their converse upon it formed the greater part of the intercourse.

"This lieutenant seems to turn the kittle brains of the lassies here," said Jacob Varnish to Varnock, sitting down, as they were in the habit of doing, in Glenfalloch's apartment after the duties of the day. "Maurice O'Regan may spread his wings and flee up. His Connaught farms will ne'er do against a cavalry officer, with a high-bred name of three elegant syllables, and lots of sentiment into the bargain."

"There's the air and style of a man of family in this Bellesford. He'll be a catch to Miss Hamilton."

"He'll no more have her than she'll be Lady O'Regan of Connaught."

"He's very much interested in the progress Seyton's wife makes for him with her."

"He has got a pretty mediator, who renders the intercourse interesting. For example, I have no zeal for inebriation, but there is in this Burgundy of Glenfalloch's so much fragrance and beauty, that I court on for sake of the negotiator 'tween my brains and oblivion, till I'm in the slough of forgetfulness in the courtship, and never dream of the bride, till I'm spliced and in the nuptial bed—aneath the table."

"They say this Bellesford and she are related."

"I shouldn't wonder.—Cousins I've heard, once removed."

"If so, then may we have cause to wail," said he who had such a delicate notion of repenting.

"I have no doubt of their consanguinity," quoth he who had as refined a notion of turning even repentance to good account; "I am much inclined to give that rumour credit; Seyton and he were hail-fellows-well-met at their introduction."

"Then the more have we to fear," said he who feared ill less than he feared the lack of opportunity of enacting it on some scale.

"I don't see quite clearly that we need fear so much either. If we are to rely on an assurance of higher aid having power to remove mountains, I don't see that we need care whether

the mountain be Tintock or the Himalayah; they are each alike impossible to us, and equally easy to Him on whose aid we rely. If they are of the same family, it only confirms our belief in the reality of their union;—that I never doubted. She's no trull, though he were the real Pretender himself, that's clear. What then? It proves their rank; we never doubted that either, or its influence.

"Yet she seems to get a little intolerant of Bellesford's presence."

"Yes, he withdraws from her the attentions of her husband, to whom she has hitherto been all; for after all she is essentially domestic," said he who was essentially politic. Bellesford and Seyton are inseparable."

"No signs of any more family."

"No, thank God! that fountain of our anxiety seems sealed."

"Oh, if there were a plague to smite all bastards!"

"Depute you destroying angel, you'd know whose door to pass," said he who had a nice notion of whose he should call at in life.

"How the scandal of her marriage has blown off!"

"Yes; you see some who were most fierce in their sentiments have turned out themselves to be what they would have cut her for being suspected to be. When they shew the reality of

what they'd have her suffer merely for the suspicion of, they'll have as much hand in the endurance as they would mete it to an unfortunate sister. That's the great evil in persecutions; when they who denounced their neighbours prove themselves but black sheep they withdraw the evil and its load from them on whose shoulders they heaped it, and take it, with something more, on their own.

"To shew a want of charity is safe, so long as you are above every other want; but it will be no recommendation to a "beggar's petition," should you come to the necessity of carrying one. When they who cry shame on their betters, prove in the long run a scandal themselves, the burning shame becomes a blaze to scorch themselves. I must own that I might be the first to cry fire if I wished to do a piece of arson, and maybe hurl vengeance at a vagabond's doing it in a scaly sort of style; but it would be in a case of genuine expedience," continued he who would not countenance evil unless good were to come of it. "So if these sluts had kept up the colours of their reformation, they might havesqueaked "harlot" in safety, and tossed their heads as if their curls had been their own. It's of no use for delicate temperance to cry shame upon all wholesome refreshment, when it keeps a poorie in a snug nook ayont the bed, for private use. People should aye be scanty in their

vengeance on those evil abominations that most easily beset themselves. It's best to enlist sympathy on the side of weakness, to gain some palliation or at least the desire to extenuate the bit faults we cannot hide; and those that belong to virtue would take a thicker mantle to cover them than those of any other class; for the wish to play the slut, or to slake the thirst that slaking begets, is always present. And now when the accused begins to shew that she has been ill used, and they who abjured her turn out the remnant of what they'd make her the swatch of, they have not only the weight of their own wrath to bear, unloading the head they heaped it on; but they have the vials—faith the greybeards, the very puncheons of wrath poured upon their own. The former accused has pity for ill usage, while they have the less quarter to expect."

"She always looked upon the great anxiety they felt to cut her as if she really pitied them from her heart."

"She was conscious of better blood herself, and sought no gentility by suing their acquaintance; and Seyton did right to make no braggart or fighting matter of it. As he can't make much noise for his own sake, he keeps his tongue between his teeth."

"Should this daughter of his survive the son, how would she stand in relation to the inheritance of Glenullyn?"

"Aiblins come in for the hypothic; but there's always a melancholy fatality runs in families that leave not the couple; if one decline," said he whose judgment rarely failed in stots and wethers—"the other proves consumption to be either infectious or hereditary."

"Any further proposals of mortgage on the Connaught entail?"

"I expect every preference shewn me. Maurice made me the present of some elegant pott-teen, and has been sounding my praise wherever the sound will echo.—'Timeo Danaos,' as our Mike says at college; which means, I fear the gled whistling."

"Why not train your son up for the bar, seeing you have an estate for him?"

"In case he lose it," said he who had gained it by law. "Man should have a profession wherein conscience can play to keep an estate, seeing it's not always to be got with one. Property which has been got by devotion to the world, should be devoted to the securing an inheritance which cannot be sequestered.—I have always intended him for the service of the Church," added he, who was himself in the service of havoc.

"Is he of a serious turn?"

"Thorough-bred. And it has always been my ambition to have a son in the Church."

"Sapping the foundations thereof. The least he can do is to mend the broken slates," quoth Varnock to himself.

“ He’s none of your ne’er-do-wells—but always did his mother’s bidding—never took up with the ill-star’d, or the ill-bred, that would infect a whole flock. I don’t mean to keep a dog and bark myself; I’ll have a chaplain of my own, in my own family, if I build the kirk myself; and have the call in my own hands.”

“ Have the call first, to make the election sure.”

“ Michael is regularly built for it,” continued Jacob, warming with the subject and the brandy. “ He was always a peace-maker,—at least a peace keeper; he never would fight, but kept clear of broil and battle.”

“ Well calculated to speak peace to others; the genius of the profession is to speak peace on earth and good will to man.”

“ He was always careful of his own; he saved aught he got, and let others spend; so, while they had nothing, he had plenty stowed up; and when they had eaten their cake, he eat, and had his cake too.”

“ That’s the man to husband grace.”

“ While others got into squabbles, he had the knack of steering clear; always got the better in any scrapes he was in; and when he wished to get over any one, there was no danger of him.”

“ Just the fellow to tackle Antichrist.”

“ If he betted, he was sure, whether he gained

or not, never to lose. In swaps and dealings he made the neatest bargains. If I wanted to get a poney off my hand, I had but to clap him on its back, even at the age of fourteen or fifteen and pack him off to Lanark or Ruglen Fair, and back he'd come wi' a Clydesdale mare, or Galloway naig, that would carry me to the back of beyond with as much ease as a doctor would an heir to Abraham's bosom."

"Useful endowments though."

'No one could ever find him out in a fault either. He'd sleeve the head, when others got to the cart's tail—and he can take his friends off behind their back, just the tightest you ever saw."

"With all these acquirements, no fears of Church censure."

"Na—nae danger o' his breaking down in the training—he'd jook the repenting stool, even if he did stent the graith. Law may be a fine field, but there's no conscience in't. The teinds are the thack and rape for one of the right breed, with a sure call eked to his license."

It was very true, as above hinted, that some change had come over Mrs. Seyton's opinions of Bellesford, and her manner towards him. It seemed as if there was something she perceived in him less estimable than her more liberal-feeling husband noticed or discovered. Bellesford observed this declension of respect

on the part of his friend's wife, but took little pains either to remove or qualify it. She did not treat him with coldness, though compliments became rare and distant. She began to take less interest in his suit with Miss Hamilton, and he in like manner appeared also to decline in zeal. Attentions became formal and reserved, till at length Mrs. Seyton could scarcely conceal her ill-humour, or rather, what might be called a negative pleasure, when she heard his name announced.

She accused him of nothing; he was a perfect gentleman, and essentially a man of honour; and his character with all others maintained its rank; but he either withdrew the attentions of her husband, or she had conceived too high an opinion of him at first: when such exalted notions are not maintained by deeds or discourse, they peril just esteem; and he therefore declined in her opinion.

Seyton might have had reason to regret such a change, as *his* friendship rather continued to increase than diminish. Though the conversations of her husband and Bellesford were full of animation, interest, and intelligence, she seemed to feel at his departure as if she were relieved from long and wearying restraint, and would seem to riot in the unreserved and undivided attentions and discourse of him she loved. But an incident now occurred, in which

he proved his friendship and worth—and made her regret that she had ever conceived an unjust opinion of him.

It was about eight months after the arrival of Seyton and his regiment in Ireland, early in May, when Jane Lightfoot, the nursery-maid, prepared to take the two children out to walk. The day was beautiful, the scenery around very romantic, and everything seemed inviting for a long walk, which Jane was indulgent enough to promise them. It was with paternal pride the father kissed his two children as they were brought, neatly dressed, to him. The weather was warm and sultry, and the air thick and heavy, and portended a storm. In proportion to the depth and severity of action, is the solemnity and calmness of elements before. Though there were no signs of immediate change in the atmosphere to prevent their walking out, yet the father clasped his children, as if he heard the hollow moan of something direful,—not the less terrible, because having in his mind no distinct object of alarm.

At the end of the town, on the high road, off which a path led to a wild and romantic wood, were stationed Corporal Bric and Serjeant Mackintosh, non-commissioned officers of Captain Belford's company.

"You'll believe all you'll hear, Corporal Bric, first battalion, and take what you'll see by hearsay," quoth Serjeant Dugald Mackintosh.

"Not unless I read it in the Gazette; and *that* I don't mean to read or look at till I see my own name in it."

"Then, ecot, you'll wait a while—that you will; for if you'll never carry a gun till you learn to shoot, diel a soul will you send a slug through, while there are acres in Connaught, and water in the Shannon. But, 'faith, you're right not to believe what you'll no credit—nor I either, while I'm serjeant of the second battalion, and full nephew to Donald Dabitin, who was hung at the Grassmarket."

"Are you any thing like your uncle?"

"Not in luck; and he was fonder of sheep than of forage."

"Did he ever deal with our commissary?"

"I have no doubt but Jacob dealt with him, which was a wee different from Donald dealing with Jacob. When you dealt for cattle with him, you spiered his price; when he dealt with you, he got them first, and rarely asked the price after. There never was a more liberal dealing man than Donald Dabitin—he neither asked price nor receipt."

"Did he never run the risk of paying twice over?"

"Never but once, and that was for not paying at all; and then he paid all accounts, and nature's too. No man need fear paying twice over, who'll never pay once. In folks' dealings there'll

be two to make the bargain, but in my uncle's there never were any more than himself, and it's no wonder he and his merchant agreed so well."

"Had they he dealt with any cause to complain of his payments?"

"He took good care of that, and never made any."

"Oh, I see—Donald was a thief."

"Not at all," said his nephew; "he never ran away with a bowk, he always drove the herd before him."

"And they hanged him for not leaving them behind him."

"Did you hear the sough o' war?"

"I think I hear the water-wraith now?"

"It's like the west growling; and there's something hiding there. But I mean the sough o' battle."

"Yes, they say our commissary has tenders from the voltaic powder mills, and the society for the dissemination of the Scriptures."

"Then there will be bloody noses, you may depend. For where the carcasses are, there will the eagles be gathered."

"Pleasant fellow, Varnock—pity he hasn't a commission."

"Pleasant but wrong—he'll get a commission this war—Varnish has secured it. When he takes the reforming of any one into his serious call, he'll no need fear to do well. When there's

a good understanding with Providence and the war office, there'll be little fear of the working of amendment."

"Gaspar won't complain of the terms, I dare say."

"As the laird said when they wanted him to mend the kirk-yard dyke, it'll be time to repair the fences when the tenants complain. Jacob needn't accuse his conscience of usury, when Varnock doesn't question the per centage or the discount either."

"When conscience pays the rate, there will be little fears of that being jimp in the weight, or scrimpit in the measure; he'll be as little niggard of the discount, as I'd be of protestations to the girl I love."

"Or Ensign O'Regan of his leases. Yes, the conscience will rack in a good cause, diel a' fears. How is't that these cavalry will always get the best quarters, and all the civility, wherever they'll go?"

"Because they're least entitled to it. As they have horses to carry them, they've the best bed to lie in. So, that having least reason to be tired, they must have the softest billet. As the horse halves the danger with them, they must have the whole of the merit; and in retreat, as they can gallop off the field before we can shoulder our gun, we must cover the rear, and

they are the type of courage and gallantry ; have all the civility and the admiration going. As they have most prize money, who are farthest from danger, so have they most fun, pay, and attention, who do least for them."

Here they were joined by another corporal, of the name of Stuart, whose father had been a famous piper in his day.

"What the deil's the matter with you, Finlay Stuart, you look as if you'd be fey; cursed if you don't!" quoth the serjeant.

"I'm waiting to hear good news—there's something conceiving in fortune's womb—I've had visions of such good luck—there must be something in it," replied the son of the piper.

"The real malt of good luck ; where will't come from—eh? You've no cousin in the Indies—not a far awa friend in America—not a soul of the name of Stuart who takes contracts."

"I can see nothing distinct.—but ecod I feel as if there were something hovering about me, that will tickle up the hinnerlets of bad luck. There has been a change in me every seven years since I came into the world, and I'm now entering my sixth tack—I've a notion it'll be a bright one. I was born in the first."

"That's a tack you had little hand in."

"The next I was sent to school."

"That would prove a bitter one," said Corporal Bric.

"And not a very productive. At its completion I ran away, and listed; in the next I was wounded and taken prisoner, and began the third in a French jail; the fourth I commenced with a wife."

"To halve the comforts, and double the troubles."

"Yes, that was a hell of a tack that, but it wore out too. At the beginning of the fifth, wee Fingal was born, and I got two stripes to my arm; and oh, I have a high presentiment, that this day I'll enter upon a bright one!" exclaimed the descendant of the piper, and man of six eras; and hastened on his walk that he might revel in fancy on the unshaped career his excited imagination would conceive.

A short time after the man of six times seven years had passed, Jane Lightfoot approached with Major Seyton's two children. Jane was no common nursery-maid, and had aspirations of higher things. She felt her education had been neglected, but she did something more than bewail the want thereof; and Varnock, who had vast good-nature in many things, took an interest in her education, and began to teach her.

There is something sublime in love mingling with instruction, when the pupil becomes interesting in proportion to her simplicity, and the awe due to the master refines affection, making

that which youth in general dread enhance regard. The feelings of timid affection towards the warrior or man of courage and fight, have something manual or gross in them, when compared with the regard which the soul thirsting for knowledge hath to him from whom it is to come. In Jane, Varnock had a handsome figure, youth, and some sentiment: and she in her instructor various qualities, that women of a sanguine complexion rejoice in. The subjects of study were interesting, and by no means abstruse; she was apt at instruction, and he had a facility and ease in instilling it.

Little Seyton, who knew both the Highland serjeant and the Irish corporal, came running to them. The corporal took the boy, and raising him in his arms as Hector his forerunner raised up the young Astyanax, bade Jane take care of him as she hoped to have one of her own; and Jane replied, with facility and promptitude, that she hoped not, till she had a better right than she believed the mother had who brought him into it.

That's a nice point with women of a better way of thinking, namely, their abjuration of the misconceived. It shews a healthful state of morals, and is presumptive of a steady reliance on an ample possession thereof. The bringing merit into the world is an involuntary act: the right to do so stamps the merit. Those above us in rank

and wealth, may riot in their fortune and all it can give them; but, marry come up, if there be any flaw in their marriage, error in their birth, or anticipation of any little nuptial ties in their history, on what a 'vantage ground we stand! It is a mercy we have something to put us on a footing with the more favoured; we have as much invulnerability, immortality, and delights of conscience, as they who are as free of cares and need, as we are from comfort and luxury. "I hope not," said Jane, "till I have a better right than she had who brought him into it." In this, Jane was above her mistress—in her own esteem.

"You can't have a better,—it's as good as your mother had; and who would say you came forth before the time was up?" said Bric

"The more's the pity her daughter should have to wait on them that come into it before the time began," said she who would give time full play, and no more.

"Pity certainly, that they who are of the family of the Church should consort with them who came through the roof of it. You need not fear, the priest will have no need to send in damages for repairs! You have much reason to rejoice in that inheritance your mother gave you. If theirs be got by a false title, or claimed with no title at all, it will disgrace but them who give it,—yours is free and unencumbered. Is it freehold, copyhold or no hold at all, Jane?"

"A freehold, and not to be disposed of at will," said she who would be unwilling to give it without.

"Aye, but it may be burthened mightily," said he, who would take it any way; "it is but a slender entail at best; and see you hand it down to posterity as free and unencumbered as you got it."

"And make you testator," quoth Jane, with some wit.

"Heir in tailzie, my dear," replied he, with equal pertinence. "And we'll give Hymen a pepper-corn rent of protest and assurance, in token of right of superiority, while Diana will lift the rents."

"No fears of our getting into arrears," said she, continuing her walk

"Nor of her distraining us," said Bric. "If that estate be not burthened, it hath become a burthen to its owner, any how. The girl should sell it, and may be then she'll be able to live on it as a tenant, which is more than she may be able to do while she has no rent to pay but to herself. Curious, some people, while they've had an estate, could never keep out of debt; and when they sold their lands, they have been able to live and pay their rent too."

"That'll be more than our Ensign could do—a tamn'd sight."

"How is it that some people will allow nobody

a right to bring people into the world but themselves?

"Because they're no sure they have the right themselves; or if they be, they're no sure that they'll ha'it long."

"My unanimous sentiment. It's not indignation and wrath against Mrs. Seyton, for anticipating the right—but anticipating them in that right, or in the rewards of it."

"That's it, faith is't."

"That's it, or I'm no son of my father, and that's more than my mother would hear, though she's dead—long life to her—she was a mother to me when I had no father. I wonder the major don't tell them that in the deaf side of their heads."

"All habit, Bric—old habit—he likes his head on his shoulders, on the auld plan—there's no better, though it may be a vulgar fashion. Mrs. Seyton will no want any improvement on it. That decapitating will have had its day, Bric, when it rides on the necks of the people; sorry a bit of saddle or stirrups will it need—nor bridle either, if rebellion or revolution gives it the foot up."

"How is't that in these raids, when the people get astride that naig, they're fondest of making causeway of the thrapples of one another?"

"In all scrambles among the people, even of their own, the people always get the least, unless

when destruction and famine are scattered, and then the destroying angel generally passes over the rich and great. It'll be nae fun to be poor, Bric. Poverty's sadly taxed, as well as ill-favoured, and when revolution deals her havoc, though the people have the deal, the unoffending get the most of it. It's a swatch of the way the people would rule if you gave them the sway; all their tyranny would be lavished on the class they themselves belonged to. When we're raised to sergeants, we have no charity to common soldiers, and if we were gazetted the morn, we would never forgive the non-commissioned, because we belonged to that fraternity. We have great sympathy for the poor, because our rations are scarce; but we hate poor folks in our heart, after all—curst if we don't."

"Yes, and I would have only those people on a level with me who are above me. I am all for equality myself; but there must be classes under that I belong to."

"Right; the test's downwards to where we are; those below us are quite necessary—quite."

"I suppose it's the same as with individuals when they're ill-used; they never give those who work them the woe, a useful hint with lead or steel, but punish blind agents, or the less offending descendants or connexions; they teach them manners who only do as they are

bid, to get their living. When a man has no more use for his workmen, they who are dismissed, though they'd complain of dear meal and scarce bread, set fire to his wheat stacks, hough his cattle, or punish the Assurance with a small blaze of his barns. And if the great enemy ease them of their labour by little innovations, they'd say nothing to the evil one for his ingenuity, but break to pieces the innocent machines, like dogs gnawing the stone that's thrown at their heads, for the pain it gives, or biting the rope that hangs them, never noticing the hand that tucks them up."

"Oh, yes; this can't be the place for people to get their deserts; they have most to eat who are most distressed to get an appetite; the generous heap most on them who have most already;—we who had least hand in our father's sins, have most of the ill effects. We'll all be righted, nae doubt, in good time. Eh, Bric, what shriek was that?"

"An awful moan, like an earthquake preparing for drill."

"'Twas like mercy in the dead thraw—something of the sough of judgment—the wraith of war, maybe, for they say the elements take an interest in slaughter. There must be something beating up in the rear of this sweet calm and peace—the hoarse tout of the muffled drum may be boring behind this snug and peaceable time

o't we've had this while. What's wrang? See the folks running distracted. Got-a-mercy! what's the matter?"

Jane Lightfoot, allured by the beauty of the day, and the still grandeur of an extensive wood which had often afforded shelter to the lawless and oppressed, and induced by the love of solitude and contemplation, extended her walk thither with the children. She was tempted beyond the usual extent of her walks. Innocence may roam through the desert and fear nothing; for which we have the best authority. It is only the guilty who have to dread the Gætulian lion or American serpent; and unconscious of ill, dreading nothing, she penetrated into the very depths of the forest. The children walked along the path before her, and the boy having raised a wren from one of the bushes, his little sister cried to him to catch it for her, and he pursued the bird; which, as if to allure him on, popped from bush to bush, till its pursuers soon got out of their contemplative attendant's sight.

The little girl followed her brother, falling at every half dozen steps, while he persevered in his pursuit of the wren; Jane got into the heart of a pleasant contemplation, out of which she was suddenly called, by the unexpected appearance of the strapping figure of Varnock, standing erect before her.

Jane did not start at what seemed a regular

apparition; for though all philosophers, from Diogenes to Dick Smith, recognize two kinds of apparitions, the real and the imaginary, there is but one you can properly grapple with. Jane, at this apparent wraith of one who had her improvement at heart, gave a suitable ejaculation, but committed neither cry nor shriek, to disturb the wren the children were in pursuit of; and what was equally natural, she forgot her charges.

On recovering a suitable composure, she asked Varnock why he did not give her warning of his approach, and why he stalked before her like a spectre, to the perturbation of her nerves? and he replied in a way that was quite satisfactory. In some cases the open confession of the truth, is the best reply; in others of delicacy, again anything but the truth may do. Jane assured him, on her word and honour—for these are twins—that it was with no expectation of meeting him that she had thus extended her walk; and he replied with equal effect, that it was solely with the hope of meeting her he had thus extended his. She had reason, indeed, to complain of his delay in seeing her; and on that point he had little difficulty in satisfying her, since he had delayed, but to expedite her happiness.

Jane Lightfoot, as we have said, had aspirations of a higher order, and Varnock had a mind not only prone to sympathy in such longings,

but capable of ministering liberally to them; and in that gloomy wood he displayed to her prospect a panorama of fortune, so alluring, that she forgot she had any trust or charge whatever, except of that she had no reason in that wood to be anxious about.

How splendid are the fancies of ambition, when there is nothing definite to bound or rest them on. It seems as if reality were a corrective of the ideal, and experience became a sad curb to expectation. Though the contemplation of the heavens become the grander as we increase our knowledge and correct our calculations of them, it is because our discoveries unbound our knowledge by removing the limits that gird our views, expanding to our prospect worlds beyond worlds—of systems and firmaments staggering to the brain to contemplate. In the limited affairs of life in this lower world, the views are brilliant in proportion to the uncertainty of their attainment and the indefiniteness of their object. Realities and proofs are often antidotes to grandeur of views, as experience proves a corrective of the conceptions of the sanguine; and the splendor of those Varnock called forth, was much enhanced by their being as indistinct to her as their object was distinct to him who generated them.

Mrs. Seyton had too much confidence in the virtue and discretion of her maid, to feel any

alarm at her prolonged absence, which was extended beyond its usual limits. When the afternoon drew on without Jane's appearing with her children, she began to feel uneasy, but it was not till the arrival of Major Seyton from duty that she became suddenly alarmed.

The father missed his children, for they knew his footsteps, and he had been accustomed to their meeting him at his entrance and welcoming him home. "Where are Douglas and Lydia?" asked the father.

"Oh, mercy!" replied the affrighted mother, "they have not returned."

Seyton stood still, changed colour, as the thought suddenly flashed across his mind that some evil had befallen them. This sudden alarm was not the result of any weight or uneasiness he had felt before his return, as if he had some presentiment of evil, for they say coming events often cast their shadows before them; on the contrary, he expected to see his children on his return, and hearing that they had not appeared, the fear of something having befallen them rushed at once into his mind. His alarm was not the less because he had no foreboding of evil; when exclaiming, "My God, my children!" he rushed out of the house in quest of them, leaving the mother at home.

The alarmed parent getting into the barrack-yard, asked the sentry whether he had seen his

children, who directed him the way Jane had taken them, and thither he ran.

As he reached the outskirts of the town and came in sight of the wood, he saw people running as if something dreadful had occurred, and his heart died within him as he felt assured the calamity was his own.

On his way to the wood, for thither he attempted to run with tottering steps, he met Jane Lightfoot herself, running like Cassandra, with dishevelled hair and affrighted countenance, without either children or freehold. The father seeing her approach without her charge, but with direful heraldry on her face, stood still, incapable of moving.

"Oh dear, master—forgive me—oh, what will I do?" exclaimed the tenant of Diana.

"My children!" mechanically uttered their horror-struck father.

"Oh, my trust! Douglas and Lydia!" cried Jane, and then panted for breath.

"Howl your horrid tale, while I have sense to hear."

"I have lost them!" cried the representative of vestals and calamity; "they just slipped out of my sight as I was speaking to a friend, and I have sought and sought, and sought again, but look as I could, and search as I would, I cannot find them."

Without uttering a word the father ran on to the wood Jane had left.

"What a sight—what a sight!" cried a woman he met running, as if from a scene of horror. The major asked her in a voice that passed through arid lips, what it was? The woman answered not, but renewed her exclamation and hurried on.

Before Major Seyton could advance a step further, serjeant Mackintosh came running up, and crying out, "He's found—he's found—the boy will be found—he will—but what a sight!"

"Dead?" cried the agonized father.

"In the arms of the dead he'll be!" cried Malcolm, too eager to speak to tell his meaning. "Stiff is the corporal as his father's drone, and the boy in his arms—his head laid wide open—mighty Got, what a gash! Douglas in his arms—a bloody corpse—his head scalp'd, and brains hanging out—stiff as a ramrod all over!"

"My child murdered!"

"No, devil a bit—he'll be alive in the corporal's arms, dead as a nail."

"Who?"

"Your own son, safe lock'd in the corporal's arms, dead as the piper—oh, there he'll be," cried the serjeant, pointing to Bric, who approached with the boy in his arms, besmeared with blood and quite bewildered with the horrid scene he had witnessed, or rather been a part of. Before the appalled parent could ask what wounds

were on his body, Bric wiped the blood from his face and placed him scatheless in his arms.

After the major had given vent to his transports in prayers and caresses, the boy was the first to call out for his sister.

"Eternal of the universe!" exclaimed the parent, "I am not childless!"

Here they met the distracted mother, in whose fond arms Seyton placed their first-born. She received him and fainted.

On the major's hastening back for his daughter, he met the crowd bearing the dead body of corporal Stuart, who had been murdered while attempting to rescue the children of his commanding officer from the hands of two men who were carrying them off. He rescued the son; and held him in the grasp of death—but the daughter was not recovered.

CHAPTER VI.

THE SERVICES OF FRIENDSHIP, AND THE CONSOLATIONS OF
PIETY.—SYMPTOMS OF AN APPROACHING CALAMITY MORE
AWFUL THAN THE FORMER.

ALL day, till darkness came thick upon them, did the distracted father, and the soldiers of the whole company, search for the lost child, but with no effect. The poor afflicted mother was in a state that needed the consolation her husband required only too much himself.

From all the boy could relate, it appeared, that after he and his sister had lost their guide, when in pursuit of the wren, two men rushed from a thicket upon them, seized them both, and took them off. On their way, they suddenly encountered the ill-fated man of six eras, who attempted to rescue the children; and, in a desperate struggle, he saved one, and entered upon a lease that needs not a renewal. Two soldiers, who chanced to be walking at some little distance, heard the cries of Stuart and the boy for help; and it was the sound of their coming that saved Douglas, for they came within hearing, as the ruffians had given his pre-

server the death blow. The former escaped with the girl.

Hearing on the following day that a carriage had been seen posting at a furious rate on the way to Dublin, the bereaved parent followed it, traced it to the Irish capital, and thence to London, where he lost all clue. Every authority of the metropolis that was available, he set on the search. Great rewards were offered for the apprehension of the abductors, without the least success. A free pardon was offered, in addition to the reward, to them, if they would restore the child, but with no better effect.

After a fruitless search in London, the despairing father returned to his station. Learning, however, a few days after, that two men and a little girl had passed with great speed through Carlisle, he proceeded to Scotland—traced the party to Edinburgh—discovered even the inn where they had put up for two nights—and then all traces ended; and it was with a heavy heart, after three months' unsuccessful endeavours to rescue his child, that the bereaved father returned to his regiment. Mrs. Seyton then gave him an anonymous letter she had received from London, by which he was informed that his daughter was safe, that he need be under no apprehensions or uneasiness about her fate—she would be taken care of, and that all attempts to find or regain her would be vain; she would be

kept as a pledge of faith, and restored when least expected.

Of all others, Jacob Varnish was the most perplexed at this dispensation. It was as little looked for on his part, as it might be said to be wished for on the part of Glenfalloch. He suspected both Glenfalloch and his comrade; yet the one was on parade that same evening as usual, and the other was not even suspected to have an interest in Jane Lightfoot's education.

"Why, who on earth could have an interest in the children's absence but you?" said Varnish plainly to Glenfalloch.

"None, except yourself, I own," replied the heir presumptive, "and we can only regret that it has miscarried."

"Hush! do not anticipate the decrees of Providence," said he, who waited upon those of prudence; "all I can say is, that if you have done it, you have done it so far well, since you are not suspected."

"And can you be said to have proved scaley, seeing you will prove the last man suspected in the regiment?"

If they had been concerned in the matter, there never occurred on the one side the shadow of evidence, to give the other the slightest assurance of their participation in the crime.

"Can we do anything in the matter?"

"No—but bide our time—it will assuage even this grief."

"You look and speak as if there were something in its womb you don't fear the miscarriage of."

"No, if this inkling of its conception has been so well done, who shall set bounds to its parturition in the fulness of its time?"

"My God! but what a thing to the afflicted parents!"

"They are but denied its bringing up—they have ample assurance of the child's safety—no fears—not a hair of it's head will be touched."

"How do you know, my son?" said Jacob.

"I have confidence in it, sire," replied Glenalloch.

"And you have it from a sure hand, I dare say?"

"Ability is ever tempered with mercy; he who could have schemed and executed the plan, would not do the object an injury."

"Wouldn't, he, 'faith—when he knock'd the brains out of Corporal Stuart in the affair."

"That was in self-defence—the soldier who spears his enemy in the conflict, may not be cruel."

"No, because he can't help it—the one is justifiable. The wisdom of the land will make this murder."

"He perhaps couldn't help the zeal of his lieutenants."

"Mother of Mars!" exclaimed the son of

Magus; "here have we been anticipating righteous carnage in our country's cause, when the zeal of Uriah would need no command from David, to share the favours of the thickest of the fray; she comes uncalled, as if to shew the piety of our views, and the ire of vengeance, even on the progeny of traitors and rebels, to the Lord's anointed."

"Or to give the elect a swatch in foretaste of the favours of their adoption," said he, whose father predestined him to die eccentric. "Couldn't you calm the grief of Seyton's poor wife?" said Glenfalloch, who, though he might not be insensible to the advantage of this bereavement, yet could, by no means, be insensible to the affliction of the parents: and Jacob, though he was alive to the comforts and honours of this world, yet was he neither scanty nor niggard in diffusing those promised in that to come. Ever ready with jest to raise the laugh, or with laughter loud to follow the jest of others, when gaiety was necessary for the humour of the company, or the business in view; he was equally secund in sentiment and consolation to them who were afflicted.

The following day, therefore, as soon as he had despatched an order for 30,000 ball cartridges, he prepared to call upon the bereaved wife of his much-valued friend.

In this deep affliction, which had befallen the

family of Major Seyton, young Bellesford evinced the service of true friendship. He soon made the unfortunate mother regret she ever entertained of him any unworthy thought—if she ever did entertain the like. The exertions he made, and the pains he took in the search for their daughter, commanded the admiration and respect of all who witnessed them. After a fruitless pursuit in the wood on the day of the abduction, he went to Dublin, and other places, in a vain attempt for the child's restoration, and offered separate and additional rewards on his own part.

But it was during the absence of Seyton, that he proved his worth, for he soothed the distressed mother. Like a pious Christian, (for there was much more solidity about him than generally characterizes the class and profession he belonged to), he administered to her the consolations of religion, drew from that inexhaustible source the comforts which can come from no other; shewed to her what a scene of trial and probation the world is at best; commended her to endure the afflictions which are but for a moment, and bear the dispensations of Providence with resignation and fortitude; to prove more worthy of the happiness and glory of that to which this must be but the prelude. In that unfailing source of piety, he opened up to her a new mine, whose stores increase in proportion to the wealth that is drawn from them.

If there were no other blessing to be derived from true religion, that comfort and consolation it affords them who take to it in trouble and affliction, would amply reward all it may cost us, though it were but imaginary. How well piety becomes the young, the brave, and accomplished ! The devotion, amidst so many allurements and temptations, of the favoured of fortune and nature, must prove more acceptable than from them who have no temptation to err. A pity it is, that the fervour of piety should come least from them who have most bestowed them—or that they who have most cause to evince it, are least prone thereto—as if the weight of gratitude to the Divinity should oppress their love and obedience, (as it proves so often to be unpardonable in man), and that piety should be the prerogative of them to whom its duties cannot be irksome—to the aged, the poor and the afflicted. Oh, if beauty, grace, wit and youth, consorted always with virtue and religion, it would be something !

Bellesford would often wait and perform family exercise with Mrs. Seyton ; his prayer was eloquent and comprehensive, and his devotion fervid, with her who at first seemed like Rachel weeping for her young, refusing to be comforted. The grateful husband felt the services of the young and pious soldier—the gallant and the true ; and could the bereaved mother be insen-

sible to them? They had too much the stamp of genuine disinterestedness, not to be felt and appreciated, while the affection of the attached and dutiful wife was, as it were, hallowed by this event.

Jacob was equally redolent of comfort, and he drew it from as deep a source. He consoled the lady with confident assurance that she would yet see and embrace her daughter. The child had evidently not been taken so much to deprive her, as to possess others of it. No doubt it was either necessary to them for some great and perhaps good object, or taken by some one who was childless, to recal some image lost, or atone for the want of that they never had. Its beauty and its engaging manners might make many a barren one sigh; and they who had ample stores of the world's wealth, were curious in their fancies. It would be watched with a fond and anxious eye, no fears; and though it might feel the want of its dear parents, they who had it would spare neither pains nor cost in reconciling it to its new home and protectors.

This earthly hope, which Varnish gave with a tone as sweet as that of the other, proves often delusive; and mellowed as the consolation these sweet delusions gave, was equal in its effects to that Bellesford gave in a future being, where it is so doubtful in what form we shall meet them whose forms are so familiar to our affections.

here. If the other world be one of spirits, there may be the intercourse of mind, the exchange of sentiment; but will the sounds be given in organs as familiar to our ears, as those with which they charmed us below? We would have the form that so pleased our eye, and enhanced so much the virtues we admired. The associations of this world have such a place in our hearts, that the eternal blessings which are held out to us, take the form in our imaginations of an uninterrupted current of those we have proved, or tasted, or been deprived of, in our temporal being; and of all our limited fancies can conceive, there is none we form of our immortal state, so pleasing as that of the meeting with them who have been dear to us below.

Still there are so many conditions, with which our assurances are accompanied, that detract from the enjoyment and consolations of our hopes in that future state which is not tangible to sense. The interrupted regeneration, or the incomplete justifying of the object gone, and the many little backslidings that may interfere with our own, distract it not a little. So, in consoling the afflicted, as in many contracts, Jacob had the better of Bellesford. It was like the call of the Lord to his servant to minister in his vineyard, one ample enough, but to the faith of many, scarcely equal to that, which, in addition to His, is fortified by the promise of its

earthly giver — the patron, which is like a quickening of faith with good works. For, while Varnish strengthened and confirmed the hopes Bellesford held out in another being, he riveted them with his confidence in her expectations of meeting in this. He gave them to Mrs. Seyton, as if he himself had them from a sure hand.

Time, the only efficient solace of grief, and the best assuager of sorrow, assisted by the soothing of her friends, wrought a speedier change on Mrs. Seyton than on her husband. Indeed, as she saw him the more deeply affected, she felt the more bound to restrain her tears, the better to dry up his; for, in the same proportion did she increase in her attentions to him. There was this change in her sense of Bellesford's merit, that he never left their house, but she renewed her endearments to him she had vowed them to.

"Though we have lost a dear image," said she to him, "we have the consolation to think she still lives; and we may have the hope, nay, confidence—oh, yes, dearest love!—that on earth yet we will see her."

"You may,—but God's will be done! I never shall," the father replied.

"We have a son left, which He will spare to cheer us. He was preserved at an awful price; and oh! do not let us repine too much, lest we seem ungrateful for that we have!"

"I fondly thought that in you and them I had found enough to make ample amends for all I lost and endured in my early life—and one of the three is gone, and gone to me for ever."

"Oh ! Ullyn, repine no more, or I shall never bear up. The sole consolation I can have, will be in seeing you happy ; and if I have not that, I have your sorrows piled on my own griefs ; and these are enough, heaven knows !"

Seyton would not repine at the calamities the Almighty might have been pleased to visit him with, but it was difficult to be reconciled to the calamity man had inflicted.

They were unwilling to impute blame to Jane Lightfoot for what had happened under her care. They had no evidence to criminate her, still there were associations connected with her which were painful ; she herself seemed to anticipate them, for she spared herself a warning, and went away without demanding a character.

About six months after the loss of his daughter, Seyton lost also the society of his friend Bellesford, who was called to join his regiment in England. The zeal and friendship of this promising soldier, and the services he had rendered this family in their affliction, had so endeared him to the major and his lady, that it was with sincere regret they parted, though with a firm pledge of after meeting.

"And what you'll think of all this, Corporal

Bric?" quoth Serjeant Mackintosh to his comrade.

"That there's more in it than will come out by thinking," replied the corporal. "I can never make out the cause for taking away and still keeping that child of the major's, who'll be lonely now Bellesford has gone."

"Nor I, unless to keep it till it come in for some great estate it will be heir to. I was once married myself."

"I know that,—to Janet, who's your wife now."

"Na, but before that, faith, was I; and it was for some great purpose, to a lady I never saw before."

"What, were you a widower then before you were married?"

"Deevil a bit; but I never saw her since neither."

"Married for a great end?"

"Nae doubt;—but as I have never seen the beginning o't, it'll be little use waiting till I see the end. I was standing in front of the Horse Guards in my regimentals, flourishing my cane and looking out for recruits, when a grand carriage stopped in front, and a lady looking out of the carriage window beckoned me to approach. As she was a fine-looking woman, I was at the window in a crack; and she asked me if I had time to accompany her for an hour or so,

and she would pay me for my pains. I said yes, nae doubt, and took my seat by her in the carriage in an instant, and off the carriage drove back to Charing Cross. I didn't like to be inquisitive, and never asked her where we were going, or what we were to do. I thought maybe she was out for the day; and as I thought myself a pretty man, I had nae reason to fear the airt I was going; and as I thought it was no business of mine, I wouldn't be inquisitive, and asked no questions. The carriage stopped at the entrance of Marylebone church. 'Have you any objections to be married?' said she. 'None at all,' said I, in course. 'Then will you step into the church?' 'Och, to be surely,' said I. 'And I would not be ill-bred—but may I just ask who I'm to be married to?'

"The lady coughed and said it was to herself, but requested me to forbear any questions for the present. And in we buckled to the church, where the priest was waiting for us;—witnesses were ready; a decent-looking Christian to give away the bride, to me who had become a bridegroom without knowing it. Certificates were asked;—out pulled the bride the licence, in which my name was inserted, for it was left open, as she did not know it; we were married siccar as holy rivetting could make us. I was so tickled with the concern that I never so much as knew the name of my wife. Back we

came to our carriage, and back we drove to the Horse Guards ; at the same spot in front did the carriage stop where it stopped before. ‘ Here we are ! ’ said my wife, when the footman opened the door, and out I stepped to hand her out, when she put a twenty-pound note into my hand, and bade the Lord bless me. While I was looking at the note, the carriage-door was shut—off they went, and left me standing, staring with my mouth open, and I never saw her since.”

“ Never saw her—no honey-moon at all ? ”

“ Heaven knows where *she* spent it. I had two or three famous ones with the twenty-pound note.”

“ Then she ended the feast where others begin—with the grace.”

“ That’s all, ‘ faith ; but she took care and was particular in having a copy of the marriage with her, as if by it she could get something worth the loss of her bridegroom—that’s me.”

“ And you married Janet without a divorce ? ”

“ To be surely. I had nothing to divorce, and she might have died till she was sick for me ; how was I to know, or where was I to inquire ? ”

“ And are you not afraid she will come and demand you ? ”

“ Deil a bit, Janet’s failing.”

“ Dugald, you’re a bigamist ! ”

"A what?" exclaimed the man of two marriages, but of one consummation.

"A perpetrator of bigamy; at least, a married man and a half, as one of the wives was not complete. And do you think, then, that this child of our major's was carried away for some great end, as no doubt you were made an incomplete husband for the same?"

"What else could it be? I know the major's of a high family, and these children will come in for something. She's safe, you may take my word for it."

"Like a thing lost by being too carefully laid up—like my aunt's virtue, that she nursed like a jewel. When she tired of that baby, she nursed bastards, and bore them too, lest there should be a deficiency in the supply. Were you at poor Stuart's wake?"

"At his last era,—that I was;—ah, but his father could play the pipes!" replied the serjeant. "I was at the swathing of him. Varnock, they say, was bred a surgeon, and was good at the bleed and the physic, and he was brought to dress up the head, to have the corpse swathed human-like—and by the soul of the piper, if the blood didna spout anew, as he began to touch it. Bold though he'll be, he could as soon stem the Tay as staunch it. And what you'll think of that, Corporal Bric?"

"Judgment, serjeant. Vengeance, speaking

with most miraculous organ, as Dennis Lynch, my schoolmaster, said, when the whiskey made him talk the truth. Dennis was a broth of a scholar, elegant throughout. He was boned from Wicklow to where I was brought up, and he taught me the humanities. My mother paid him two bottles of whiskey, besides potatoes, every year the whole twelvemonth I was at school. Yes, as Dennis would say, it was judgment speaking."

"But nobody will suppose him guilty of making the gash he was brought to sew up?"

"No, I don't say he gave the stab, for he was otherwise engaged. But the executioner is not the chief one to blame in hanging a man who has been wrongfully condemned. Now be listening, and I'll give my evidence in the case. Doesn't Varnock sing sweetly and with nice sensibility and a quiver of the voice, in soft falsetto, without any sensibility of soul or sense? Isn't that a bad sign of a good man?"

"Yes, it's getting emotion on false pretences."

"Drawing upon our heart by forgery. It's a bad sign when a man has least of that he displays most, and worse when he brandishes most of what he has none at all, any how. Hasn't he a nasty burr in his throat, as if it stuck there to prevent the wizzen collapsing by the sudden giving way of the firmament under his feet?"

continued he who was too erudite at times to speak correctly.

“Och, that’s the reason there are so many big rogues in the coal trade.”

“Can he look you straight in the face? Hasn’t he a skulking eye? It’s not the lour of a diffident man, who may be ashamed to look up, though he be conscious of having done nothing to be ashamed of, or in blushing for them speaking to him for what they should blush at themselves, when he’s sure they’re talking falsely, or with great foolishness, which will make a wise man ashamed to hear.”

“Yes, there’s a deevilish difference ’tween the shame of being blate and of being guilty, ’faith is there; as much as between my marriage at Mary-le-bone, and that wi’ our Janet.”

“His then is the skulk of a double mind; for he has more cheek than any single man in the three batallions. Then, did you ever see a cur show his teeth, upper jaw and lower, as he does, when he speaks or laughs.”

“Yes, ’faith, he grins like a ghost o’er a kirk-yard dyke, where there are intruders in the moulds; and that as you say is a bad sign; for as they mostly show their teeth who havn’t the courage to bite, so do they who would bite most back and before, if they durst. It’s a bad thing that want of leather to the jaws, as weel as to the soles and upper quarters. It looks as if

there had been a racking of it by the conscience, who had taken more than the half of the blanket, and it had contracted the mug by the great breadth of it, which it hath drawn to use; for we see where there's a want of it on the jaws, there's mighty ease in the breast. Go on with your evidence, Bric."

"Isn't he a mighty favourite with the women?"

"And there's nae scant of leather with them."

"And don't you find that he who breaks most hearts, has least of any heart of his own?"

"And that's Got Almighty's truth; what mild, meek, patient wives your ill-doing rogues and smooth-tongued scamps will have. A queen, if a virgin, would select her minister and councillor who had been tried for supple tricks, provided he shewed himself expert in them. The greatest waffies will have the wale of lasses, nae doubt. Busk them braw, and they'll embrace antiquity and withered impotence; tan them well, and they'll follow you like collies. If you know a man to be especially worthy, and have you an interest in his success,—one without guile,—what a randy his wife is sure to be. Henry the Eighth, egot, couldn't kill them fast enough. Woe unto you, when all men will speak well of you—you're a man of this world, and woe unto you if you depend on

him whom all women think well of, you'll have little chance of this world."

"Right, Dugald. If there's an heiress in the case, does she wed a man to share her superfluity for his sense and soul?"

"Hoogh!—would my uncle, Donald Dabitin, who was hung at the Grassmarket, select his brutes for their thinking acquirements? If he had he'd never been hung. Nor will they seek the deserving; and, as you say, that's a sure proof, Varnock's being spoken to by Finlay's blood. The only thing is, he's a bold one."

"Yes, he has the nerve of a man whom the axe would not deter from doing what he was bent on, provided it was ill. The courage to do evil, undeterred by consequences, is not so much the bravery to meet it boldly, as the want of foresight to see it at all, or very dimly through the mist of escape and concealment. And though the terrors of the law might affright him from a deed that would appal a good though brave man, he might shrink from encountering a bold one in a noble struggle. The man who would bid another stand and deliver on the highway, in a firm and distinct enough voice, might not spur his horse deepest in the charge for liberty."

"Or bear the onset in a good cause. 'Faith, Brie, you're right again; there's but sma' courage wanted for iniquity and transgression.

More a tamn'd sight till refrain from it; 'faith is there."

Three months after the departure of Bellesford, Major Seyton and family accompanied the regiment to Hampton Court, where it was stationed till summoned to battle.

After their arrival in England, the health of Mrs. Seyton began to decline, and a great change took place in her spirits. She lost her beautiful bloom, and became pale and melancholy. It seemed as if the sorrow she felt at the loss of her child, which she herself thought assuaged, only slumbered, and now began to revive, strengthened in renewal by the time it had slept. She was often observed to weep when alone, and, as she thought, unseen. The sighs that broke from her, bespoke the weight that lay at her heart. Associations grew strong and painful, and anything that recalled the past—any allusions which brought it to her mind, were painful.

Finlay Stewart, who fell in protecting, or rather rescuing, her son, left a boy, whom her husband took care to provide for; the sight of him ever called forth emotion; and the name of Bellesford, though so connected with gratitude, yet was there associated with the recollection of him so much of the remembrance of happiness and her child, that she never heard it pronounced without being affected.

In proportion as her health declined, so increased her sensibility and affection towards her husband. He, who seemed to live in her alone, took every care she wanted nothing she could even fancy. Change of air, and exercise, of course were the solace and remedy chiefly recommended, and an open carriage was procured for her, in which she took frequent little excursions to Richmond, Twickenham, Walton and Kingston. But the place of all others she took most interest in going to, was Windsor, to which neighbourhood she at length confined her course. The town began to have associations in her mind, melancholy and pleasing, for there was something in its appearance and character that bore strong resemblance to that port in Ireland, where they were stationed when they lost their child. She never went there but it brought it to her recollection. Troops are always stationed there, and these were connected with the earliest and the dearest of her recollections. Like the prisoner in the Fleet, who after some twenty years confinement obtained a day's liberation, which he spent in the King's Bench, her enjoyment was to traverse from the depôt at Hampton Court to the station at Windsor. When her husband went to London, or was called away for the day in the exercise of his duty, she seemed reluctant to let him go, striving to detain him, as if his short ab-

sence threatened a long separation ; for so slender were her own hopes of her recovery, that when he went to Hounslow or the Horse Guards, she seemed afraid something fatal would befall her ere his return, to prevent their ever meeting again.

She had a far worse, though, alas ! a far more correct opinion of her constitution, and the result of her illness, than any of her friends or acquaintance. He who was most interested in and most anxious about her, had but little conception of the depth and progress of her malady. What is dearest to us we are most alarmed for the loss of ; and our anxieties urging the imagination to frame the worst conceptions, embitter our enjoyments when they are often least in peril ; but in her disease there was something so flattering, few, if any, had the opinion of it she herself entertained, yet seemed resigned to. Her bloom faded ; still her beauty, apparently too fine for this world, became the more remarkable. Seyton contrived every amusement for her diversion, while every endeavour he made but renewed her regret, as if its variety became painful to her, and she grieved that exertions should be made and so much pains bestowed, which would prove of so little avail. She contracted a love for solitude and a distaste to society ; and even,—strange reverse from the anxiety she formerly displayed at her

husband's absence, her reluctance at his leaving her and her impatience for his return,—she became at length restless at his presence, till she could scarcely look at him without emotion.

This was a change we do not pretend to reconcile. Whether the fate of the dying absorb the sufferer's thoughts—whether affections loose their hold on earth as hope hath fled, and seeking for those better and more lasting whither we are hastening, prove our sympathies to things that perish, like other things earthly, to be but vanity,—the presence of those who have had such a mighty share of our thoughts and sensibilities, becomes painful in the progress of decay, as if the mind reproached itself for lavishing upon them that which should have been shared with its Creator and Endower.

We have seen the revenge and enmities of madmen turned with most ardour against those who were dearest to them in sanity. The passion for solitude which she had indulged in since the loss of her child, grew with the progress of her complaint. How much nature and her quiet beauties allure the mind, when the body decays and becomes less capable of enjoying, or even of enduring the more turbulent amusements of the world! as if these were but forced and artificial, and nature, in decay, asserted her true prerogative.

Indeed, it may be said, that it was during one

of these evening walks she first caught that which at length carried her off. While her husband was absent, attracted by the beauty of the evening, and the enticing grandeur of the scenery, she was induced to stay out longer than her wont; and while the shades of night gathered thick around her, and the heavy dew fell like a mist upon a little lake she sat beside, spite even of her better sense, she stayed till she caught that which she was never destined to forget; whether cold, fever, or some latent malady the subtle frame is heir to, we presume not to know.

Though decay or consumption, that slow but sure purveyor to the grave, into which she seemed to have fallen, be a flattering disease, it flattered not her. Her marks of maternal affection to her son assumed an anxiety that was painful; and on her consort she looked as if her progressing fate unnerved her more for his sake than for her own. She felt in anticipation, and forgetful of herself, she grieved and fretted but on their account. To her own fate she was perfectly resigned.

CHAPTER VII.

SHOWING, THAT WHILE TWO CONTEND AND FIGHT FOR A LADY, A THIRD GETS HER.—A SHORT CHAPTER, WITH A GREAT DEAL IN IT.—A BALL—A DUEL—AND AN ELOPEMENT—AFFORDING AMPLE MATTER FOR THE REFLECTION OF THE READER, WITHOUT BEING TROUBLED WITH ANY FROM THE AUTHOR.

AMONG the officers of Seyton's regiment, and those stationed at Windsor, Hounslow, and Kensington, the greatest hospitality and good feeling prevailed. A ball was given by Colonel Hamilton and his brother officers, to the officers of the dragoons; at which, the Colonel expressed a strong desire that Mrs. Seyton, notwithstanding her state of health, should be present. He urged, in his invitation, that if she, who had so long withdrawn from their assemblies, would come, though her attendance proved but a visit, he would take it as a personal compliment. At her husband's solicitation, she consented to go.

Of the beauty and fashion displayed at the assembly, Mrs. Seyton and Miss Hamilton were the most distinguished. The white dress the former wore, set off her pale but beautiful features, and added to the regret they should be

subject to decline. There was a brilliancy in her eye that attracted observation. She sighed as others smiled, and looked upon the gaiety and mirth of the assembly, like one who had a heart to enjoy it with the lightest, but who beheld it all now empty as a show.

Some, who were delicate and ingenious in surmise, though benevolent in disposition, saw well what was eating at her heart; the change on her, shewed the inscrutable workings of Providence—proving, that virtue lost, and a sense of honour violated, may, in the strength of passion and giddiness of youth, be lulled for awhile; yet, like remorse, they will return as if refreshed by slumber.

But the nicest conjecture of all, on this change, was, that Seyton had been married before, and had a wife living, whom he had deserted, which formed the mystery of his early career;—and this coming to her knowledge, wrought the havoc on her constitution, that would, in the end, carry her off. The thoughts of claiming but a moiety of her husband's possession, had, like iron, entered her soul. Match us the world for charity and penetration!

In the progress of the ball, which was kept up with great spirit, the jealousy of Ensign O'Regan was strongly excited by the attentions which Moore, the surgeon of the regiment, and his rival, was paying to Miss Hamilton; which was

heightened by the willing ear she seemed to lend to his address. He might forgive the gallantries of a general of brigade, or colonel of dragoons, but with an estate so easily managed, to brook the attentions of a surgeon, who has but, as it were, the rental of a diploma, which can admit neither of cultivation nor mortgage for inheritance, was an insult to the distinctions of society, not to be borne under existing circumstances.

The arrogance was the greater, as O'Regan had failed to gain promotion by purchase; and there was as yet no war proclaimed to expedite his advance; while Moore had obtained the full pay of his office. Had there been war between nations, and he in it, perhaps there had been less call upon him to enter into it on his own account. He had never received any encouragement from Miss Hamilton, to warrant his setting her apart to himself; but that devolved on him the more the duty of seeing she was set apart to nobody else. He had fixed her for his own, and this should not only prevent any other from laying claim to her, but called upon him to check any incipient claims made to her by any other.

Unable any longer to bear Moore's attentions, O'Regan approached Miss Hamilton, and in a voice that quivered with emotion, asked her to become his partner in the next dance, while she, observing his excitement, which with the wickedness of mischief she seemed to enjoy, looked at

Moore, as if she had made a prior engagement with him; and he, with some coolness, replied for her—saying, that Miss Hamilton had consented to waltz with him. This she confirmed by a smile, and the ensign set the surgeon down for a rascal.

A party stood up to waltz, and Moore and Miss Hamilton joined them. Off they set, whirling round to inspiring music, Moore with his right arm round her waist, and holding her right hand in his left, bounding up and down, as if to beggar excitement. There is nothing so well calculated to try the patience of the jealous, as to witness her he loves wheeled round in the arms of his rival in the waltz. As it is the most amorous contiguity that may be indulged in moral society, so must it be the most hateful for a lover to witness.

“Oh, let us leave this,” said Mrs. Seyton to her husband, as it grew late; and Seyton, who felt it was no place for her enjoyment, accompanied her home. Reaching their apartments in the barracks, Mrs. Seyton looked at her son as he lay asleep, and with maternal fondness, kissed the unconscious boy. “Oh that I knew where my other innocent now lies,” said she; “if I had but one look at her, and one kiss, I could be content, come aught that will.”

It was rather late the following morning when Major Seyton rose. As he looked from the

window of his apartment into the barrack-yard, he perceived, by the anxiety depicted on the countenances of a group of officers, and by the eager and inquisitive looks of some others who were hastening to join them, that there was something the matter. The catastrophe of his child's loss had had such effect upon him, that he never could behold any stir, or anything that portended mystery or danger, without his heart beating. He raised the window-sash, when one of the officers, who saw him, drew near, asking him at the same time if he had heard what was taking place; adding, that O'Regan and Moore had gone off to fight a duel."

"Fight a duel!—what about?" cried Seyton.

"To try which of the two Miss Hamilton likes best."

The ensign very reasonably conceived, that the surest way to Miss Hamilton's heart must be through the surgeon's head. Besides, he felt that he had the more right to call upon him, seeing it was not his profession to fight. His trade was to heal wounds—there was no other salve to lay to that caused in himself, than his life in return, or to take his own with it; like two gamblers in debt, tossing who pays for both—or ending their claims with a "double or quits."

O'Regan, on leaving the ball-room, instead of going to sleep, went to rouse his friend Har-

rowgate, to get up and convey his compliments and challenge to the surgeon to meet him early that same morning.

"What insult has Moore offered you?" asked Harrowgate, raising himself up in bed. The wits of the ensign were reeling in a circle, like a whirlwind, by that reeling of the object of his love, in the arms of one who ought to have known himself better: and he replied, that it was one that could in no way be atoned for, but by the civility of a meeting.

"Am I to accept any apology?" asked the second.

"Not an inch of the thing," replied the ensign; "as then I might as well button up the insult—och!"

And here he pirouetted in imitation of the waltz; and concluded, in a supplicating tone, that if he had any mercy, he would waive the preliminary of speech, and act as a friend.

Moore, when he received the challenge, would at first have reasoned on the propriety of the duel;—but his wits were in the circle too;—the affair would stamp him the lady's cognate lover, which he had not before the ambition to think of; and his heart at once swelled with love, and the image of renown. One hour after, both set off in separate carriages to Wimbledon-common.

The great virtue of a duel is, that it proves

both parties right, when, before, there might be faults or errors on both sides. In a case of injury, like that of libel, if you are wronged, you may have the world feel it; and if you have wronged another, you shew the world you did not mean it; or, at all events, by adding a wholesome wound to the body of the injured, it shews you could not be wrong. If (in all honour) you kill him you have injured, he has no further reason to complain; and if you be despatched, he has as little—and so have you. Another thing is, it equalizes all invidious distinctions. Besides putting the strong and weak on an equal footing, it places the injured and the injurer on equal terms, throwing aloof that ancient test of gloomy ages—the Heaven defend the right.

On parade, Lieutenant Balmano was missing—and at the breakfast table, Miss Hamilton was missing, and neither was reported sick. Colonel Hamilton called for Balmano at drill, and his lady called for her daughter at table. Seyton said, that he had, perhaps, gone to second Moore—but no one suggested that Miss H. had gone to second O'Regan. When his daughter's desertion was reported to the colonel, it by no means drove that of Balmano out of his mind: on the contrary, it reconciled both, by raising the conjecture that they were both off together.

In fact, while the ensign and surgeon were off to combat, the object of their encounter was off to church with another. And it was rather a curious coincidence, that Balmano and his bride passed the carriages of O'Regan and his antagonist on the road—the former posting to the altar—the latter to the field.

O'Regan, an Irishman, with an estate that defied mortgage, was of course a dead shot ; and fears were entertained for the safety of him whose habits were to heal wounds, and not to make them. But he proved himself apt at either, and showed how nearly connected was the art of probing with that of scarifying ; for, two hours after their departure, a messenger arrived with the intelligence, that the ensign had fallen, and the surgeon had fled.

The wounded man, who, it appeared, had got a mortal shot in the shoulder, was conveyed to London, at his own request ; and, in the afternoon, Balmano and his young wife came back, fully married, to Hampton.

Of course the colonel was irreconcilable—but soon gave his pardon, and his blessing too. The heir to a peerage, and an estate commensurate, has not long to sue for pardon of a fault, that, in other cases, is not to be forgiven, even on a deathbed. The bride received reproof in a gentle chiding—a very curse would be

lost on a head that would soon be encircled by a coronet.

As a commission became vacant, by Moore's shooting the ensign, Jacob Varnish applied to the Horse-Guards on behalf of Varnock for the appointment, with every assurance of success.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE DEATH OF O'REGAN FOLLOWED BY ONE STILL MORE
MELANCHOLY.—THE TEMPLE OF SEYTON'S HOPES SHUT,
AND THAT OF JANUS OPENED.

CONSUMPTION is a strange disease. The desires which other complaints weaken or destroy, it refines or increases. It is dying to all the world but its patient, who is the last to believe there is any danger or mortality. It is as flattering as are one's own faults, which every body but oneself sees, and which every body is as averse to tell one of. It is the most poetic of deaths,—at least it is a great favourite with poets. Slow and sure in its progress, enhancing the beauty as it diminishes the bloom; full of reflection, regret, pity, and even love; it is often as free from pain as the remedies are from things disagreeable. So enticing is it, that it became the fashion, and half the wealthy and idle crowded to consult a man who professed to cure it by bringing it on. To cope fairly with the disease, he first brought it forth, to gain the credit of its cure.

To take remedies was not enough for these candidates for consumption;—however abundant

these might be, they must have a proof of itself. And to shew the cunning and skill of this physician, the malady came in the due course of the cure, and the consultants had the satisfaction of having ample for their money. It proved too that the physician was right in applying a cure to that which lurked hid and unfelt, and he who knew how to draw it out, was the man to destroy it—a pity he sometimes destroyed the patient too.

He shewed, besides, that nobody need apply to him in vain. Any one in love with malady could have every longing gratified; and while this was the fashion he cut a figure. To cure the incipient decay of the lungs, he flayed the backs of them who would be ill, and gave damps and vapours full play. To give the lungs a new coat, he stripped that off the back; and the sentiment of the young, refined, and delicate, was absorbed in an interesting decline and a tickling cure. To prove he was the man for a slow consumption, he went off in a galloping one himself. No complaint could he have invented which would have drawn so many aspirants to its favours. To peel a man's back to give hide to his throat or chest, was a legitimate enough process for colds, catarrhs, rheums, and fevers, seeing the hides of bullocks and sheep are approved preventatives for these, — only they are tanned.

With the mother of our hero the symptoms were somewhat different, for though there had of late been a great alteration in her, the extent of her complaint was known only to herself. She would set her house in order, and seemed to do all she had to perform with a firm presumption of that which awaited her. How affecting are the smiles and cares of aught pertaining to this world, when there is the evident consciousness of a coming farewell to all in view. The world and the things thereof never look so vain, as when one we love, about to leave us, tries to make of them matter of interest or pleasure, to satisfy or beguile us.

In the May following there was to be a grand review of the household troops on Wormwood Scrubs, and Seyton's regiment received orders to be on the ground. As Seyton prepared to accompany his men, Mrs. Seyton displayed a strange anxiety and restlessness at his departure. She seemed as if she would not have him go, and yet would yield to duty, which called him away.

"If you knew how much cause I have to wish you to stay, Ullyn!" she said; and when he asked her to explain, she felt ashamed at shewing such weakness, adding, that she was foolish, and asked his forgiveness, as if it were a fault or crime. He was equipped in a field dress, and being a noble-looking man

of his years, he well became his martial garb; and as he set out she would hold and retain him, as reluctant to part as if he were starting for a long campaign, while she had the presentiment of some evil hovering between their separation and their meeting; and when he left the room she sunk upon a chair, covered her face with her hands, and wept aloud.

Ill-boding woman!—they were never destined to meet again in life.

The review was like many other reviews. The discipline and soldier-like appearance of the troops, and their excellent condition, were of course the admiration of the distinguished Generals who inspected them.

On the return of the regiment to the barracks Seyton found a deserted hearth. His wife was not there. He called for her—she had gone at full flight in a chaise to see her father, who was on his deathbed. When she left she felt sure she would meet the regiment on its return from the field, but in case she missed it, had left a letter, explaining the necessity of her absence.

As soon as Seyton had read the letter, he announced the melancholy errand she had gone on, and the reasonableness of her haste. He communicated the sad news to his fellow-officers, and was duly condoled with upon it; indeed their inquiries and their condolences became painful

to him. He owned his well-grounded fears that she would not live to return ; and it was a curious coincidence that the same post which brought them the news of war being proclaimed, brought him the melancholy intelligence of his wife's death, which had been produced by a disease he was not aware of her being afflicted with,—an affection of the heart.

The most painful duty of all Seyton felt was the announcement of the mother's death to his son ; who was too young to have any idea of what death was ; but when he asked his father when his mamma would come back again, the father knew not what to say. He told him that it was necessary they should go to the wars before they could see her, which sounded something heroic to one of his bringing up. The fortitude of the major seemed to give way under the accumulation of such bereavement, for though a man remarkable for mental courage and bodily nerve, his firmness yielded to his reluctance to attend his wife's remains to the place of their final consignment. Many wondered at this, for they expected to know where she was to be buried, and by that means gain some clue to unravel the mystery of their marriage and connexions. This, however, he was prevented doing, by the arrival of orders for the regiment to march instantly to Portsmouth, where they were to embark for the Peninsula.

After all, war is a glorious thing, if the peace which follows it would not distract us. We all flourish in war—pity it cannot last for ever. Wages are high, trade is brisk, and there is a great demand for young men. It is like carousal,—intoxicating, exhilarating and glorious, if there were not the reckoning to follow in its wake, and the reminiscence of damage done, and horror of getting sober. Though the object be not always divine—for where it is just on one side it cannot be equally just on the other, unless both sides gain the victory; and though the good gained is often long in being felt,—yet it is ancient and noble.

What is a country till its soil hath been hallowed by slaughter? How soon is a dispute settled on the relative moral and intellectual excellence of their countries, between two natives of rival nations, by the boast of victory gained on some well-contested field? What is knowledge? what are inventions, learning, science, and virtue, to France and England, while Agincourt and Cressy are not forgotten? War was proclaimed, and the sounds became the herald so well, they were echoed from Cornwall to Caithness.

The regiment seemed to rejoice in the change, though a long and arduous campaign was before it. Serjeant Mackintosh was right; Varnock got a commission through the influence of Var-

nish. On the preparation for departure, the vows and pledges made and given for the gratification of being forgot and broken, would have made one wonder how acquaintance was formed. Many anxious wives waited to know to whose lot it would fall to accompany their husbands; for the affections of nature in soldiers of no rank, go by lots; while poor women, with children enough to recruit thinned battalions, were left like widows, but without their sympathies.

Balmano, now a captain, and Belford, who had become a major, would have asked Seyton where his wife's remains were to be interred, as he could not attend them himself; but, as by that, other matters equally delicate might be disclosed, they felt averse to ask the question. While many supposed that this calamity of her decease would put an end to the mystery of her marriage and divulge her family, on the contrary, it only increased the one and sealed up all knowledge of the other. Notwithstanding the change in her appearance, no one had suspected her end so near, and nothing immediately was heard of the fate of her father, whose death-bed she seemed to have made her own. With her went all intercourse between Seyton and her family. Her prophetic dread of not seeing her husband again when she went away, was a proof that she had a clearer idea of her constitution and state, than they around her.

—*Edinburgh Review*

The haste with which she hurried to see her dying parent, was deemed a proof that in her marriage, she had committed some fatal error; and her posting to be in time to receive her father's forgiveness, bespoke the extent of what she had to atone. All that was known of her last moments was, that her husband and son were the last words of her utterance; and that the disease which carried her off at the early age of seven-and-twenty, viz. a morbid affection of the heart, had been working, ever since the loss of her child, its slow but fatal progress in her frame.

The grief of the widower assumed such a nature that he could never bear to hear her name; and from the hour he announced the news of her death, that name he never uttered, not even to their son; unlike those who dwell with fondness on the memory of them who were once dear to them, he could never bear to have her's recalled to his remembrance.

Nether Moore nor O'Regan rejoined the regiment. The latter sent word himself that he was mortally wounded, and that it was needless to look for him.

"Well, he ought to live; if not for the sake of his tenantry, at least for the sake of those who should look for benefit of the rents," quoth the commissariat. "But a man doesn't like to live for the sake of every body but himself."

"Do you think he could live if he liked?" asked Varnock.

"D—n the fears. That's a suicide he'll commit to prevent murder on the souls of the enemy, and one he can do without doing anything of your *felo de se*, seeing he had the probe from the doctor."

"It was silly to set out and fight so seriously for the wench, and then never come back to look after her."

"Pure chivalry, that braves death without a cause, and is afterwards averse to look out for one, lest they choose a wrong one."

"Balmano left them none to choose; that's one great virtue of your duello, it's in general so disinterested—the cause usually being beneath the dignity of quarrel. If the two had settled with Miss Hamilton, that he who killed the other must have liked her best, and would therefore be entitled to her hand, the genius of the encounter would have been gone."

"Much degraded, at any rate. Well, while they contended about opening the shell, Balmano bolted the oyster, and a luscious one I dare say he has found it."

"It's not a bad notion in these chaps, to go out and fight like Christians in their own solemn cause, just as the trumpet gives the blast to join the ranks in the sacred one of their country's. Though I'm afraid it'll play the deuce with the O'Regan entail."

"It hath played that with many before; and

it strikes me," said Varnock, "that it's denying continuation of the same, has inspired him with the notion that war is an unchristian trade."

"So he fights and ends it like a man voluntarily starving himself to death, through fear of dying from want. He starves himself, while he has money to afford it, to prevent his being obliged to do it against his will. And here comes one," added he, as Glenfalloch joined them, "who is afraid to eat lest he have no wine to drink afterwards."

"Which plague was that of Egypt, that made the water turn to blood?" asked Glenfalloch.

"The first," replied Jacob. "Are you afraid to drink your wine, because, reversing the Egyptians' dispensation, your wine has been converted from blood?"

"Or try it, at all events," added Varnock.

"But the last plague?" quoth Glenfalloch.

"Was a tickler—the smiting of the first-born," added Varnish.

"What a blow, when that happened to be an only child and heir," said Glenfalloch, musing.

"That would depend on who were the heirs presumptive," said Varnish.

"And no doubt would be less when one only of the parents survived," said Varnock.

"Not the less to the survivor, seeing he had none to share it with him; and though the grief

of the mother would be obviated by her gone before, that of the father would be to bind nor hawd—unless the first blow a him—to thole the better when it wasn't. Eh, but isn't this a sad affliction of poor ton's. I think it has stunned him enough any other that may come in the wars."

"How ungospelled were we to anticipate might happen in battle, when Providence forestalls its shafts, showing us how vain calculate on the future, in a world so to art and nature. Wasn't it strange Seyton go to the funeral of his wife?"

"Her remains lie too far away for him and he must march to the field."

"Where she's gone, seems of a piece with mystery of whence she came."

"It's enough for you that she has gone."

"But it's sadly presumptive of the inability of the question, of the right she come at all," said he against whose interest right ministered.

"Then thou art doubly infested. I alarm on that score; her right to come holy, as that to go was necessary," said was afraid that the way in which mortals the accumulating accidents of time and seemed to expedite his succession to the he had purchased, would lead him to re-bargain he had made, seeing that the

his purchase might depend on the legitimacy of the children whom in reality he should succeed.

"She would not have left her son unbaptized, as it were, however she might be content with her own shame."

"That's true; and she never seemed to be under any anxiety on that point; and no mother could love her offspring more. She seems to have made the death-bed of the father her own, for we have heard nothing about the fate of him she went to see."

"We have no time, thus on the march. Seyton did not correspond much with her family, and it is not likely there will be much correspondence now she's gone."

"You'll have enough to do to provide the troops, now that there are war and Até to supply with forage," said Glenfalloch, changing the subject.

"Yes, their gorge is as ravenous as the maw of an actress's lust," replied he who was alike ready in subjects, whether serious or satiric. "It is now near the end of the college session, and I have sent for my son to come and join me. He may suspend his theological studies for a season, without interrupting his progress in divinity or his prospects in life. He'll be in plenty of time for the pulpit, when France shall have been subdued."

"I never knew the cause of priesthood stand, at any rate, when that of bloodshed was on the tramp."

"But the religion you teach bids man put up the sword," said he who had lately got a commission to draw it.

"I grant you that; but if you were all to be as you ought, you'd have no need for us to teach you; and you'd grudge our stipends for your edification; so we may preach peace and live by war."

"And you bid us forgive our enemies?"

"Of course, for we know you won't. Besides, these allude to abstract enemies of your own, but not the enemies of your country. You are to fight without any ill-will. Maybe your enemy's an unbaptized rebel, who should have no benefit of clergy, or the ally of that inebriated limmer who trogs forgiveness by a wholesale and retail license for rags, and you are establishing peace by exterminating her brood. In so far that's consistent enough; it's only fighting for peace, but we don't fight ourselves."

"May not your son's studies militate against his aptitude to forage for the camp?"

"Did you ever find the study and profession of humility and self-mortification, militate against the dignity and indulgence of the student? any lack of pride in the teaching of meekness, or want of military ardour in the ambassadors

of good-will to man. Michael is as good a judge of stots and naigs as of angles and segments; poring over the inside of deep-learned books, will never prevent him making a good bargain of his library. He gets money from his mother, *sub rosa*, as he calls it, to attend the medical classes; which I wink at, lest in mistaking his call, he may have the gift of lore in various capacities, and brandish a lancet when he can't wag his head in a pulpit. So with his knowledge of chemistry, he'll know how to deal in saltpetre, and there will be much of that needed, if there be any virtue at all in the cause."

"Besides, let him bring his divinity skill as well as his chemistry, with him, they'll be both needed; and he may act as chaplain to the regiment as well as commissary," said he who needed both.

"A capital idea, to supply provision to the soul as well as provender to carbineers and sharpshooters; so while he supplies ammunition for destruction, he can minister remission of sins to them who may, aiblins, have as much need of that as of flints and tow. And I must see that the General go not with the sin on his soul of having neglected to provide spiritual officers and religious forage for his men. Our cause must be right, at least we'll find it so, when we have leisure to inquire."

“ And that won’t be before the conclusion of the war.”

“ When we’ll have the victory, and of course will have no need to inquire at all.”

“ No, since that will prove it is right, to the satisfaction of any reasonable conscience engaged in it. Oh, but that’s a well-gospelled beater-up of galloway knowt and theological recruits !” continued Glenfalloch, as Varnish proceeded to the commander’s quarters to save him from the sin of spiritual omission.

“ The devil must be in it, if with these accumulating calamities of benign nature gathering thick around us—death riding on a neighing steed—war baring her arm—a chemical chaplain in training alike for camp, kirk and hospital, with scalpels and probes for green wounds, and salves for spiritual cankers,—if any doubt remain of Jacob’s accession to the Ulynn entail.”

“ Thank heaven ! we have one pledge,” said Varnock—and suddenly stopping, turned deadly pale, as a young soldier, a lad of sixteen, the son of Finlay Stuart, a youth who had been adopted by the regiment under the protection of Major Seyton, crossed their path. Varnock could never see him without emotion.

CHAPTER IX.

THE OPERATIONS OF NATURE ILLUSTRATED BY THEIR WORKINGS IN FATHER AND SON—A SKETCH OF CHARACTER, IN WHICH IT IS HOPED NO ONE WILL RECOGNIZE HIMSELF.

CLEVERNESS, improved by education, becomes ability; cruelty, tempered by civilization and knowledge, produces wholesome severity. As poisons, regulated by analysis, become medicine, so the distinctions we see in men, though often great, might be easily traced to habit and training.

Before, however, we proceed to illustrate the subtle workings of the mind and disposition in two individuals, we must follow the army on its road to the Peninsula.

Though some of the men would have had no objection to exchange their prospects of glory on the march, for others less distinguished, there were those who, having glimmerings of ambition, were inclined to share the fate of the army, and enlist. Before the regiment embarked, Serjeant Mackintosh presented a recruit to his captain,

who had been the leading tragedian in a company of strolling actors.

There are two admirable funds in England, well worthy the benevolence of a wealthy and enlightened nation, viz : the Literary Fund, and the Fund for the support of decayed actors and actresses. In a country with such means—wherein there is such a Christian spirit for the enlightenment of, and conversion of heathens and sinners, it is a wonder that there is no society for the conversion and provision of those who have mistaken their trade or profession, and for the recommendation of pursuits better suited to their abilities and acquirements. In no way of life is that so much required as in those for which the funds we have mentioned are provided.

First and foremost, there are no others into which young men of ambition are so apt to be lured, and none as to which they are such bad judges of their fitness. Their incapacity for a sober line of life, inclines them to the suspicion that they are the more cut out for that which is unshackled and sublime. Not only are the rewards and renown more enticing, but the occupation is pleasant, and the training and tuition come intuitively. The privations and troubles which, in the common pursuits of life, are depressing and to be lamented in literature and the arts, are presumptive of coming grandeur,

and worthy of being treasured for future record and boast.

Where, therefore, the enticements to ruin are so strong, the means of conversion and penitence should be equally ample. The great difficulty would be to convince such penitents of the necessity of renouncing their errors. There might be found candidates enough to adopt a new persuasion, but the great difficulty would be to secure their change.

If it may be said of the talkative, when set agoing, and enamoured of the sound of their own voices, nothing less than a sledge-hammer can stop them; so of them who think themselves endowed with genius, nothing beneath the force of a thunderbolt can convince them they have mistaken their vocation. Where failure leads but to the hope of latent success, urging to renewed perseverance; and poverty is deemed the concomitant of inspiration, how needful must that charity be, which would promote the adoption of more rational pursuits!

The recruit whom Malcolm brought to his captain, had proved the sweets of either line of life we have mentioned; and finding no way of retreating to anything like substantial existence, was induced to enlist, by the substantial offer of a shilling a day.

He was a young man, about seven or eight and twenty, very good looking, though but in-

differently clad, and bearing traces of having poorly fared of late.

"What is the object of your enlisting?" asked Major Belford.

"To fight and to live," replied he.

"Have you considered the step you would take, or is it the result of some sudden resolution, adopted from shame or disappointment?"

"Considered and resolved enough to fix my determination. There is nothing in the trade of war to make me rue any change from my present condition, which hath had so much uniformity for the last eight years, it can but change one way."

"We are about to enter upon that which promises to be a severe campaign."

"Of fighting;—no matter: if we die in engagement, there must be the hope of living till we engage; and if spared, we may eat between the battles. I would rather be shot on a full stomach, than go to my grave a ready-made skeleton."

"You seem to have smart notions of eating."

"Having had so little of the reality, the ideal has had full play. I have eaten so sparingly these seven years, there is no distinction between bliss and eating in my conceptions. I have heard of the night-mare of full feeding—earth defend me from the night-mare of inanition! What dreams of the unreal mockeries of feasts I

have had. I dreamt every night for nine months, of meeting Pharoah's chief baker, with his basket of baked meats, on which I had prolonged feasts—each mouthful giving the brain more exquisite relish of what a conception should be—like the water gurgling under Tantalus's chin; and giving urgency to the stomach, by their hollow action. How few know distinctly what a vacuum is!”

“Are you aware of the many evils the soldier has to encounter?” asked the major.

“The cat, the sentry, and the march—the spear, bayonet, and cannon of the enemy, even, cannot disturb my dream of a full meal!” replied he, who had been accustomed to dine and sup only in sleep.

“You cannot have fine fare for a shilling a-day,” said he, who had nearly twenty-times as much.

“There is no notion of enjoyment in my mind beyond that of having the cravings of nature satisfied.”

“Have you consulted your friends on the matter?”

“I have none left to consult. The best news they can hear of me, would be, that there are hopes of freedom from any call upon them. They have as little hope of me as I have myself. They have watched my course in life, till there is no other desire left, than to see it fairly ended.”

"Could they not assist you in any better line of life than this? What pursuits have you been engaged in?"

"I have just left a sharing company of comedians. We have shared nothing but disappointment, and have separated without any quarrel about the distribution."

"Were you bred to no profession or way of life?"

"I had a father, as most people have, who had bright hopes of me, and great faith in learning. He gave me a liberal education—sent me to college. When about half taught, he took another way of thinking—said I was fit for anything—complained of the times, took to his own enjoyment, and recommended me to shift for myself. When I urged the propriety of learning some art or business, as being a way sanctioned by the habits of rational creation, he said I had education, which must have been sadly thrown away, if I was not fit for any situation, civil, military, or domestic. As, of course, for such acquirements, there could be no field ample enough for their play but in London—thither I went. There being here ten thousand ways in which I could turn my hands, of course it took a long while to decide upon which I would prefer—and, among so many, it is not strange if I made mistakes. The services I offered government, government had the modesty

to decline, unless I could prove that they had a claim upon me for them. When I applied to the mercantile interest, with my college training, the mercantile interest laughed at me. Bankers could see no recommendation in logic, ethics, and ancient dialects. A master of classics was wanted in an eminent school—I was ready-made for that—applied for it with all the confidence in life; when, with the greatest civility possible, I was told I had no acquirements—I had no degree. No offer was ever made to me of anything for which I was eligible, but I had splendid chances in those for which I was not trained. A barrister of practice and renown, would have made me tutor to his son, at Eton; but though a tolerable scholar, I had never taken honours; and without a degree, it was vain to teach. A governor of New South Wales would have taken me as his secretary, provided I were a good botanist; but in the multiplicity of my studies, having neglected that of plants, there was no call for me in Australasia. I was recommended as assistant to a gentleman preparing a course of lectures on the animal kingdom, to collate for him from the British Museum. He hired me—but when he found that I knew no more of the animal kingdom than himself, he generously abandoned acquirements which only the world at large was entitled to.

"A good general education was very useful," continued he, whose fitness for everything, threatened to mar his employment in anything. "It was soothing to be able to call bread by its Latin name; though I never found that it called it forth without other assistance; and it was after all but slender recompense of its want, that I knew its name in Greek."

"Then from your experience, you don't altogether approve of sending sons into the world, with neither trade, profession, nor prospect."

"Not quite. If you have seven sons, usher them by surprise into the world, with unbounded views and capability, as I was by a considerate parent; and not more than five of them, perhaps, will come to an untimely end. It is not so much a wonder how I have existed for the last nine years, as that I have neither been hung nor banished."

"Still, there are many mental enjoyments, and intellectual consolations to be derived from a good education, though ill repaid."

"Yes—known only to them who have it not. The consolations of merit unnoticed, and services unrequited, must have vast depth in them. It may alleviate the sufferings of the unjustly condemned and punished man, to know that he has no right to suffer. Why may not the keen conception of the irrationality of the world's division, the consciousness of being able to deal

more justly oneself, and the retention of powers dormant and waning for lack of use, give zest to reflections rendered keen by early culture?"

"Then did you fall into anything at last?"

"Yes: I was engaged by a Frenchman to teach in his academy. I did teach with fervent zeal, as I had misgivings of starving; when, at the end of the quarter, as my salary became due, the Frenchman suddenly discovered I was not fit for my duties; and when I asked for my salary, he gave me—my discharge, and the advice not to undertake again what I was not acquainted with. He consoled me, with bidding me be happy he did not prosecute me as an impostor."

"But found no fault till your salary was due?"

"Yes: he spared my feelings till then; and would have done so till the end of the year, if I had been more prudent. When thrown on the town again, I formed the acquaintance of a society of young men, of as enlightened prospects as my own, engaged in forming a society for the amelioration of the human species. This was worthy the devotion of one who had so much need of amelioration himself, and I enrolled myself as secretary. That I have found to be the main-spring of much patriotism. None so sanguine for reform, as they who have most need of it; the necessity of self-regeneration gives birth to

zeal in converting heathens, and the object of bettering the condition of our fellow-men, was only worthy those whose own condition could not be worse."

"Your plans?"—

"Were humane and impracticable—as liberal as they were inoperative."

"Any funds?"

"Not a groat. We got up a publication for the extension of our utility; but so little return had we from the species we would improve, that we had difficulty to get it to trust us with types and paper. One great object we gained, was an introduction to the profession of letters, which lasted seven years--'Referens horresco!' Perhaps you will spare me now any recital of my life, during that grim blank of literary entrancement."

"How did you live, during that time?"

"God in heaven knows!"

"Then it is not from any conviction of the rationality of the war or the piety of our cause, that you have come to join us?"

"It is nothing to me whether for chains or liberty, the tyranny of a potentate, or the amelioration of the human species; there is the shilling a day and rations," said he who was resolved to dream of eating no longer.

This recruit, whose name was Coventry, was then duly enlisted, and promised to be an ex-

pert soldier. Seyton took notice of him, and being himself a scholar, proved his acquirements, promoted him, and employed him as tutor to his son.

As we have mentioned, Varnish had sons and daughters. The eldest was sent to South America, and had never more been heard of. He was a youth without guile, and promised to add nothing to the inheritance his father had accumulated. Having the honest simplicity of the mother, without the mother wit and wisdom of the sire, his brother Michael, who wished to succeed to the estate, was the means of getting him sent to America, in a way that was creditable to his management though not to his fraternal feeling; for from the age of ten years, he had by his art ingratiated himself so highly in his father's esteem, and engendered such dislike in the parent towards his more ingenuous brother, that the boy was sent beyond seas, and Michael recognised heir to his father's blessing, and the Glenmore farm.

Michael was a cunning student. Not sure whether his father's deeds might be valid, or the call he had to the church prove one that nobody but himself could hear, he studied medicine and anatomy while he attended the divinity hall, to have a resource in a surgeon's diploma, though his father deemed it superfluous. He had faith in a laird who had a presentation, a bastard son

and a little debt. The son was intended for the Kirk, but he was likely to compound his chance with Diana, while Jacob, by a lucky contract, and an extensive mortality in the cavalry, could make the son an instrument for the alleviation of mortgage, if in return he could make his equally essential in alleviating the souls of his portion of the synod.

Michael's youth was promising; he had the slyness of maturity, with the simple airs of boyhood; and his modesty was equal to his talent. If inferior to his companions in ability and courage, he had corresponding art to make up for their want, and got credit for both, without risk or labour; and could rejoice as much at the gaining of honours by labours not his own, as if he had been conscious of their desert. He had the reputation of sentiment and friendship at but little cost of feeling, and while writhing under the spleen of jealousy and spite, could play on his rival's feelings, treat him with much ardour of friendship, and sprinkle vitriol on his clothes. His companion at college, of whose superiority he was jealous, he tried to lead into scenes wherein he might tamper with his health and morals, and then he let his friends secretly know that disease and ill habits were making sad inroads upon him. The parents, despairing of their son's well-doing, suspended their assistance, and he who promised to become emi-

nent in a pulpit, picks up a scanty living in an obscure village as a teacher. He had to retreat from college the day Michael delivered his first discourse in the hall, which being a subtle embodying of four sermons by as many eminent divines on the same subject, called forth a gratifying compliment from the professor.

Though by no means heroic, but keen in his perception of safety, he was valiant in effrontery. He had no idea of the fear of shame where mere disgrace was all the risk he ran. The blush of modesty, the transports of emotion, intolerance of scorn or contempt, and all the sublime concomitants of genius, were to him subjects of derision. The calmer he stood amidst the grandeur of nature,—the less he was moved by those transports which genius exhibits,—the higher did he feel that he stood above their victims.

In this campaign, while Varnish foraged to the army, divinity at college was suspended for awhile, and Michael joined the regiment as chaplain, and assisted his father as commissary. He had nothing very remarkable in his appearance. He was rather short in stature and stout in shape. His complexion was rather dun than sallow, his features small, unmeaning, and common-place. His eye was the only part of his countenance which denoted his character,—the rest of his face, though betraying no want of purpose, was perfectly unintellectual; his per-

petual dissimulation, perhaps, preventing its assumption of any character but that which was negative; in his eye, however, there was a sharpness, mingled with suspicion in watching all around him—as if ever on the alert for chances—which had a complete vacuity of everything enlightened. His hair was sleek, soft, and clammy, and of a colour in harmony with his complexion.

Jacob, who could profit by the weakness of a falling laird, from vanity or affection, mistook the pertness of his son for wit,—his selfishness for prudence,—cunning for premature wisdom; and encouraged him in that which a judicious parent would have been careful to curb. But these prognostics of small renown were to him tokens of infinite saving knowledge. Worldly wit the son by no means wanted, possessing a marvellous aptitude at discovering the weakside of others, and playing upon it; and having the power of so exhibiting his own character in contrast, that it could lose nothing by comparison with theirs he made free with. Possessing some powers of mimicry—of playing upon words, and upon the defects and peculiarities of character and oddities of manner, which seldom fail to be noticed, he used to turn those he did not admire into ridicule. He abjured especially all such as were infected with characters similar to his own, and from the cunning and acute he stood aloof, as he would from those who were of doubtful re-

pute. He had a deeper policy, than to pretend to despise those qualities he lacked, and rather spoke of them as if contented with his own share; and by ridiculing, satirising, belying, and damning with faint praise, those of whom he was envious, he gained credit to himself as he depreciated them, and thereby enriched himself, as it were, at their expense.

The small kind of policy which needs extreme caution and closeness, with the assumption of all the airs and manners of openness, embraced the chief part of Michael's strength and ability. To show himself free from taint, he spoke freely of the vices he would practise most, and was least blamed for. Not having that penetration that could discern what things were to be revealed and what should be kept secret,—to prevent error, he was close and cautious in all. His wisdom was summed up in what might be called saving knowledge. When he erred, he erred on the safe side. Not having ability to make choice in detail, he observed one line of caution throughout, and like a near-sighted man, who is obliged to walk slow and cautiously, lest he should stumble, Michael's sagacity prevented his trusting himself, even in trifles; and he became as much the hypocrite in his civilities and friendships, as in his greatest schemes.

Openness, candour, simplicity, and all the characteristics of greatness, he was a stranger

to, and despised them as unprofitable. Great men are as much above the necessity of the arts and shifts of the cunning and dissembling, as they are above the spirit that would submit to them. Great inventors seldom affect to be neat or expert artificers; and he who invented the steam-engine, could perhaps have fashioned no single part of it better than the generality of his workmen. Machiavel might have made but a simple ambassador: the poet, when the house was on fire, was not aware his own safety was anything but a domestic matter, referable to his wife: Pitt could not control the finances of his own household. The classic, trained in dead languages, feels no ambition to rival the writing-master; and the learned and great have been more frequently the dupes of the ignorant and intriguing, than of their own peers. Too proud to dissemble, they despise the shifts which are presumptive of a pretence to what they have not even the ambition to possess; and as they need not conceal that of which they challenge examination, they make no boast even of that which they do know, fearless of what they are ignorant of.

A cunning man is no less different from a wise one in ability, than in honesty: for that wisdom does not aim very high that goes not beyond self or self-interest. The aims of Michael were equal to his talents. Though possessed of

little feeling, except in that which concerned himself, he knew well upon what points others had most feeling, and could play the more skillfully upon them. His attempts were rather to discover the weak side of a man, than his virtues. His generosity was that of him who throws sprats to catch herrings; his patronage, that of the cuckoo, that lays her eggs in the nest of another; his wisdom that of the fox, that dislodges the fowmart, and makes her den his own; his instinct, akin to that of the rat, that withdraws from its shelter when danger threatens; his sagacity, that of the shark, that follows the ship when death hovers over its hold; his religion, the worship of expediency,—that would pay deference to Jupiter, if he had his head above water again; his politics, those of the buoy that rises with the tide; and his patriotism would have drawn the sluices of heaven to water his own turnip-fields, though they rained a deluge on the rest of creation. Though the bush he beat about were as wide as Fairlop forest, it led not the less straight and sure to the place he wished to reach; and if the fibres of his brain could have assumed the material shapes of his thoughts, they would have formed a marvellous spider's web, subtle, but slender.

CHAPTER X.

CONTAINING SERIOUS AND LEARNED DISCOURSE, WHICH
MUST BE READ TO BE DULY APPRECIATED.

JACOB VARNISH was pleased with his son's acquirements; and he not expecting to find deep erudition in a camp, took care to lose no opportunity of displaying all he had, that others might wonder at the treasures he was not ambitious of parading. Notwithstanding the profane character of Glenfalloch and his companion, Jacob recommended them to the special notice of his son, as objects in whom improvement was much needed. "They are a brace of graceless rips, both of them, though well meaning in the main; devilish apt to gang gleet on a straight road, if it be aught narrow. The strait gate they'd box with their shoulders, though ne'er attempt to keek through't—the broad way's narrow enough for them. But you may make something of them;—they're partly college-bred themselves, and have the elements of clever fellows in them too; there may be well-doing in them, but that perhaps they're haining till their passions cool."

"When, like repentance, coming too late, it may be of no use," said the son.

"You can't take too good care of a good thing," said Glenfalloch, at an early interview; "the best of things will wear out by use, and too much friction may take the nap off your good behaviour."

"Some things, instead of wearing by usage, get confirmed and strengthened by it. Virtue and religion will never lose their nap, but like the sinews of health, gain strength and vigour by their action."

"Does not too much familiarity breed contempt? Why may we not sustain a mysterious dignity in morals, by keeping them at a respectful distance? A man, to be a hero to all the world, must have no *valet de chambre*. I never found your mighty men improve on intimate acquaintance. I should be afraid, that with all this grace and good conduct, we should lose esteem for each other by being over familiar."

"They are better kept at arms length," said he who never got within sight of them.

"How much evils that we dread," continued he who would justify error, "lose their terrors, when we come close to them; and your men of sanctity display some little carnal weaknesses when you get near them."

"And the farther you're from the right way of working, the more comely it appears."

"You'll never be within a shorter march of

it than you're within that of the enemy now, and that's more than a day's," quoth Jacob.

"I once tried your reformation, from sheer admiration of it; and when I had made the trial, I was really sorry for it; for I lost all my previous good opinion of it. I actually tired of its intercourse, and we parted convoy without any regret on either side."

"And when you meet there will be the pleasure of a new acquaintance," said Jacob.

"Old ones are so difficult to get rid of."

"You'd think it a pity, too, to abjure the intercourse of one you've spent so many congenial, though albeit hollow and unsatisfying, hours with; but had you made a fair trial of virtue, and sought with zeal divine mercy and grace, you had not only proved all others vain and empty, but have known what the sweets of intimacy and friendship were," quoth Jacob's son.

"Hasn't Michael the gift?" said Jacob's self aside to Glenfalloch, with a nudge in the ribs; "it would be a crook in my lot if he don't bother the infidels. Oh man, he will speak smartly on the unregenerated state."

"Father, did you know I'm likely to have the Agricultural Society's medal for my treatise on the cause of the late murrain among the black cattle?" said the son.

"What, the Antiburghers or the Galloway

stots?" asked the parent, at a loss to distinguish between the symbols of the chaplain and the tokens of the drover. But seeing the son colour at the question, and deeming that he had committed himself somehow, he laughed, and turning it to a joke, added, "Your black sheep and your lawyers are ill to keep a gripe of—your clergy and corbies ill to shoot; and for bad gown distemper, I thought there might be contagion among the ill-favoured seceders. But," added he, to himself, "I'm afraid I'm getting deeper in the unsafe bogs of types and symbols."

"By heaven!" said Varnock, as they proceeded to their quarters, "if between father and son, we don't prosper in outward and inward estate, our hearts and lot must be harder than the nether mill-stone."

One great evil in a parent making up in his son the want of education and style that he feels in himself, is the distinction he thereby creates in their rank or feeling. When plain honest people, a credit to the class and sphere in society they belong to,—by frugality and perseverance secure to themselves an independence, and give to their family a certain ambition and high aims, by selecting one of them (generally of the least natural ability) to "make a man of," and send him to college;—besides the frequent injustice to the remainder, by lavishing the shares

of two or three on the one who may make but a poor use of it;—and the as oft inflicted evil of raising to a rank in society one who may be unable to sustain himself there, and from which he sinks to be a poor gentleman or broken scholar;—there is a consciousness in the son, of genteel breeding in himself, and of the want of it in his more humble parents. Scarcely can the father speak without the son trembling lest he commit himself—perhaps pertly correcting his homely speech. The patient and toiling mother submitting to be perpetually checked by the more elevated breeding of her daughters, for some omission of style, or more flagrant and unconscious inroad on etiquette, yet submitting to labour unthanked, proud in seeing her children mingle with them she once deemed her betters. So it was with Jacob and his son Michael. Though much superior to him in natural talent, he had perpetually to submit to the checks of college breeding; the latter afraid lest he might compromise his dignity or infringe upon the delicate observances of cultivated society. Though young in years, Michael was man in many things. Powers like his are not slow of growth, nor tardy in reaching their full strength.

The intercourse that followed between Glenfalloch and young Varnish had a good effect upon the gamester, for his conduct became more guarded, and he put on a more staid demeanour.

Varnock shewed symptoms of a more steady purpose. Michael, notwithstanding the great disparity of their years, became an agreeable companion to Major Seyton, and took a lively interest in the improvement of his son. In the poor major's bereavement, he who could render the passing moments lighter, and beguile his thoughts from their melancholy reflection, was in so much a treasure to him. The secret of his life could be a matter of no personal interest to the young chaplain, and the young chaplain was the first to whom it was ever revealed.

Michael had no secrets he did not trust his friend and patron with, though, to be sure, his life was one that had no secrets a man need fear to divulge. He seemed to feel the ease, and to use the same friendly freedom with Seyton and all that concerned him, as if he had been his own son ; and with the like good feeling superintended the education of Douglas. For, with three odes of Horace, part of the second book of Virgil, and the ninth chapter of St. John in the Greek Testament, he could make something like a display of classic attainments. Seyton had promoted Coventry to serjeant, and from that to adjutant's clerk ; and gave him a handsome allowance to educate his son, in whose improvement he was very successful, for the boy was an apt pupil ; and Coventry, feeling duly sensible of the value of the charge he had made

from the sharing company of comedians to a situation in which the business of eating became no longer an object of relaxation, applied himself to the duties of improving the boy with a zeal and anxiety that shewed how much he prized the change. Michael felt it his duty to examine the boy, and poor Coventry began to dread the penetration and judgment of one whose talents and classic acquirements he feared to encounter.

"Dick may shoulder his knapsack and troop," said Corporal Bric to his comrade,—for with every becoming veneration for science and learned language, he could not reconcile himself to Coventry's advance above him, before he had distinguished himself at drill, or in the manual exercise. "This new chaplain, whose graces before and after meat tickle the mess, will lower his humanities."

"Faith will he?" quoth Malcolm. He has an eye to prudence, and has studied dissection and the analysing of metals. He is too cunning for Coventry, so he may off to Coventry, or he'll be sent there; and a man had better gang when he's no choice, before he's driven."

"Yes, nothing like going of your own free will, when you're compelled," quoth Bric; "and Dick better not be overhauled in his science and learning by him whose trade it is."

"Yes, there's as great a difference 'tween

these two, as 'tween one who knows a great deal and can make no use of his knowledge; and another who has it at his finger ends, and can make more of it than they who have too much. You would feel safe now to back Varnish, though in a thing he knows nothing of. He's what you may call a sure hand. If not above five feet and-a-half high, he'd measure with one of five feet eight. What he wanted in height, he'd make up in the measuring. In disputing calculations, though wrong, he'd bamboozle you in the counting. He'd bet and win, though he lost—'faith would he; and Dick will find him always on the right side in the argument. Now Coventry, with a great deal in him, looks as if 'twere no use to him at all;—like your aunt's virtue, Bric, a jewel she's not aware she has herself, and dies without so much as hoisting it. It may be in him, but it'll never come out—not even in the bleaching."

"Or come out when the time's past. You may be yawl and soople, show yourself quick in the running, but lose all in the start. What signifies it, Malcolm, how much more swift you are than others, when you're never first at the winning post?"

"Nothing at all, Bric; it's like honesty to the simple man, who has the best intentions in the world to pay, but is never able, from being cheated himself right and left. Dick may have

ten talents, like serpents ; but Michael, with one like Aaron's rod, will presently swallow the ten out of sight."

"But that's real piety, serjeant, keeping it tied up in a napkin when it should be laid out in usury."

"Depends on the use and laying of it out. If you have the gift of thievery or cheating, the less you make use of that endowment the better, perhaps."

"That's a vice, not a gift ; unless in lifting cattle ; and then stealing, like battle, becomes glorious, when exercised in a larger way."

"Yet merit, Bric, when unobtrusive, obtains sometimes lots of pity and no little credit, whilst they who mayn't have more, are nowise envious of them ; and it's a surpassing one can easily forgive. Many angels die young, and are duly lamented, and assigned a but and ben with the bless'd, that would be jumping deevils if they had been spared. To die, is great gain to many, that would be regularly sequestered if they had time and credit allowed them by living. I've seen scores of drunken writers and mechanics whose very errors and worthlessness gave rise to the thought in their friends of what extraordinary mortals they would be, if they would but be steady, that have only their talents when they're fou, and them of as little use as their well-doing. It's like shew.

ing all you have, merely as a bit swatch of your stock, when your stock's in the sample ; and folk believing there's a lot, if you'd but bring it out. So that with their spree, 'faith they have pity, and no small allowance of merit lent them, that might have but little, if they made the most of them and got most for them."

"Yes, it's painful, Malcolm, when you see two men, after success in the world—the one all that's amiable and full of charity, with the real talent in him, perhaps too great to be drawn out, not like the common thing that doesn't lie deep down, with too much pride to court favour, and too much honesty to buy it any way, letting those fine talents lie idle for want of opportunity to show them off; too backward to thrust them forth; modest, diffident, even distrusting the energies he has, and magnifying those of his rivals: the other ever on the look out for advantages, never losing a chance for want of asking, forward and unabashed, always on the watch, jingling the small gifts he has that make plenty of sound, cunning in handling his own, and expert in depreciating and making a fool of others; always confident and satisfied with what he has; proud enough in displaying all advantage over the less fortunate, yet humble enough to do any quiet meanness for his own advantage; with just honesty enough to screen the head from any legal tether, but would join with Mahomet or the pope

as soon as with graziers and dealers in saltpetre, if successful, and as satisfied with it as if it were an achievement of virtue and genius; the one obtaining only unalloyed disappointment, with all his virtues; the other, uninterrupted success, with barely the ghost of a single merit; his rewards and good luck seasoned high by the other's privations and misfortune."

"Ah, Bric, that makes us look forward to another state, wherein the blessings are dealt out fairer," quoth the serjeant; and in such learned discourse the two continued their march.

Seyton had every reason to be satisfied with his son's progress in his education under Coventry. He was reading selections from Justin and Nepos, and had made tolerable advancement in ancient history and geography. This was a subject that young Varnish, fresh from the university, was a fit judge in, and he deemed it a duty due to the friendship he bore Seyton, to judge of the nature of instruction his son was receiving from one who had been raised from the ranks. The poor tutor felt, as if in Michael dwelt his evil genius. Douglas read to Varnish a part of the Grecian history, in which the exploits of the Athenians in Sicily are recorded. When they suffered a defeat by sea, and a similar discomfiture threatened them by land, Demosthenes began to deem it prudent "*ut abirent Siciliâ, dum res, quamvis afflictæ, non-*

dum tamen perditæ essent." "That they should abandon Sicily, while their affairs, although in bad condition, were not yet utterly destroyed."

" ' Might not have been destroyed '—give it literally," said Varnish, correcting him.

" No, please sir; it is the subjunctive mood," said the boy.

" Well?" said Michael, who had been educated at a school where there was no distinction between subjunctive and potential.

" Then it is translated like the indicative."

" Indeed; then why is it not '*perditæ erant*'?"

" Because of '*dum*,' it is contingent."

" Contingent?"

" Yes; the time is indefinite—their leaving Sicily depended on the state of their affairs becoming desperate."

" Very well," added the examiner, beginning to suspect there was more in the distinction than he was aware of; " but you don't translate the subjunctive with the English of the indicative," said he who would seem to know better.

" We have no other," said Douglas.

" Indeed," replied Varnish; " then why is it put in the potential?"

" Because from its being subjoined to another verb or word in the sentence," replied the boy.

" It unfortunately happens," said the tutor,

"we have no proper distinction in Latin between the potential and subjunctive, or the optative mood, as we have in Greek.—"

"Yes—yes; I am aware of that; but I question if it would not be better, teaching one so young, to confine him to the proper translation of the potential, till he be familiar with it," quoth Varnish, justifying his error.

"That would be to confound the two."

"But you confound the indicative with the subjunctive in construing."

"You can't help it," said Coventry.

"True—certainly not," said Michael, suspecting himself again.

"You'll find that he has a tolerable idea of the distinction between the two moods. When the action does not depend upon any other event; when there is no mistake in the time, then the verb is—"

"In the indicative," replied the pupil.

"When the relative has the reason or cause entwined with it, the verb is—"

"In the subjunctive."

"Doubtful and indefinite conjunctions govern—"

"The subjunctive."

"Comparing the moods to the roads in the way of march?"

"The main road is the indicative, and the roads that branch off it, and the bye-ways, are the subjunctive."

"A gentleman travelling on horseback with his servant behind him?"

"The gentleman is the indicative and the servant subjunctive; and the general is the indicative, but his aid-de-camp is the subjunctive," replied the boy; at which his father smiled.

"If I give you this purse and all that is in it?"

"Your giving the purse is indicative, because if you are so kind, there's no doubt in the gift when you give it; but all that's in it, is subjunctive, as we don't know what's in it; how much may be there, and whether gold or silver."

"Take a tree as an instance?"

"Then the trunk is indicative, and the branches subjunctive; but I don't know what the root is; the 'unde derivatur,' I suppose?"

"Very good—the derivative."

"Oh, I see he has a very fair idea of it," said Varnish, who had gained one himself—a gift he never forgave.

It was somewhat strange, that from this display of his acquirements, Seyton's confidence in his son's instructor declined. Douglas got the credit of all he knew, and Dick the credit of all he did not know. An Oxford doctor would not have found fault with the instruction Coventry imparted to our hero. Michael breathed many,

but expressed none, and the diffident tutor began to suspect he had not the acquirements he had the credit of. The manners of the scholar were the subject of Michael's mimicry to his patron, which, if it inspired not contempt, lowered at least his esteem of him; his wit he made profanity, and his learning arrogance. It was a pity, too, for Dick had a high opinion of, and stood in awe of Michael; deemed him the pleasantest of men, and had a zealous desire for his friendship. It was with great pain that Seyton thought he saw reason to doubt the qualifications of his son's tutor.

The causes of enmity and revenge are unfortunately more numerous than those of favour and gratitude. We feel well inclined to one for a kindness, none for an injury; and if we feel grateful for a benefit, we seldom feel for injustice or mischief. But the causes of our enmity and revenge are often those, which in other minds, produce their opposites. To get rid of a friend we no longer require, it is only necessary to do him a favour, or to lend him money, to make an enemy of him.

The sources of admiration in the amiable, become also the springs of envy in the more selfish; and while one glories in the renown of the great, others would rejoice in their fall. To teach the uninformed may be doing them a service, but to instruct the instructed, is rarely

forgiven. It not only presumes an excellence in the instructor, but it argues some deficiency in those who are taught. The ill-feeling which services so often beget, may arise from a nice honesty that hates an obligation, and feels a debt of gratitude as painful as a debt the law compels to pay—and the worse to him to whom it is due, for the ill-feeling is all his own; the other is divided and shared by the law and its officers. Superiority of any kind is ill to brook: that of genius, perhaps, may be forgiven; for its lot is so little to be envied in general, and being accompanied by so many things more calculated to excite our pity, its superiority can be pardoned.

Though the virtues of a good man may compel even his enemies to be at peace with him, it is because there is too little reward reaped by goodness, to excite the enmity of the badly disposed. Perhaps, as the rewards of good remain for another state, the wicked may postpone their prosecutions and give them the like benefit—to allow them to have their punishment where they obtain their rewards. There is often so much of humility and meekness in the good, that there is not sufficient stimulus to keep up the malignity of those who love them not; to maintain that, they only want the accompaniment of success.

CHAPTER XI.

CONVERSATION RELIEVED, BY A SUDDEN ENCOUNTER WITH
THE ENEMY, WHICH THREATENS TO PUT AN END TO
THIS HISTORY, AND COVENTRY'S TEACHING.

THE acquaintance of a man of learning was much prized in the regiment; and Varnish had the gratification of seeing his son hailed as a useful addition to the corps. Not that there was any want of education in the officers, but it was pleasant to have one to whom they could refer in matters of dispute, and who should save them the trouble of reflection and reading. His profession was learned, and it could be no reproach to any officer to appeal to him, who was, as it were, a reference to the body in general. Coventry might have plenty of learning, but he had not the character or the appearance of any such thing, and he did not belong to the corps. Learning, unaccompanied by dignity in its organ, is often of no use to any but its owner, and that but seldom; and to him who is remarkable for the versatility of his genius, it proves like the talent of singing to him who may be fond of company, an advantage to every one but himself.

Eminent literary powers, in a member of a learned profession, is deemed proof presumptive of his not being professionally eminent. Dick, in addition to the want of a professional character, wanted also a learned demeanor, and being averse to quote or use much of the thoughts and language of others, got the less credit for the originality of his own. His varied career in London, however much it might have added to the stores of his knowledge of the world, or his acquaintance with mankind, detracted much from his dignity; and his continued intimacy with privations and disappointment, seemed to prove they were his proper lot, as he appeared to be little at home in the enjoyment of their opposites. He was zealous to please and make ample return for the benefits he enjoyed, as if he received what he had no title to;—Michael, on the contrary, took all he got as due to his merits and station, and he consequently never wanted.

Coventry's pupil turned out exceedingly clever; and after Varnish's examination, it was said, that Michael had proved him to be more learned than his instructor. In many cases, it is fortunate to have youth apt at instruction, as the instructor shares with nature the credit of the youth's acquirements: in this, it proved the reverse—nature had ample allowance—the youth had no reason to complain of his share. The boy seemed to know best to whom he was in-

debted—and the more praise he received, the deeper was his gratitude, and the more ardent was his attachment to Coventry, who could get more from him in the way of improvement out of affection, than from the boy's love of study. Yet this same regard was against the tutor, as it proved he studied more the good feeling of the pupil than his instruction, as all improvement must necessarily be repugnant to the student, and as in evils, the authors thereof are incorporated with them. So, in the irksomeness of study, there would naturally be found in the student an impatience of the teacher. Yet, the child that dreads the lancet it has felt, may have a dread of, but not often a dislike to the surgeon who uses it.

If young Seyton did not love his tutor from regard to his studies, he loved his studies from a regard to his tutor. This seemed an unnatural current of the affections—and was disapproved the more, as the way in which the latter endeared himself to his pupil was so opposite to the general bearing and conduct of master to scholar. When the boy had no one to play with, Dick was ready to join him in a game; but, strange to say, the boy lessened nothing in his submission, but looked upon this as a condescension on his part, which demanded that he, in return, should do the more for his master, in studying the more assiduously. When the two

were out together, and allured by the scenery, or other accident, they got too far away, Dick would be seen returning with his pupil on his back. For the boy, therefore, to make such wonderful progress in his studies, under a master so eccentric, was deemed proof that he was a pupil that demanded an instructor of a higher caste, and of a conduct more coherent.

Another misfortune in Coventry's teaching, was, that though he could give learned instruction, he could not talk learnedly upon it. That detracted much from the virtue of his labours. It seems a degradation to learning, to be imparted in a manner so simple, that it has but easiness of comprehension to recommend it. Grand ideas and notions, should have as grand accompaniments — though, peradventure, they have least need of them.

It is often unlucky to urge improvement too far—it creates notions of ambition. A graduate, or wrangler, might be better fitted for the situation Dick filled, so much to the parent's satisfaction, though he had but his zeal and acquirements to recommend him. The character of the pupil had strangely advanced; and it was deemed just, that he, under whose superintendence he had progressed, should have but little share in the credit of it. Happy condition! if his labours relaxed, the fame of the boy would not be upheld;—if he continued to increase and

exalt them, men only of higher renown title would be deemed fit to maintain his racter. To advance is discomfiture, to dishonour—a favourable position between devil and the Dead Sea.

“Well, Douglas,” said Varnish to Seaton, “how get you on with your moods—in mood is your tutor?”

“In a very bad mood—he won’t let me hear the band till I’ve done all my lessons,” replied the boy.

“Is that indicative or subjunctive?” Michael.

“Neither: I call it imperative,” replied the pupil.

“Your hearing the band is subjunctive, seeing that it is contingent upon your getting your lessons.”

Michael continued to play upon these notions till the unlucky teacher of them should have reason to be ashamed of them. It is a pity people should be ashamed of what is right; perhaps a still greater pity they should be ashamed of it. It is difficult to withstand ridicule, especially when there is none for whom they sympathize with the object of it. And those whose moral courage can withstand danger are most apt to yield to it. He who is most alive to honour and renown, is the most sensitive to laughter and contempt—and he who is most in safety most, feels ridicule least.

In the course of the campaign, Major Seyton was appointed general of brigade; and Jacob Varnish became commissary-general.

"How different it is to forage to the animal necessities of the world, and to minister to their intellectual uses!" said Coventry to Varnock.

"Yes, but the rewards are something the same: if you supply the mind with food, you may have lots of intellectual manna in return; but forage them the substantials, and you have substantial rewards. Now, our chaplain combines the useful and the ornamental. He gives a relish to the mess by a whetter, in the way of grace—enhances the zest for a becoming oath, by a solemn rebuke on profane swearing—affords a shady relief to the scarlet, by a swatch of the black cloth—can give us ever the word in season—see that our souls parch not for lack of strong waters, and our troops lack not ammunition and appointments. So that he looks to the sinews of war, and his own sinews relax not for want of support. Now, if in addition to the mental stores you stow our intellectual knapsacks with, you could supply some detonating machines, that would destroy the enemies of Gideon and good king George, you would have rewards something less pitiful, than by trolling verbs with their moods—useful enough in their way, mind—and brandishing syntax with their concord and government."

"Yes, it is delightful to see diversity of talent in useful play. I might be able to detect a false quantity, or a bad argument in composition, but the fault in a horse, or a bad bargain, any unlettered boor would pass upon me. Yet his talent is of more vital use to others and to himself than mine, on which so much has been spent. Why may not he who checks the profanity of the troops, enhance his services by affording provender to their horses and field-pieces? and [interceding for grace with the God of battles, not benefit by the victories and their spoil?"

"Horses are good to deal in—they mend by care and keeping."

"Yes, and a man is vainer in general of his stud, than of his library; and though he might give more to a physician for the cure of his son when sick, than for the recovery of a favourite racer, he would, at all events, give more to the breaker and trainer of the brute, than for the instruction of his heir. A teacher of the harp, or an elegant dancer, may, with conscience, charge a guinea a lesson, for giving nimbleness to the fingers in strumming wires, or to the feet in shuffling—but a fourth of that would be ample pay for any intellectual or moral instruction. We pay highly to instruct the people in their duty to the Church and society, but not to instruct themselves. A man might grudge a rev. doctor the pay of a dancing-master, to teach

theology, but would give thousands to endow a church to teach the people obedience to the laws and reverence to property. Rewards rise in proportion to the worthlessness of the knowledge. The hands supersede the head, and the feet take precedence of both. The more useless the object, the more highly is it prized."

"Except in the Church—its objects are meant to be of the most vital nature—and its pay——"

"Is in inverse ratio to its labour. They who really minister in the Church, are the worst paid of any class; they who have most must of necessity do least, seeing they are paid to work in many places at once; in which, that they may not excite jealousy, or shew preference, they minister in none. All creation seems to cry aloud that it should be so—for duties diminish exactly with the increase of pay. In rewarding great achievements, prize-money advances as the danger diminishes; and in the greatest we have record of, one who was not in the fray, had as much as a thousand others who really achieved it. He had the portion of half a legion, because he had the salary of as many—and, in ratio, had so much the less need of it. It's a mercy our desires and wants enlarge like woman's love, with the enlargement of their gratifications; or this piling of bounty and pay, would prove like the heaping benefits on an injurer—the heaping

of coals of fire on our heads. But Provide bountiful, and fits the back to the burd He doth the evil for the day."

"Yes, the poorer a man is, it takes the more to enrich him. I've found out, that since I've no commission and provision tolerably ensured, I have the more necessity for something more. I've no doubt but that want will develop itself as I advance in rank. Heaven knows what will be my necessities when I'm a field-marshal."

"Turn politician, when the wars yield you more spoil, as marshals have turned ministers when the temple of Janus was shut;—which is a very legitimate way of reopening it."

"Why?—because they're apt to urge the sovereign to stand upon ceremony, and to quarrel with his allies?"

"No: I think that class of ministers is apt to be pacific. They know war—at least, they've had enough of it for their own advantage and renown,—to be no joke. As a lawyer advises his friends to go to law, so your veteran would become a peace-maker, when peace would not compromise his country's character. Men who have been trained from youth to war are very apt to guide a country, as a politician trained at court would guide a campaign a little amiss. Martial law may do with the people who are in its pay—not with them who yield no pay. And they who are accustomed to be absolute in the field, are apt to have too little

pathy with the ministering classes of the country ; and your productives have a tendency to a will of their own ; hence they and their rulers are very apt to differ in their sentiments. And your temple of Janus hath a door well hung on its hinges, and with a lock that may be easily fitted with a key. If it get rusty without, it may be unbarred within, and that may prove an opening not the least dangerous. As domestic broils are not less annoying than external quarrels, so is civil war more corroding than foreign."

"It's a respectable and good old trade, that of war."

"One of the most venerable. Its graft was in Eden, on the forbidden tree. No sooner was its fruit tasted, than Cain and Abel, with most fraternal zeal, proclaimed it a congenial trade ; and it has always been of the first respectability since. You were not originally bred to the trade ?" asked he who was bred to nothing.

"No : I was destined for the surgical, but broke down in the training," replied he, whose career was arrested by that, the lack of which arrests others. "And there was no other I could turn my genius to, but that of teaching, and that's not fit for a gentleman."

"Oh, you might have tried literature, or the histrionic art."

"You have made proof of them."

"Only of their concomitants ; my proof of

them was like his of immortality, who has the evil attendants of genius, without any of its inspiration."

"Which do you prefer?"

"That's a puzzler—like asking a man whether he'd chose to perish by hunger or by thirst. It would be unjust to give any invidious decision. As in things transcendant, the last you experience has the preference—so, in them, the first proved has least honours. As in equal enjoyment, that last felt, leaves the strongest impression; so in a calamity, that first endured, hath its impressions most worn away. Such was my experience of these two outré and extravagant pursuits."

"What is there extravagant about them?"

"There's no medium in either of them. If you are renowned in either, the world devours you with caresses—if you are not renowned, so far from being devoured by any kindness, you are at a loss to get anything to devour. The substantial well-doing state of common life, or the more respectable gentility of the middle class, belong not to either. Their success depends upon the fashion. If they are not the fashion, they have but to dream of realities for their conception. And when they are so, their objects are so apt to grow giddy with their luck, and with the allurements of their renown, that, in many cases, it proves as great an evil as want of success."

"They are unlucky trades, either way then: like the practice of law to clients—to lose their cause is ruin, and to gain it, oft a black loss. How like you your present life?"

"I'm afraid to enjoy it—too good I dread, to last; the thoughts of which, like Damocles' sword, much perturb the relish. That's a great evil in prolonged bad luck, and continued disappointment,—the reverse is not enjoyed. My condition is so counter to what I have been accustomed to, that I feel as if I were out of my latitude, and eating what I have no right to; or, what is worse, I fear it may prove hollow, or the prelude to some new reverse. That is an enviable career, in which the constitution of mind and body has been so played upon by privation and disappointment, that when, at last, success has been obtained, you can't enjoy it!"

In such learned discourse, these victims of good and bad fortune continued to indulge. At the conclusion of such an abundance of sentiment, Varnock produced cards. They played a dozen games, and Varnock won a quarter's pay of his opponent. No man could make a more practical comment on an instructive topic, than Gaspar Varnock.

The following afternoon, Coventry accompanied his pupil in a tour round the ramparts of the garrison. They were in an enemy's country, but they had every assurance of being

at a great distance from its army. The orders against advancing beyond the outposts were not very strict, as no immediate danger was anticipated, and the allurements to stay amid the beauties of the country were very strong.

The pupil was by nature of a romantic turn, and the tutor of a poetic. The day was beautiful; so calm and serene is a continental sky! The enjoyment of the boy was that of sanguine youth, and the delight of the preceptor was mingled with a train of the associations of early years. On they went, never thinking that there was walking required to get back, till they were admonished to pause by the appearance of soldiers, in uniform different from their own. They did not escape observation, for Dick and his pupil had both got into a reverie; and they were challenged, at a distance, by a couple of soldiers, who were straying from their camp.

"Portuguese, by the powers!" exclaimed the tutor, seizing hold of the pupil's hand; and they took to their heels back the way they came.

As pupil and teacher ran with increased speed, a brace of shots were fired at them, to urge them on. A ball whistled between them, and buried itself in the ground.

"If they mean that as a hint of their intent, we'd better wait for no more warning."

"Let's turn and fight them; there are but two of them," said the son of Ullyn.

"While they expend their powder;—let's reserve that till we can't help it, at any rate. There's a whittle your father gave me—you may brandish that, and I have my sword," said Coventry, putting the dirk into the boy's hand.

They ran, and kept at an equal distance from their pursuers, though they began to get out of wind—for in pursuits, in general, the advantage is against the pursued. As they drew near the ramparts of the garrison occupied by their regiment, the evening drum beating to close the gates, saluted their ears:

"Powers of mercy!" exclaimed the affrighted tutor, "the gates are shut against us, and these infernal Portuguese are gaining upon us."

"We must fight them," said the undaunted youth; "one Briton and a half is surely enough for two Portuguese!"

They drew near to the gates, as their pursuers drew near to them; when, to their consternation, they were closed, and there was no one near for them to call to. Coventry then drew up, unsheathed his sword, and taking the boy in his left-hand, prepared to meet them. Dick was valiant enough in heart, and he had been an actor, and knew how to take an imposing position—but he had every reason to fear his own safety, and still more the safety of his charge. The boy held the dirk firmly in his hand, and prepared with the utmost manli-

ness for the encounter. The enemy seeing they were at bay, advanced in line, and bade the two, in their own language, to surrender—heeded not the summons. They levelled their pieces—but Dick had an idea they were loaded, and did not flinch. The Porters seemed to become generous, and advanced their bayonets in their hands, like dirks. Coventry flourished his sword, and his pupil prepared to rush upon one—when he would have course, rush upon certain death. Dick kept hold of the boy's hand, kept the two at some length, and retreated slowly. One of the soldiers then made a rush upon Coventry, and plunge at him with the bayonet, which he evaded; but at the same time exposed the boy to the sudden motion of defence he had made. The other, with a savage aim, rushed upon the boy, with the bayonet upraised, to stab him; and at that moment, a ball entered his back, and he fell forward upon the boy, bearing him to the earth; the other, seeing his comrade instantly took to flight back the way he came.

As Coventry released Douglas from the grasp of the corpse above him, a soldier came rushing to them with his musket. Dick recognized him as Serjeant Macintosh, who, seeing the boy, his commander about to be destroyed, had fired with steady aim, from the ramparts, to prevent the imminent risk of shooting the boy, or his

The youth's head bled freely from a cut it received, from the falling man's bayonet—though the wound was by no means severe.

“That fellow has got it, any way,” said he, wiping the blood, which he was glad to see; as it stamped him one who had bled in fighting the enemy of his country.

CHAPTER XII.

A CHANGE IN YOUNG ULLYN'S INSTRUCTION—A GREATER
IN HIS CONDITION—AN END OF THE CAMPAIGN, AND OF
MAJOR SEYTON.

COVENTRY would have been tried by court-martial for extending his walk beyond the lines of safety in an enemy's country, but for the lucky issue of his adventure. How much of virtue, genius and piety, there is in success or good luck. The same motive in action which may bring a man to renown, may bring him to the block. Many have received the thanks of the two Houses of Parliament, for deeds, the want of success in which, had brought upon them the sentence of a judge. But for the shot from the sentry's gun (which Malcolm had borrowed when he saw danger), if Dick had been spared the bayonet of the Portuguese, he would have had as severe a comment passed upon his conduct, as he had on the first work he wrote—when the criticism of a reviewer gave him the jaundice, that he ascribed to the effect of being criticised when in a full state of body. This can only occur in the early stage of a man's

career. In the first place, his stomach can only be affected when he is young in types, when there may be the chance of repletion to effect a turn upon, and when his nerves are apt at impressions.

The effects of a chaplain were soon visible in the character and bearing of the officers of the regiment in general. The change was most visible in the conversation and discourse of the mess. Religious subjects were more frequently introduced and discoursed upon. The redemption of unbaptized infants, (who were decided by Michael to be like the clay into which the spirit of life had never been breathed), and the difference between the barrels of muskets fashioned of twisted iron, and that drawn out by rollers, had been debated, when two or three officers, accompanied by Varnish, left the table to enjoy the beauty of the evening on the ramparts of the town.

"How much the character of man's natural ingratitude," said the chaplain, "is visible in the face of the country he inhabits. Wherever much is given him, thereon the less he does for it."

"Why, perhaps there may be the less need for labour," said one of the party.

"The more grateful ought he to be to work, and give the superfluity to them who live in a less happy climate. But it is ever the case ;

even the gospel, where it could be with greatest difficulty gained, and where it had to oppose, there it was with greatest purity rished. Heap talents on a man, and if he lay at all with them, it will be to scatter them to winds, or to corrupt his fellows. The more do for a man, the less will he do for him and far less for you. And you see where no man is most lavish, man is most niggard of return.

"I'll be d—d if Michael hasn't gospel enough for rank and file!" said Jacob aside, to one who was walking with him.

"I think that is not bad advice that St. Paul gives," said one who had an inclination to say so, but who would like a precedent to sanction him. "Be not righteous over much."

"But you can never be righteous over much," said the chaplain, who could interpret a text better than he who made it, if necessary. "You can never be too religious."

"How do you interpret the text, then?"

"That you should not let your devotion without time and season; it does not appear the quality or quantum of your religious fervour, but your timing it,—your tempering it with due observance of your duties on earth to yourself, your family, and your fellows," said he, with all the scriptural fervour in nature, but with a nice notion of comfortable prudence in the mean.

"But here is one whose zeal for warfare is

to militate mightily with his prudence. I declare it is Seyton's son fighting Colonel Higgins' eldest boy!—and, as I live, his reverend tutor seconding him with his coat off."

As they approached, they found young Seyton and the son of Colonel Higgins, the commander of another regiment also stationed in the garrison, fighting a fair battle in the English style; a corporal-major, with bared arms, seconding Higgins, and Dick Coventry, without his coat, seeing fair play on the side of his pupil.

The two seemed to be an excellent match; the advantage of age and size being in favour of his opponent, and that of courage and bottom in favour of our hero. Young Higgins receiving a severe blow on the nose, and observing the party approach, said they were all friends of his antagonist, and he would fight no more till he met him when he had not so many on his side, and victory was declared on the side of him whom Dick had so manfully seconded.

The reverend tutor seeing the officers, the commissary, and the chaplain, beside him, and feeling that he was not caught in a very preceptor-like character, put on his coat with an awkward grace; and the young combatant, who cared for neither commissary nor commander, wiped his face and adjusted his dress with an air of satisfaction, which victory, without regard to the sanctity of its cause, seldom fails to inspire.

“Well, Douglas, is that the formation of the tenses?” said Michael Varnish, addressing himself to the young combatant, as a man speaking at his tutor;—a more effectual way the-bye, than speaking to an opponent, for reproach in one sense is greater; and in a more convenient mode, if the reproacher is the object, as it precludes the chance of retort. Like an epitaph, it excludes argument. Continuing to play upon Greek roots and irregular supines, as applicable to the contest he was engaged in, Varnish then in a solemn tone addressed him as the son of a general of brigade who ought to form a pattern to all the boys of the regiment; and while he justified war as the righteous cause of kings and nations, in which was their duty, as Christian soldiers, to fight, it was unbecoming his rank and demeanour to degrade himself.

This had the proper effect; the conscience-smitten and chopfallen tutor took the rebuke to himself. A blast passing through a furnace, penetrates the fuel with a force tenfold greater than that which is directly applied. So the rebuke coming to him through the pipe of the youth, had tenfold greater effect than the lecture that could have been read himself. On the boy it had no effect at all, as he meant to give his antagonist another chance the first time he met him; and he would fight any or

thought himself a match for, who should apply the same epithet to him as had young Higgins.

It appeared that the other boy had called Seyton a bastard, which, as it was rather a reproach on the mother than the son, demanded of him the more that he should vindicate her memory (for he was not ignorant of the sad imputation under which it lay). As men in general claim the most honour for the possession of what they had the least hand in obtaining, so do they feel the stain of dishonour most in those things that were done before they came into the world. So young Seyton struck the other in the mouth; the blow as naturally produced a retort, and the couple stripped for combat. Dick Coventry, who taught him the humanities, felt called upon to second him in the fight first, and to read him a lecture on forbearance and the arts of peace afterwards.

"The great object in rearing a pupil is to teach him thoroughly that for which he is intended. Your tutor's instructions become the son of a soldier, who no doubt is intended for a soldier," said Michael Varnish to Seyton.

"I hope he'll never inculcate any notions unworthy the profession. I'd rather he'd teach the boy bad grammar, bad prosody, and false logic, than to disgrace himself," said Ullyn; "I trust he'll never teach him to run."

"No, faith," quoth Michael, with a hearty

breath like that of a laugh that had merged in it, and which seemed to impute something very different from what Seyton had reason to dread; "there may be little fears of that. But in training a young colt, the bit and rein may be more requisite than spur and whip. It may not be necessary to urge the son of Ulyyn to fight. I believe they have suffered enough for their alacrity in that."

Seyton shook his head, and the melancholy train of associations its sentiment called forth, made him heave a sigh.

"I suppose you intend your son to be a genius?" said one of the officers; "you have a man with all the eccentricities of genius to inspire him with the same characteristics."

"I know," replied Seyton, "that many judge of the merits of a teacher from the manner of his instruction and the general demeanour of his carriage, as they would the talents of a general from his soldier-like appearance. Now I would judge him by his pupils. While the effects of the one might be all show,—imposing enough, no doubt,—the other would be found in the solid improvement of the youth. As the instruction of my son is the object for which I pay his tutor, I have little reason to grudge his salary."

"Very good, certainly; but if you sent him to a flighty professor to be taught dancing, you might have reason to be alarmed, if he returned a proficient on the tight rope or in tumbling."

"I am aware that there are many concomitants of genius, which in a world so well drilled, act as sad drawbacks to success and promotion. The absence of mind which accompanies deep thinking—the tendency to commit itself, which wit seldom fails in when there is the opportunity; the waywardness of conduct and eccentricity of manner, faults to which ordinary minds are little subject, all militate against its success."

"I'll tell you what, Seyton," said Colonel Hamilton, "if you would make a mountebank of your son, I'd send him to a band of strolling players at once. Nothing like early culture, after all."

"I don't find any deficiency of solid learning in my boy."

"The more's the pity it should be decked with the morals of a wit and the manners of a showman. Your son gets as apt at reply since he has been under this rejected contributor to all periodical literature as a play writer. I should as soon entrust the movements of an army to an expert billiard player, as I would the culture of my son to one who begins his career by writing an octavo of metaphysics, and ends it by enlisting. If they go out to walk, they either play at leap-frog, stumble into an enemy's entrenchment, for sentries to shoot at, or fall foul of game, fruit, or poultry. The boy's as game

as a cock, and to restrain him the tutor strips him of his coat and seconds him in battle. I shouldn't wonder, as the powers develop, if the two didn't go a wenching together. I'd bet a dozen, that if Douglas wanted a sly interview with his sweetheart, his preceptor would play Sir Pandarus."

It was with much reluctance Seyton felt called upon to find fault with a tutor his son was so fond of. Boys seem better judges of character than men. They are more alive to the genius of their teacher than their wiser guardians. But then Michael Varnish pleaded for Dick, and of course the pleading gained nothing for him but the loss of his appointment. A pity it is, some pleaders, though so well-meaning, damn the cause they advocate: and that they who are so lucky in their own causes, should prove so unfortunate in those of others; especially of those they have an adverse interest in themselves. Some faint flatterers ruin the object they praise: so do some faint pleaders the cause they urge.

Douglas got another tutor, one who had been better trained to the profession; but his father continued Coventry's pay. The former had had the advantage of a public school, and had a degree.

"Of what mood are the lessons now, Douglas?" asked Varnish, after he had had experience of the change. "The optative," replied the boy; "I wish he may get them."

Douglas was obliged to get the lessons that were set him, but he resolved to counteract all the benefit he received, by unlearning what he was taught; and as his tutor set him a verb to learn, he no sooner had said it, than he as naturally began to learn it backwards. Even his prayers he tried to repeat that way, as he had heard that it was calculated to attain the counter or opposite of the objects sought. So that he did not gain much by the change: and as he was the only relative, and the sole remaining object of his beloved family, his father was reluctant to force him to anything against his will. So that, as the incentive to study in the boy was lost, a very efficient scholar and instructor failed in giving improvement, for want of full control over his pupil. Seyton saw the disadvantage under which he laboured, and gave him credit for all he might do with proper authority.

When the regiment had taken up its quarters, and the men congratulated themselves for the season, an order arrived from the commander-in-chief, for them to join the main body of the army, as the enemy was before them.

On the third day of their march, the regiment joined the rest of the troops, and learnt that they expected to meet the foe the following morning.

There was a strong presentiment in the minds of the generals, that the approaching struggle

would be a severe one; and Seyton prepared for the issue. To his friend Balmano, he communicated where he would find the papers relating to his family, his marriage, and the protection or guardianship of his son.

Seyton's battalion was stationed in the rear of the army, occupying a hollow, skirted on one side by a wood, at a small distance from the main body of the troops. Early the following morning, the deep-toned roar of the distant cannon, followed by the prolonged fire of musketry, roused the camp, and proclaimed that the engagement had commenced. The bugle summoned to muster, and in a short time all were in line. The regiment had not well fallen into rank, when an aide-de-camp rode up, and delivered orders for them to march to the field.

As they proceeded, the noise of the conflict increased. The deep gong of the cannon, the raking rattle of musketry, the shouts of leaders, and the clangour of the trumpets, gave the imaginations of the advancing soldiers some conception of the work that was before them. They saw the smoke rise in thick volumes above the horizon, and there hang overhead, as if to remain a veil between them and heaven.

On their advance they met waggons retreating with the wounded; some stretched as if on their biers, some seated with frightful gashes on their faces—yet, as if glad that their share of

slaughter was over ;—others were swollen by shot-wounds ; and some, holding up stumps of limbs, exclaimed to the advancing troops, "There's Chelsea, comrades !"—Others still, with scalps laid bare, and short pipes in their mouths, gave the advancing troops encouragement to finish what they had almost accomplished.

On their way the battalion was passed by a troop of dragoons, which they recognised as that to which young Bellesford belonged. Balmano, as he shook hands with some of the officers, inquired for him, and was informed that he had long left the army, and was living in Switzerland. There were too many sad recollections connected with his name for Seyton to ask after one with whom so much of his joy and sorrow had been linked.

They halted for a short time in the immediate vicinity of the engagement, which was hidden from their view by a ridge of rising ground. The conception of a battle to them in whose contiguity it is fought, while its movements are concealed from their view, is more trying to the resolution than it is to them who mingle in it.

While they stood under arms, a second aide-de-camp rode up to the regiment, with orders for it to advance ; when the men entered the field with their respective officers at their head. The veteran Seyton, with his hair, once black as the raven's, now silvered by time and sorrow, ad-

vanced with the zeal of early years, the excitement of action recalling the martial feelings of youth. As they took their station in the field, thick clouds of smoke hid the enemy's line from their view, and prevented their knowing how the engagement proceeded. Seyton's regiment advanced to the assistance of the Scotch brigade, which was sustaining terrible havoc in attempting to break the main line of the enemy, while a body of artillery poured a raking fire into their ranks.

The delights of battle have been often sung. The glory of names, wounds, deaths, and trophies, is nothing to the thing itself. War is a grand thing after all, if one could see it rightly, as there is nothing more ancient except sin, there is likely to be nothing more lasting except iniquity. We could remember many things war is good for, if the peace did not distract us. Besides the destruction of our enemies, and of our friends and countrymen, it gives wholesome check to redundant population; though it carry off the young and brave, it flatters prejudices, engages the reflection, reconciles the world to taxes, promises so much trade and wealth, that there is nothing to fear, but that it will have an end. Surely, if when peace comes, the people have cause to cry out, the evil must be in letting war cease.

Here two comrades, who have been com-

panions in toil and danger from their youth, charge the foe, and the face of the one is bespattered with the blood of the other. As the survivor wipes his face to give a last look at the headless body of his companion, he gets a slash on his own forehead from a dragoon's sword that disfigures him for life, and renders him a prey to occasional madness.

A veteran of fifty battles, grown grey in the service, fronts the foe for the hundredth time; by his side a young lieutenant, amiable, brave, and well-connected, appears in battle for the first time. The veteran sees the incautious youth in peril, shields his body with his own, and pierces the line. The youth follows through the breach, and he so gallant and well connected, reads afterwards his name in the gazette for this act of bravery, and gains a company—he is the son of the member for Wigwam. The unlucky man of fifty battles is not even wounded, can claim neither pension nor advance, and he outlives both relatives and wars.

A gallant regiment, which had affronted the commander of the forces, was placed in the thickest of the fray. Here it sustains a heavy fire, under orders neither to advance nor retreat, and must stand the assault without hope of relief. As one gallant fellow falls, another steps forward in his place. They dare not move—hope of relief they have none—the victory is

sure, and no victor is ever arraigned. Had the general not kept these heroes to their post, he might not have gained the battle, say the wise; they who fall cannot impeach, and they who do not fall, will be too well rewarded ever to complain.

“Did I not tell you I would pass unscathed in all this campaign?” said an officer to his comrade; and as he said it, a ball went through his head. Here, amid the roar of artillery and the clangour of music, the air is pierced by the cries of two sisters, heedless of the shots that hissed around them, over the body of an officer who had fallen in the last charge, and who was their brother, their only relative and support. They had accompanied him through the whole campaign; his colonel, touched by his fraternal affection, had allowed him to live with them, to save him the expense of mess. And now their only friend and sustenance was gone, and they rent the air with their shrieks!

The Scotch brigade had seven times made the attack, and had seven times been repulsed, when Seyton’s battalion came up fresh to the attack. With another regiment they charged the enemy’s line. Seyton led on with sword in hand. On their advance, the ensign fell; Seyton snatched the colours, and led on with them in his hand. “Forward!” he cried, waving the banner; when an officer came up and told him

Colonel Hamilton was down, and the command of the regiment had devolved upon him.

"Cut away Bric—I am here—cut away!" cried Malcolm. But here Bric fell, and the serjeant fell over him. "Got for tam! be you dead or no?"

"Kilt to death, entirely—at them Dugald! at them, man, and then bury me decently!"

After above a dozen charges the enemy gave way; and as Seyton's corps had succeeded in making a breach in the foe's rank, the brigade returned to the charge and broke the line. The enemy fled in confusion.

The victory was gained! Our cause was righteous, as usual, though as usual we never could rightly understand what good it did us.

After pursuit, when the victors began to muster, Colonel Seyton was missing. Balmano scoured the field, strewed with dead and dying. He met Douglas running as if frantic, wringing his hands, and crying out in despair, "Oh dear! what will I do—what will I do?" and when Balmano asked what was the matter, he still howled, "My father—oh my father!" and "what will I do?"

"Where is he?"

"There!" said the youth, pointing to a heap of slain, "there—all bloody—dead—and gory! And what will I do?"

It was with bitter grief Balmano beheld the

prostrate body of his brave old fellow-soldier and countryman. Wiping a tear from his eye, and recollecting the solemn injunction he had received, he examined the body, and perceived that he had fallen by a wound from a musket ball in his left breast, his right hand upon the place where he had treasured papers he had commanded him to examine, to guide him to the knowledge of his life and the rights of his son to his succession. But no papers were there.

Belford and Balmano escaped without a wound. Bric was but slightly hurt, and Malcolm received a stab from a bayonet in the fleshy part of the arm. What became of Glenfalloch and Varnock was not known; they were both in the action, but neither mustered after it. Dick Coventry proved himself a hero in the field; his bravery was commended by his commander. Jacob Varnish had many horses allowed him, as disabled for service, with commission to have the troops recruited. Jacob proved himself a better judge of the fitness of horses for service, than they who used them, whose judgment, however, he would deem it sacrilege to dispute; for he resold most of them before six months to the same service. Michael returned thanks to the God of battles for their victory.

All Seyton's baggage was thoroughly examined, but nothing was found that related in the least either to himself, so far as his estate

was connected, his wife, or his son. There was nothing that bore even his name; the fly-leaves on which it had been written in a pair of pocket bibles, were torn out. And the hero of our history was left in the world unprovided for—an orphan and a bastard!

The body of Major Seyton was buried on the spot where he fell. A stone uncarved marks the place where the attainted Ulyn lies.

About three months after the battle, the regiment returned to England. Balmano and Belford both succeeded to their inheritances, and both retired from the army. The former took young Seyton with him. Coventry, his former tutor, got his discharge, which was somewhat welcome, and entered upon a bright career of literary life, as if to prove that he who hath the germ of genius in him, hath but to persevere—sooner or later he will succeed.

Such are the vicissitudes of life, that by the time we resume our history, scarcely one remained in the army whose characters we have introduced.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE COMMENCEMENT OF A NEW ERA.—A STRANGE AFFRAY
IN FRONT OF COVENT GARDEN THEATRE.—AN ASSAULT
NOT MORE MYSTERIOUS THAN WAS THE DEFENCE —
BOTH EQUALLED ONLY BY THE MODESTY OF THE DE-
FENDER.—EVENTS PROCEEDING AS NATURALLY AS IF
THEY HAD BEEN PRODUCED BY DESIGN.

ABOUT ten years after the death of Major Seyton, one night, in the month of February, sometime before watchmen went to sleep, and thieves began to waken, a numerous audience began to leave Covent Garden theatre. A popular nobleman, and two ladies, left their box to return to their carriage, which waited for them in a long line of others in front of the house. At this time, a strong excitement obtained in the minds of the people on some political matters, and they who were concerned in affairs of state, were objects of applause, or disapprobation, according to the particular party they belonged to. Riots and frays in the metropolis were too common even to excite alarm. Many began to speak freely on what they were formerly afraid to whisper. And in proportion to the restraint

in which they had been accustomed to hold their tongues, was the rein they gave them when they seemed fairly at liberty. In like manner, the party who had so long held the sway of all thought, opinion, and action, were equally astounded at these strong symptoms of rebellion on the part of them to whom the decrees of Providence more especially applied.

When the nobleman and his party got outside, there was a considerable crowd in the street, of those, who, if they had not been spectators of the drama within doors, were very ambitious of enacting one themselves without. The peer, who was a cabinet-minister, was jostled as he came out, by some who pressed around him; and the two ladies, his wife and a young relative, became alarmed, and clung to him. The minister, who had sufficient command of his temper, and who seemed to be by no means unaccustomed to such encounters, felt anxious to get out of the brooding riot, on account of the ladies, one being in a delicate state of health. As he pressed the more eagerly to get out of the way, the sensitive mob felt they had in the same degree the better right to obstruct him.

Two gentlemen, jealous of their honour, having quarrelled without a cause, began to fight to create one—and a blow may be deemed as good a fomentor of a quarrel, as it often proves the efficient settler of it. One told the other he

was no gentleman, seeing that he did not be himself as such ; the other said his opponen a liar, which was convincing enough, and b were struck with as much effect as they wer tended to produce, and returned with si cordiality. The minister urging forward, t clear of the confusion and danger, was r thrust back by a man who seemed as carel his face as of his honour. But, as he atten to oppose the nobleman's progress, he pushed back with as much force as delicacy

"What do you mean by that? We don't pensions for cuffs, my lord.—Traitor to country, take a traitor's reward!" cried man ; at the same time essaying to strike lordship, evidently with the intent of creati deadly quarrel, to palliate the crime of a sination, which was meditated. The mi warded the blow, and pressed forward the eagerly to get out of the crowd.

"Strike, Brutus!" cried one behind th sailant of the minister ; when, at the same a man with a hat that shaded his face, t aside a cloak that shaded his body, and d sword.

The nobleman saw his life was attempte

which he belonged. Withdrawing his arm from the ladies, who both maintained an extraordinary self-possession, he drew his sword.

Instantly, two weapons were at his breast—when the ladies kept back, to give him free room to defend himself and them. His lady called out for help, but no one felt the appeal; and as her assailed husband warded the blow of him who made the first attack, a feigned pass was made by the other, which was caught by the lady with her arm, over which she had twisted a rich Indian shawl: another weapon was unsheathed by a third assailant, whose eye the pressed nobleman caught, preparing to give a stab at his wife, when he called out—"Beware, my love—it is *your* life I see that is sought!"

The young lady, Miss Belford, (whose birth we have recorded in the early part of our story,) seeing the peril of her noble relative—to which anxiety for the safety of her husband made her blind—drew her back, and called aloud upon the senseless crowd to aid or protect them; but there was too much need for their interference for them to give it. The man behind the two whom the minister had succeeded in keeping at bay, with naked sword, was making his way towards the countess, and again Miss Belford called upon her to take care,—there was an arm raised to stab her. When that lady seeing

nought but death to herself and husband, exclaimed aloud—"Oh, will no one save us?"

"A woman call, and not a man man enough to assist!" cried a young gentleman of gallant mien and figure, by one bound clearing all that which hemmed in the assailed nobleman, and alighting by the side of the lady, in time to receive a blow which was meant for her. He was struck on the temple, and the blood flowed freely.

The providential appearance of the youth amazed both the lady and her assailant. He staggered at the blow, and at the same instant, like the combatant who, in his drooping strength still preserving his zeal and courage, wishes even in falling to deal a deadly stroke; he drew his sword, and thrust it blindly at him who gave him the stab, with such force, that it ripped up the sleeve of his coat from elbow to shoulder, without doing more execution than a deep scratch, that tended neither to weaken nor unnerve it.

"A scratch, Diomed—your Laomedon reels! Give him the gyve under the arm, and you corpse him!" cried one behind.

"Will he!" said the youth, parrying the thrust with the grace and ease of a thorough master of the weapon; and at the same time dealing his antagonist a blow on the forehead that had been fatal, but for the covering that guarded it; when a deadly encounter ensued.

"Oh God, nerve his arm!" ejaculated the lady, as she saw her defender grow faint from the loss of blood that spouted from his temple, though it drained not a particle of his courage; for he displayed the skill and coolness of a veteran, with the ardour and grace of youth.

The assailants seemed to be by no means unused to the handling of the rapier; and having the advantage of numbers, were more than a match for the peer and his willing assistant. Two pressed upon the latter, while the minister was left with him who had made the first attack.

The young defender began to be so hard pressed, he could with difficulty defend himself: and as he grew weak from loss of blood, his fate was near, when a lusty blow from the fist of one who had a strange ambition to be in the fray, though without a weapon, made one of the two stagger. And, at the same time, the youth wounded the other, and he fell. The other two, seeing their comrade fall, and feeling that they were no match for their antagonists in fair encounter, made their escape—which the crowd, confusion, and darkness favoured; leaving one weapon on the ground, and another in the hands of the youth, who needed it as a prop, so much was he exhausted, from exertion and the loss of blood.

The crowd, now the danger was over, vied in proffering assistance to the nobleman and

ladies, while he who had been the means of saving their lives was allowed to be conveyed away unnoticed.

There was so much cause for congratulation at so providential a deliverance, that for a moment, the deliverer was forgotten; but the first burst of feeling over, he was their next thought, even before securing their safety by departure; but he was not to be found. Feeling weak, and seeing the fray was over, he allowed himself to be dragged away by him who had given his antagonist the blow on the ear.

"Is it the young gentleman who fought for you?" said one; "he has gone down the street, leaning on a man's arm; belike he may be in some doctor's shop."

Every shop in the neighbourhood was inquired at without effect, and the man who had observed him got a guinea from the earl to go in quest of him, and obtain his name and address; but the honest man failed in his attempt, for he did not return to boast of his commission; and the minister and party having reached their carriage, were driven to their residence in the gardens behind Whitehall.

"Oh dear! my lord, why did we allow that gallant youth to mingle in the crowd, unaccompanied with our poor acknowledgments, far less with any token of the deep gratitude we owe him?" said his lady. Miss Belford sighed.

"He will be found, if search can find him, or the voice of the public reach his ear. His humanity and courage shall resound from the Land's End to the Solway," said his lordship.

"Oh, with what address he handled his sword—and so fair, so young, so brave!" said the countess.

"The locks that hung from under his cap were fair, and they curled in thick clusters," said Eliza Belford.

"He is of noble rank and descent, I'm sure," continued the admiring lady—"there were the air and bearing of a perfect gentleman of high breeding. With what dignity he bore himself among the lily-livered rabble that surrounded him, like a full-bred hound among a herd of curs at bay."

"His eye was blue," said Miss Belford, "and his lip never blanched."

"Whose blood is it that has dyed your dress?—Oh, my love, you have been wounded!" exclaimed the minister in alarm.

"Ah! no, my lord, 'tis his blood—the blood of our preserver. Oh, he needed not to leave us such a token to remind us of the service he has done," said the lady; and looking at her marriage dress, which was sprinkled with blood, she turned to her husband and in a deep undertone said, "Oh, Walton, my bridal dress!"

The countess had no sooner spoken these

words than she uttered a shriek at what appeared a direful omen, and fell on the floor.

This seemed a night for romance to hold jubilee in. The countess was conveyed to her chamber, and on recovering from her faint, seemed to be in a state of delirium. The marriage dress which she had inadvertently put on, and which had been so deeply dyed by the blood of him who had providentially interposed to save her, seemed to recal to her mind some terrible event. Her justly alarmed husband wished to remove from her the stained object of association, which he was obliged to tear from off her; at which she exclaimed something in which the words "violation!" and "judgment!" were heard; when the earl bade the attendants retire and leave her with him alone, afraid that in her delirium and incoherence she might utter what he would have none listen to but himself.

"Mercy! what has my lady seen?" cried one of the servants, as she joined the curious and alarmed circle downstairs in the great kitchen.

"Faith such a bloody encounter would appal a dragoon, much more a lady of refined feelings and nerves like the countess," said the under-butler.

"Then she hasn't been completely stabbed herself!" said one of the upper class, afraid there would not be enough to keep up the sensation which the affair was likely to create.

"Not she?" quoth another of the upper class, thinking there was too much noise for a catastrophe, which would bring the house, and of course themselves, into renown.

"My lord seems in a furious alarm, as if he were afraid that in her raving she would let out something he'd not have us hear—he'll let no one come near her room but himself. I thought I heard something that would tell a tale," quoth a groom.

"May be he don't want Miss Belford to hear."

"Faith she's in high strikes, too; her upper works are reeling like a watch when the main-spring snaps," said the knight of the corkscrew.

"He must have been a regular Achilles though, the fellow who stood champion for her."

"Faith must he—and my lady, mind ye, is of the right breed, when she held my lord's cloak, to give his arm full play, and stood like an amazon during the crossing of the swords."

"Just the right stuff," said the cook, who knew the quality of matter.

"If he's needy now, this chap, who seems to have been on the look out for adventures, and met with this promiscuously, as it were, won't he be done for by my lord, and the state?"

"Either in excise or customs—navy-pay or victualling-office—he's booked, if he mind what he's after," quoth the footman, neglecting his tray, which he was about to take up to them who had banquetted enough already.

The following day the papers were filled with accounts of the fray, with all the strict adherence to truth and fact for which they are renowned. They stated that a daring attempt at assassination had been made upon the Earl of Walton and his countess, on their leaving the theatre; and they further congratulated the country that it was a crime which happily did not belong to it: and this instance of selecting a popular nobleman and senator for its object, was the greater proof of it.

The heroism of the countess, who preserved her self-possession in the midst of the appalling encounter, while she was besprinkled with the blood of the combatants, was the theme of lofty panegyric; then the cool courage of the Earl, who confronted three adepts at the sword, defied admiration. Lastly, the assistance of a gallant who had voluntarily staked his life in the defence of the party, deserved high credit.

Another account recorded the countess as maintaining the most dignified self-control in the first attack, till seeing her husband assailed by increased numbers, she snatched a weapon from one of the assassins' hands, defended her husband with it, and was covered with blood, which she herself shed. The assailants came in for an ample share of notice: they were evidently no common assassins; they had some high aim; they were masked; but they could

not conceal their rank and address. Some denounced them as base and bloodthirsty bravos, of Spanish or Italian descent; others, as men urged to revenge for some long-cherished injury, and who had chosen that time and place to effect their object.

Another took a higher strain, and bade the great beware! It was the attempt of some who had devoted themselves to rid their country of objects who were hostile to its liberties; and the unlucky Earl of Walton chanced to be the first of a long line of victims, whose dooms were sealed. They who had struck the first blow, were a chosen few, to whose lot the first attempt at retribution had fallen; and they had shown an example of their purpose, and of the stuff their instruments were made of. It was a hint of their object—a warning to them who ruled. A great moral lesson, by which they in high places should not fail to profit.

The crowds of inquirers of rank and station, who called to offer their congratulations to the earl, showed the sensation the affair created, as well as the esteem in which he was held. Great anxiety was felt and expressed for the state of the countess; which was somewhat allayed by the announcement, publicly made, that she had received no wound, nor material hurt, beyond what the alarm had produced on a frame of strong sensibility.

A proclamation was issued, setting forth the attempt which had been made on the life of one of his majesty's ministers, and offering an immense reward for the apprehension of the guilty parties;—but without effect. It was strange, that an attempt so open, so desperate and foul, made by men who had been seen by so many, should have been allowed even to be made, and that those implicated in it should elude search. The earl maintained, that it was the life of the countess which had been sought for by some who had an interest in her death. Many thought this surmise of the earl well-founded, as the countess had no family, and she was known to be sole heiress to a large estate.

It was somewhat strange, that the gentleman who had so distinguished himself in defence of the noble party, should prove as modest as they who had made the attack; for he seemed equally reluctant to announce himself. A strong invitation was held out, both by the earl and the government, for him to come forward and receive their thanks. A hint of such a nature was deemed sufficient to urge the most backward to appear, and proclaim his service; but the hint was not enough for him. The invitation was repeated, to the like effect. This served but to heighten the interest which the earl and family felt, and rendered them the more desirous to find him. Seeing that his modesty could not

be overcome by any proffer of mere thanks, a reward was offered for his appearance—with the same success as that for the appearance of them who were the means of his first introduction to their notice.

A further reward was offered to any one who could give information of the name and family of the youth; but no one claimed the least knowledge of him. This was deemed highly presumptive of his rank. He was above thanks, and independent of any reward that could be proffered. Eliza Belford was the first who suggested the true cause of his non-appearance, when she exclaimed, "Oh, if that wound he got has proved mortal!—for surely nought less could prevent his appearance—he is insensible to inducement!"

"Heaven forbid!" said the earl. "Surely not, however, or we should have heard of his death. Our calls do not reach him—he is above them. He must be modest as well as brave, to do a service so signal, and feel no ambition to boast of it."

"Modest—oh yes!" said Miss Belford, with a sigh; "his countenance and action bespoke a mind as diffident as brave, and brave as merciful. If he has survived the stab, the consciousness of having acted nobly, is all the reward he will seek."

CHAPTER XIV.

A CONNECTING LINK IN THE CHAIN OF EVENTS.—THE INTRODUCTION OF A NEW CHARACTER, DESTINED TO PLAY AN IMPORTANT PART IN THE LIFE OF ULLYN—WITH DISCOURSE, WORTHY OF BEING READ BY ALL WHO HAVE NOTHING BETTER TO DO.

THE wonder of the events recorded in the last chapter having outlasted nine days, at length subsided in the public mind, and merged in the passing events of the period; but still, busy imagination lent her aid to memory in the mind of Miss Belford, to enhance and refine the character and appearance of the youthful deliverer. Time passed, and with it increased her admiration. His reluctance to appear, as it gave zest to the desire to see him, added to the mystery of his character. One view, by day, of him who moved all grace by the light of lamps, would content her. But in the mind of the brain-fevered countess, such images arose, that made her husband alarmed for more than her sanity.

At this time, on a second floor, near the bottom of Norfolk-street in the Strand, lived a young gentleman and his attendant. The former

had been for some weeks confined to his room, and the attendant confined himself to the kitchen. Both had excited great interest in the mind of their landlady. The occupant of the second floor had the appearance of one who was a gentleman by birth and breeding; for though in his speech he did not seem to be altogether English, there was a certain manner about him, which only those possess who have been educated at our chief universities. In his firm step, and muscular form, there was proof, however, that his youth had not been altogether devoted to the cloisters of a college. There was observable, too, the high pride that owns no superior, and the warmth of feeling that scarcely admits the thought of having an inferior; that boasts not abundance of wealth, and acknowledges no poverty; that had been accustomed to command and give protection to them who obey: and these qualities bespoke him a native of a country wherein feudal dominion still lingered.

With reflective powers and of scholarlike discourse, there was a something mingled, that bespoke the soldier as well as gentleman. He was in age about three or four-and-twenty, in height a little above the common size; his frame well knit, his shape graceful, and his countenance manly and open.

Besides the extreme handsomeness of his person, the manly beauty of his features, and the

healthful freshness of his complexion, there was an air of thoughtfulness and reserve about him that rendered him an object of peculiar interest to his landlady. His attendant, a compound of humour and romance, was some ten years older, and had been in the wars. He occupied a bed in the attic by night, and a corner of Mrs. Andrews' fireside by day, where he sat ruminating on fortune, and snuffing Scotch rappee. This attached sum and substance of a chieftain's retinue and clan, was as much under the middle size as his master was above it, roundly built, and of a very agreeable countenance. He had light hair, a face slightly marked by the small-pox, and more strongly by a strange mixture of simplicity and shrewdness, mingled with good nature. It was impossible not to be pleased with him at first sight.

This gentleman was seated by the kitchen fire, with a tin snuff box in one hand, and the finger and thumb of the other thrust into it, with which he wrought the snuff in deep thought. While his eye traced in the grate some career of the future, or read in the embers some symbols of his thoughts, Mrs. Andrews, his landlady, was busy about her cooking apparatus.

It was near the latter end of February, and the weather, which for some time had been cold, damp and gloomy, was beautiful and clear. "It's now half-past ten o'clock, and your master

has not rang for his breakfast," quoth Mrs. Andrews.

"Isn't it lamentable," quoth Fingal, the son of Finlay Stewart, (who lost his life as recorded in the early part of our history) with finger and thumb still in the snuff-box, scarcely conscious of what Mrs. Andrews was saying; who, by-the-bye, was a very honest and benevolent woman, though she let apartments and did for her lodgers.

"Lamentable—yes, when a man forgets his meals. I had but one lodger who did so before, and there never was anything more *apropos*, as he called it,—for he had nothing to eat."

"Aye," quoth Fingal, with his eyes fixed on the grate, and his thoughts beyond the Grampians.

"There you sit with your eyes in the fire and your soul in Flanders. It is nearly a week of Sundays since you crossed the threshold. There's some excuse for your master confining himself; till lately, he has not been able to go out. But you never move, unless to get snuff, to snuff your senses stupid;—pooh! why don't you stir?"

"Oh, woman, I have no motive! What should I do in unfeeling crowds, with not a soul to take any notice of me—where every one is content and happy but myself? I have no motive!"

"No motive to stir—then what's your motive for sitting still?"

"Till the times mend. It's easy to wait for an alteration, where we're sure they won't alter for the worse."

"You had better make a jaunt to the North Pole, and sit down in Greenland, and wait patiently till the ice melt before you proceed. Will not even striving to change them, alter them for the better?"

"We have tried that, and each has changed contrary both to our liking and our expecting;—hadn't we better ca' canny, and let things take their own way? Maybe they'll be generous, and do for us the more when we leave all to them."

"Oh, they have no discretion—so you had better try your own exertions. Haven't you come to seek your fortune?"

"I think, Mrs. Andrews, to set out fortune-hunting here, in our state, is like going to seek water-lilies on Mount Vesuvius; in our zeal for botany, we are like to have a shower of lava to refresh us. It's an awkward thing to seek for fortune where every body's in search of the same thing. It's like a wavering sinner taking shelter in Doubting Castle for the defence of his creed. Since we've been here, I *have* been out. A man, quite the gentleman, is at once struck by me—he likes my appearance—my birth-place—my everything:

and I am equally struck, at his taking leave of me with assurances of future notice, by my purse giving him more than a Kelso convoy. Charity, again, takes me with innocence up three pair of stairs, to convince me of a tale of distress, and there I'm distrained myself, and get away without my hat and waistcoat, because my coat would not pawn for a treat. In my next excursion, I strayed into a great mart with my new hat, and see rich dealers bidding fractions for what they don't mean to buy; and presently away goes my beaver with the fall of Spanish bonds. I appeal to fair play and Englishmen; and the fists of six fair dealers in Columbia and Poyais stock beat the price of consols into my head. The last time we went out to enjoy the caller air of the evening, you saw the state we came home in. 'Faith, it's no wonder we haven't ventured out since.'

"What's your intention now, then?"

"Our intention is well enough, Mrs. Andrews, if its goodness would pave the way to its fulfilment. No doubt we want more by odds than we'll get—though not more than we deserve."

"I think you were saying your master has claims on the government?"

"There are few who have not these, Mrs. Andrews—or think they have at least; but we have, at any rate, more than they feel it con-

venient to acknowledge. It owes him a father—and no wonder they who owe so much, should wish for a sufficient time to repay. When the claims of the living depend upon the merits of the dead, the forgiving world like not their memories to be raked up; they'd let their recollections rest at peace with the departed; following the wholesome proverb, of letting sleeping dogs lie."

"Why should they owe him a father?" asked Mrs. Andrews; "did he lose him in their service?"

"Yes, he died in battle—and they think that is obligation enough on their parts; for they won't give the son a chance of sporting his life too, in their cause: they withhold from him a commission from the very cause that he asks it—because he has so much need of it. He's not recognized as heir to his father—and they have too much respect for that father's memory, to countenance a son of his, who is not his heir. A double curse on that sort of high-bred veneration for our sires, that deems us unworthy to share in the honours they'd have been entitled to—if they had only lived."

"I am much mistaken, if your master be not worthy any sire or ancestor that ever lived!"

"I am much mistaken if you're a mean judge, Mrs. Andrews. He's too worthy him who fell, to get his deserts."

"Have his claims been properly advocated?"

"Alas, they're too plain to need any advocate, or they might be granted for sake of the pleader—as they too often are."

"Yes, there's a great deal in that. Like charity itself, that is successful according to them that speak in its favour, and gets the less the louder it speaks for itself. But bless me, has he forgot that he has an appetite?"

"The deil a' fears! no man loses his instinct for eating, when there's the prospect of having so little to quell it with. Though, for that matter, there is no want of rations yet. We have been born to more than we're likely to get; yet we get still more than is good for us. But we are not alone in that, Mrs. Andrews."

"Oh, but there's an air of something above his station in your master;—I hope his fortunes may lead him to sue his way somewhere else, than in London, where he is a stranger. This is a trying place for a youth bred to no business, if he have no friends in office or at court."

"Ah, you're right, Mrs. Andrews; and a soldier, born and bred in the camp, is not so well calculated to push his way here. I *could* forage on a march; but here—alas! alas!"

"How do you mean, Fingal?"

"I think the air is thin and hungry—unfavourable for sympathy and a weak diet. I see it's alike unfavourable to marriage, marriage;

vows, and devotion; I haven't been inside a kirk since we've been here."

"I was sure your master was military. He has been in the army then?"

"His having been in the army, is like his being born to an estate. He was born in it—nursed in it—and he lost all in it; and more than all—for besides losing all he had, he lost his right to all he should get—so hope and possession troop'd it together."

"And how did they take the tramp together?"

"Both whamled in the shogbog of illegitimacy. He lost the proofs of his birthright."

"How came he to lose them?"

"He never had them—they went before he could get them."

"Into whose hands did they fall?"

"They have fallen into the gulf of oblivion," said he, who was half poetic, half-learned, and wholly military. "That which they should have brought him, is in the possession of a chaplain and commissary, who supplied the forces with bibles, saltpetre, tracts, guns, and ammunition."

"Then how came they into his hands?"

"Glenfalloch was next of kin to Glenullyn—Glenullyn dying without approved issue, devolved the estate to him; and Jacob Varnish, the contractor, purchased for his son the reversion from Glenfalloch; and Michael Varnish,

His son, revels secure in the full possession of an estate, that could muster a clan of seven hundred."

"So the heir-presumptive came into possession before the heir-at-law?"

"There's the grand question. It's more difficult for us to prove our right, than for others to do right. By death, some come to their rights that took ours away."

"And has your master attempted to regain his birthright?"

"A death-right, Mrs. Andrews — a death-right! — by the same death, we gained and lost it. Oh, no! our expedition has been wild enough, but not quite so outrageous as that. That would be as difficult as regeneration was to Nicodemus, for it would need us to be born again. We only came up to seek our fortune," said Fingal, taking a huge pinch of snuff.

"Was it in the mercantile line?"

"War, Mrs. Andrews, — war! As merchants, we should cut but a poor figure, unless we carried a pack, and trafficked where there's some fear of God. We came up here with pockets full of recommendations, and souls full of hope; and you see the upshot of it. We called at the War Office to show our merits; but they had no ambition to see them. We were more appalled at the list shown to us of those anxious to be our comrades in the service, than we could

have been at the number of foes we should encounter—though they were numerous enough to guard Thermopylæ against Xerxes, or Charles XII either.”

“ Yet how cheerful, and how resigned, your master appears.”

“ Aye, he’s of a race that have had something to thole in their time—and I think we’ve come to the very place for the full developement of that same virtue. Some of his ancestors have had to thole the maiden on their neck in their day—and that’s no joke.”

“ A maiden on their neck !” said she who had been maid and wife, too.

“ Aye ; and one that never scolds—that hugs so close you never want a second squeeze. The axe, Mrs. Andrews ! His father was in hiding thirty years ; and he came and took shelter for all that while, under the very wing of the vulture that was in pursuit of him. And he escaped the death his country meant for him, by getting it from the enemy in their defence : and the son is without name, birth-right, legitimacy, fortune,—all. Eh, faith ! I think he has some reason to be resigned.”

“ And but yesterday I took him his bill. Perhaps that five-pound he gave me might have been his last.”

“ Deil afears !” said he, who was jealous of honour and the credit of his master. “ We

may need an estate or so, in a metaphorical sense ; but, in a literal point of view, we're well off. Oh, yes ! if we wanted a crown, you are not to suppose we have any need of five shillings."

"I think he has forgotten the common inheritance of all those who have crowns, and those who want them—an appetite."

"A sad oblivion that, which may regain its recollection in time to remember that he is without money to reconcile it with."

"Is there no friend who might aid you at a pinch?"

"Friends—the best of friends !—Lord Balmanno, who has taken care of him since his father's death, (for his father left enough to give him the education of a gentleman,) would be no niggard in that, and many others would glory in helping him ; but we're ashamed to go back again without doing something ; for we set out in opposition to their advice. Alas, Esau might as well have come for his birthright when he had eaten it. We have been to Chatham, to Sheerness, to Windsor, and Hampton-Court, to find some traces of his mother's marriage, but all in vain ; so close was she on that point, that she never breathed the name of her connexions,—he knows not even his mother's name, except that his father used to call her Grace. Indeed we begin to fear that she felt

she had but little to boast of in it ; and the longer we inquire after the matter, the less heart we have to go on ; we feel no wish to add to our rank by any connexions she may have lent her son ; we only want to know the right she had to be our mother, and you'd then see whether we had a father or not."

"Couldn't you advertise, and offer a reward for the marriage certificate !"

"We've done that, and offered ten times more than we could pay without it ; but as yet papers do not circulate so far, for no one has had the face yet to come and claim it of us."

"And I dare say one like him must have taken a good deal to keep up the dignity of his family."

"A vast deal more than if we had the family titles to maintain our rank ; we're like the man hovering over ruin, and have the more need to appear some days' march from it, that the pitying world may have the less desire to shove him into it. We inhabited a castle, in which the eagle might make his eyrie in the upper stories, and the ghosts of all the generations of Ullyn carouse in the lower flats ; for the sleep of the one and the fun of the others, would never be disturbed. We left a trusty seneschal, with a retinue—of his own wants. There are many pitiful things in the world, but high-bred poverty and ancient pride keeping up display,

is as pitiful as most, but very necessary for all that."

"And I think an object of the greatest interest."

"And it's this, that makes us averse to gang hame again, as then we might be objects of pity, and that would be waur than all. Many are jealous of him; at least, think he might be a little more humble. He is full bred in the blood, lords and earls acknowledge him that—college bred in his education,—as tight and pretty a fellow in the tartans as ever trode the heather. Oh, it wouldn't do for us, Mrs. Andrews, to shank it back again, after setting out so bold. To come as it were slinking hame again, would be as much against the grain, as for an Ullyn to cry quarter in fight, and that would have to be spelt backwards."

As the bell had rung at the conclusion of his speech, Fingal proceeded up stairs to his master's room.

Our hero on Mrs. Andrews' second floor, was not what might be considered the exact emblem, or to speak in pure English, the beau ideal of the hero of a history in modern times. He was neither pale in complexion, nor slender in make. He wanted fully two inches of being six feet high. He did not recline on a sofa or ottoman; his feet were not cased in Russia slippers; nor did the luxuriant folds of a morning gown

lined with velvet shade in graceful amplitude, or wrap in elegant negligence, his delicate frame. He was simply seated by the table with some papers before him, having for the time laid aside the books he had been reading for the last three weeks.

"Well, Fingal, I have resolved to proffer my services to go to the Colonies," said Douglas Seyton.

"I think that would be better than trotting hame. 'Tis likely we would be more successful there. As we have some striking claims upon the service here, they'll the more gladly send us to that where we have none. There's little merit in paying a debt in an arrestable country, but there's some in being generous in a well-taxed one. If they send us to the coast of Africa, Columbia, or the West Indies, they may have the hope of a speedy return. God help Bric, Janet, and the tame owlet; they are all we have left to say 'Farewell' to. With the exception of Bric, there's but one soul among the three, and that's three parts doited. The dog, poor mortal! has bayed at ruin, till he can bark at nothing else. The owlet has screamed to havoc and decay, till he has become the type of both himself. There wouldn't be the risk even of a cat's miscarrying, if our heads served as ornaments to London-bridge."

"Ill-luck seems to have made you fanciful."

“Famous for kettling up the notion—a man whose soul is not occupied three minutes in the day with the contemplation of good luck, nor the half of that with any hope of success, can afford play for his fancy. No builder of castles like your beggar.”

“Then while you get me breakfast I will write to the secretary.”

“Proffer me, in a bit *nota bene*—one who hath a claim on danger. You lost a father by braving it, and I lost one by you ; so I think I have a right to die with you.”

“None will dispute it, Fingal——.”

“Where thou goest, I will go, and where——”

“Quote no more, for I never knew you quote right yet.”

“You’ll find that in Isaiah, I think.”

“That will be more than anybody else will find. Now for the letter. Perhaps I may be more successful than with the War-office.”

CHAPTER XV.

ULLYN WAITS UPON THE MINISTER, AND FINDS THAT ACCESS TO THE GREAT IS NOT SO EASY AS HE IMAGINED. —WHEN OBTAINED, FINDS IT AMPLY REPAY THE DIFFICULTIES OF REACHING IT—AN INTERVIEW WHICH THREATENS TO CHANGE THE CURRENT OF HIS FORTUNES.

As the son of Finlay prepared his master's breakfast, Seyton wrote the following letter to the Secretary for the Colonies:—

“My Lord,—Having failed in an application to the Secretary of war for a commission, on the grounds of having lost a father in the service, I beg to proffer my services to your lordship for employment in the colonies. I am in hopes that I shall be more successful with your lordship, seeing I have no claims upon you, or upon the dominions over which you have control. My father was a rebel, and was allowed the satisfaction of falling for the house he once took up arms against. Though the house of Ullyn has been famous for its rebel spirit, yet I can have no such high pretensions to your patronage as that of traitor; perhaps my desire to serve you may give me some.”

With this, Fingal set out for the noble secre-

tary's office in Whitehall. Arrived there, he delivered the letter, and of course waited for an answer, and took a seat. There were three clerks—all busy. One was engaged paring his nails, another employed in picking his teeth, while a third, more profound than the others, was engaged reading a newspaper, and making pertinent remarks on what he read. “‘A notice of motion for the reduction of places which have no duties attached to them, by the member for No-Man's-Land.’ None better fitted to make it, since he rose from ensign to colonel, and never did a day's service; and recommends a brace of nieces for pensions, who have claims on the state, because their uncle is in parliament. ‘Notice of motion for the prevention of fraud on insurance, by Launcelot Wakewide.’ Now that's ungrateful, having laid the foundation of his fortune by the three thousand he made by setting his own premises on fire.”

“What's the meaning of that insurance?” asked he who waited for the reply to his master's letter. “If you insure your life, is there no chance of your losing it?”

“Not so long as you pay up the insurance.”

“Well, but they can't control the dispensations of Providence, can they?”

“They can to them who have an interest in them.”

“Would they to the subjects of them?”

"Yes, if they had the sense to feel it. If you choose to be deaf to time, it's not their fault who call you."

"No, but it's their fault to let me be deaf, when I insure for that purpose," said Fingal; when he who pared his nails scanned him from head to foot: he who picked his teeth coughed, as the speech of a natural; while he who read the paper looked at the querist, pitied his ignorance and read on.

Fingal having sat a reasonable hour, hinted to one that perhaps his lordship might have forgotten that he was waiting.

"Most likely," replied he who picked his teeth; "like the man who so sadly forgot all his Greek—seeing that he never knew it."

"Shall I wait any longer?"

"Shall the gentleman wait any longer?" quoth he with the toothpick, to him with the newspaper.

"By all means," replied the reader, without lifting his eyes from the journal; "if the gentleman require a rest."

"I mean, will I know if his lordship means to give me an answer?"

"What his lordship may mean, is not for us to divine—that lies in the womb of futurity: when it cries out, we will let you know, that you may be present at the birth."

"That may be nine months hence; and then it may be an abortion, after all," said the attendant.

“ A mountain may in its throes yield but a mouse ; that all depends on the begetting. If you have left your address, no doubt an answer will be forwarded in due time.”

Fingal returned to Norfolk-street.

“ Well, what success ?” said Mrs. Andrews to him as he took his seat by the fire, and thrust his fingers into his box.

“ Great things, nae doubt—great preliminaries. You may depend there’s not so much ceremony for nothing. As it is no common affair, I wouldn’t wonder if they held a cabinet meeting and took the advice of the privy-council. Eh, if they were to send him governor of some South Sea Island, we’d take the whole clan Glenullyn, Bric, Janet, the big dog, and tame owl with us. And when your future ancestors should come in another age, they’d see as much ceremony necessary to get an audience of us, as we have to wait on the secretary of the colonies.”

“ Yes, that would be tit for tat, for the small penance you had to pay to the great when you were down, by exacting it in your turn of others, when you get up.”

“ Yes, very natural, Mrs. Andrews ; but the evil is, that we so seldom have, when we get up, the chance of repaying the ceremony to them that did it to us ; there’s little satisfaction in scourging poor sinners, who are no better off than we are ourselves at present.”

"But one very natural for all that. What heavy taskmasters they become who have had to fag the most."

The following morning a messenger arrived from Whitehall, with a letter addressed to Seyton. Fingal seeing it came from a government office, took the despatch, mounted the stairs, taking three steps at once, and delivered it to his master, who seeing the seal of office, stamped with the arms and crest of the noble lord, opened it with great care, and Fingal stood with open mouth, while his master read as follows:

"Mr. Douglas Seyton is requested to call at the Colonial office this day by twelve o'clock."

"And it's now half-past ten," added Seyton, as he read it; "what can this augur?"

"Heaven knows!" replied his attendant; "short and pithy, like a death-warrant—oh, but it's cold and formal. Here patriotism may freeze in the preamble to its deeds. But deil may care! we've nothing to lose—you didn't offer to relieve the king of his duties, by reigning in his stead. You can tell them a bit of your mind if they say anything. The axe must be rusty by this time, if Michael Varnish hasn't had it to the grindstone."

By twelve o'clock Seyton was on his way to Whitehall. When he reached the office, he might have found some difficulty in getting access to the secretary, had he not been accustomed to wait upon the great.

"Do you wish to see his lordship?" said one of the clerks, in reply to our hero's inquiry if he was in his office.

"His lordship wishes to see me," replied Douglas.

"Is it on business you would see him?"

"The business is his, not mine. I will tell you when you have given me the opportunity of asking him."

"Then I don't know when he may be at leisure."

"I can wait," replied the applicant undisturbed.

"You had better communicate your business, and if expedient, you can see his lordship at once."

"Hadn't I better know it myself first?"

"It seems strange for a gentleman to come to an office of state, without knowing his business."

"Not more than an officer of state bidding a gentleman come to him without telling him his business."

"You have called before—"

"And I'm likely to call again, for any hope there is."

"If you wish to see his lordship—"

"His lordship wishes to see me—there's his letter."

"Oh, that's another thing;" said the attendant, and conducted our hero up-stairs.

Seyton was ushered into a spacious and lofty room, the roof of which was supported by massive pillars. In the centre of the room, beside a large square table, covered with papers and letters, was seated a gentleman of handsome and dignified appearance. He was a man about the middle age, in whose countenance there were depicted high intellectual faculties, and the conscious dignity of rank and birth. With the gravity of the senator there was combined the official acuteness of the man of place. Seyton was struck by his presence—for while benignity of disposition, a high sense of honour, and the consciousness of power shone on his countenance, there was something more than mere title and the awe accompanying high birth and high office which at once commanded the youth's respect.

Upon Seyton's card being handed to him, with grace and courtesy the minister rose, and bowed to him. He then bade his secretary, who sat at the other side of the table, to withdraw, and Seyton to be seated.

After a marked glance at the face and person of him who waited upon him, the earl taking up the letter he had sent, "Your name is Ullyn. Is that the name you have always been known by?"

"Ever since my father's death. He was known in the army by that of Seyton, which he

found it convenient to assume, it being that of his mother."

"Having fought on the wrong side."

"On the unsuccessful, at any rate;—he paid for his mistake," said the son.

"Was there not something aggravated in his case—the government continued so long relentless?"

"There was something over zealous in his mistaken loyalty to the unfortunate, and he never asked forgiveness. He left the recollection of thirty years' active service, and at last, his life—to plead it for him."

"The state has not been ungrateful;—if I mistake not, that attainure has been cancelled."

"Not to the benefit of his name or blood—another family holds it."

"That may not be the State's fault. Did your father leave you a disputed claim?"

"Yes; and failing in that, the government might have added benevolence to justice; and as I was precluded the power of living by its mercy, it should have given me the chance of dying by its bounty."

"You have perhaps for the first time taken the proper course; and may now find the government as grateful as it has been just. It has as many claims upon its bounty as it has tongues and pens to condemn its profusion. You are inclined to go abroad."

"Yes, having so little to look for at home."

"Is it your choice?"

"I have none; and we get fond of foreign countries when we feel stranded in our own."

"What have you been bred to?"

"I was educated with a view to the army."

"And have been in the wars too, I think, by the token you bear on your temple."

"No such good fortune—I got this scar in the street."

"To teach you to avoid street quarrels; there's little to be made by them."

"True: but it was in no quarrel of my own."

"Worse and worse—'tis a lesson not to interfere in that of others."

"True again; but in this the odds were so much on one side, I could not resist the temptation of throwing myself into the light scale, and I scratched my head in saluting the beam."

"And could you make no alteration in the balance?"

"I believe we had jockey weight, at last. There were ladies in the case, and these couldn't be resisted."

"How happened you to come to their relief?"

"I chanced to be wandering in front of the theatre, as I could not well afford to be inside of it; and straying for want of object, I heard cries for help."

"Indeed—and what was the cause?"

"I never asked."

"What then, have you made no inquiry after them you assisted?"

"No, I was laid up for awhile from the memento I got for my interference. My own circumstances and the adventure made me romantic, and I assayed to be sentimental; but I found I had got but the concomitants of the quality, without anything further; I grew low spirited, and have not ventured out since."

"Have they been ungrateful—unfeeling—base enough to make no attempt at return for merit and courage so signal?"

"Heaven knows—I never asked."

"But I have heard of it—everybody has heard of it; you mean that assault which occurred in front of Covent Garden theatre?"

"Upon a gentleman and two ladies. I have the handkerchief of one of the ladies now—which was given me to staunch the blood."

"They are of rank."

"They must be—for there's an earl's coronet on the corner of the handkerchief, and I don't know to whom to return it."

"That's a pity—they may have power to serve you."

"I won't try them—I would rather lie under obligation to your lordship, who owe me neither gratitude nor debt."

"Why not? I believe that the sense of these obligations would urge a desire to make some return. The party you assisted are of influence, and would serve you."

"They'd look on me, if I called, as typical of a kind of moral creditor; perhaps feel they ought to acknowledge a debt, and never forgive me for leading them into it. I question if their sense of gratitude lasted as long as the smarting of my wound."

"Yes, I have reason to believe it hath. It smarts as deeply now as on the night you got it. I know enough of the nobleman and his lady to feel assured of that."

Seyton smiled at the thought of having unconsciously displayed his gallantry to a peer and peeress; and added—"Perhaps they may deem the honour enough."

"Oh, no—and have you then no wish or desire to receive the thanks at least of those you protected?"

"I should indeed be glad again to see a nobleman who defended himself with such skill and courage against such odds—and ladies, whose presence of mind could be surpassed only by the cold apathy and cowardice of the mob that stood and witnessed the unmanly onset."

This was enough. "Then know that I was the individual in whose defence you received your hurt—and the two ladies for whom you

displayed such valour, were my wife and relative !” said the Earl of Walton, rising up ; and seizing Seyton by the hand, he expressed his deep-felt acknowledgments.

In the ardour of gratitude, the earl forgot the object of our hero’s waiting upon him ; and poor Ulynn forgot that the colonies were the object of his ambition.

Though there was a strong desire in the breast of the Earl of Walton to take Ulynn home with him, he told him that his lady felt the most eager desire to express her thanks, but that she was still confined to her room.

Here was a new object to exercise the imagination of our hero. An earl, and minister of state, and the countess his lady, laid under special obligation to his personal bravery. He had known nothing, and he inquired nothing, about the rank of them who had called for his aid : he had, therefore, every credit for disinterestedness in the service he had done ; and as a foundation for him to rear castles upon, the earl bade him look for something better than the colonies : and home he returned, delighted with the interview, and the unlooked-for prospect which it promised to open to his ambition.

“ Ah—what cheer ?” asked Fingal, as he opened the door to his master, and saw that he was in a state of excitement. Ulynn shook his head. “ Hum,” added the corporal, “ no luck ?”

I dreamt as much. No doubt they feel they owe you too much, to give you even the chance of banishing yourself but at your own expense—unless with the certificate of a judge. You should have set out high—sought the post of ambassador to the celestial empire, and they might have deemed secretary to the embassy sufficient to content you. Well, the world's but a trial at best; the more we're tried in it, perhaps the better we'll be tempered for the next; and everything may be meant for the best;—yet it's a pity we can't see it, that when so many dispensations are sent for our special good, yet we not to see and feel them. We're all alike ungrateful—we're as unthankful for the evils we endure, as they are whom we have served, for past favours. Well, the world's but a scene, and life a variorum; the days but a blink, even in June. Did they acknowledge any sort of obligation for our offer?"

"More than that—most strangely owned a deep obligation."

"Eh! no wonder you've come back in a hurry."

"They will not be content with the debt to me. You may expect to come in for a share of the obligation."

"It's all up with us."

Ullyn sat down apparently in a melancholy mood, and bade Fingal bring up his dinner,

which Mrs. Andrews had kept warm for him by the fire.

"We may troop back to the tune of 'Dumbarton Drums,' Mrs. Andrews! It's a queer market, the court, to bring one's pigs too."

"Eh, but it's that, man—and I think not a wholesome air for one so unpractised in its infection—so unskilled in its lures. What sickness of the heart may be in store for Mr. Ullyn, if he rests his hopes there!"

"Making a life-boat of a sieve," added the disciple of Zeno, Corporal Trim, and other philosophers. "Had we been fools, Providence might have made a provision for us according to our need; but our need has got to the van of our wits, and our wits getting into the rear of our luck, we had better have come up at the tail of a drove of beasts, than in the awkward squad of service and obligation. Stots and tups had been something to play up to—but merit, Mrs. Andrews,—merit! alas! alas!"

"Aye, it's pitiful; but fools and rogues need all the success they can get—it'll be all made up to us in the end."

"That's one grand thing, but it's only a pity the retribution is so long a'coming."

When this moralist returned with his master's dinner, and heard the particulars of Ullyn's interview with the Earl of Walton, his eyes filled with tears; and placing a dish upon the edge of

the table, it fell; when he threw down the rest of the service, and began to whistle, cry, sing, and dance about the room. His master seeing him display such eccentricities, seized him by the ears till he collected his scattered wits, and next, the fragments of broken meat and crockery.

The day following, a messenger arrived at Seyton's lodging from the Earl of Walton, saying, his Lordship would see him at his house that morning. Fingal filled the house with uproar in getting Ullyn's breakfast ready, that he might be with the minister in time.

"When fortune waits, Mrs. Andrews, we should never try her patience; lest she prove our's—; and we have a notion of her powers in that line. No mistress, whether she be Fortune or our sweetheart, should wait even for a sigh. When they've made up their minds to be generous, they will be as free with their favours, as they are niggardly to the deserving by whom they are fervently wooed. And if their desires are disappointed by our backwardness, they'll open their arms to the first lucky idiot they meet, and we may find them closed to us ever after.

CHAPTER XVI.

A NEW IMPULSE GIVEN TO THE LIFE OF ULLYN —THE REAL GENIUS OF HIS FORTUNES BEGINS TO DEVELOPE ITSELF.—
THE BRILLIANT PROSPECT OF LOVE, BLIGHTED BY THE GORGON ASPECT OF RIVALRY.

BETWEEN eleven and twelve o'clock, our hero was on his way to the private residence of the Earl of Walton. As he drew near the door of the elegant mansion of that nobleman, he felt his heart begin to beat as if he were advancing to an oracle to learn his fate. The door was opened by a portly servant, in elegant livery, who, with a face indicative of good cheer and little anxiety, asked Ullyn's name. On hearing it, he seemed to hold it in higher esteem than did the functionary of the public office, for he instantly desired our hero to walk in, and conducted him up a spacious staircase to the drawing-room,—a splendid apartment, furnished in a manner that might be pronounced gorgeous.

A magnificent apartment in the house of a great man, from whom we have reason to expect great things—though as yet undefined—and fronting Whitehall, to a youth of Ullyn's tem-

perament,—one ruined and mightily in love, without an object,—is well calculated to urge the erection of air-built castles. Into the very heart of a beautiful waking dream had Ullyn got when the door was opened, and the Earl of Walton, with open arms, advanced to receive him.

There is much substantial value in the manner with which a great man and a patron receives his suitor. More, indeed, than is commonly allowed. Many think it best to know candidly what is meant. If hopes are held out to us, let us have a clear understanding of their worth; and if their be nothing meant but amusement for the fancy, let us be put out of our pain at once by knowing it, and then we can understand what we ought to expect. The real ills of life, if unaccompanied by the freaks and humours of fancy, are not so insupportable as many conceive, who have had but a taste of them, or who form their conceptions of them from hearsay. Among all the suicides that have been committed through want, or rather from the fear of want, scarcely any have ever been found who had any urgent necessity for making away with themselves. The deed is usually done on the first alarm,—seldom by those who have properly tested what want was.

It is pleasant, while in pursuit of fortune, to have patrons, though, like Hamlet, we be “pro-

mise crammed" the while. To have the assurance each time we call upon them, of their zeal in our cause;—of their having something bright in view—something worthy our ambition and acquirements, all expressed in elegant phrase. Though at length we grow sick at heart, and patience begin to fret, we are still upheld by a renewal of the pleasure expressed at sight of us, and the same assurance of patronage. The only evil attending a course of such sweet delusion, is, that the longer it extends, the more bitter becomes the reminiscence when the spell is broken. Yet this flattering notice of us by them on whom we rely, does us good at the time. If our patron be sincere, favours lose nothing by the grace with which they are conferred; and if we are to have none, nothing with politeness is something.

The earl of Walton informed our hero, that he hoped to obtain for him such an appointment as he would feel satisfied with, at the same time, that till then he might consider himself a welcome guest at his house, adding, that Lady Walton was not yet in a state to leave her room; "but there is another lady who would express to you her thanks, and whom I believe you have seen more than once before."

At this moment, the young lady entered. It was Miss Belford, whose birth we have recorded at the commencement of this work. She was

the daughter of Captain, now Sir John Belford, of Warwickshire. Ulynn had not seen her since she was eight years old. She was now nearly nineteen. Her person was a little above the common height, her figure of the most perfect proportion and make, and her countenance one in which beauty, sensibility, and thought, were so blended, that where each would assert the mastery, it was so tempered by the other two, that the three formed one splendid unity. Her eye, blue and large, beamed with feeling and intelligence. Her complexion, fresh as innocence and youth, was overspread by a sudden glow of modesty and deep emotion, as she beheld the playmate of her childhood—now a man of matured and fully developed grace and masculine beauty—in the gallant relation of her preserver. The deep feeling she betrayed at the sight of one whose image, and the recollection of whose achievement had never left her mind, was equalled only by that betrayed by him at sight of her beauty. And while admiration filled his breast, he felt a palpitation of the heart, which no sense of danger could produce. Ill-starred youth! while he looked at her, he never once thought, that his mother had died without proving her marriage, and that Michael Varnish was chieftain of Glenullynn!

Ulynn needed not words from Miss Belford to make him sensible of her feeling of admira-

tion and gratitude; nay, it needed no depth of research to see that some other feeling swayed her bosom; she felt his deserts too deeply, even to think of giving them expression in common thanks. He might well be proud of having subjected the heart of such an object to any feeling of gratitude. Her gratitude was lost in admiration, and her admiration merged in love, that blushed to acknowledge it. His personal appearance, bearing, and address, as he stood before her, outstripped even the conception she had formed of him in her own mind.

It was lucky for the feeling and self-esteem of each, that the two were not left alone, or their faltering tongues, their quivering nerves, their beating hearts, and heated fancies, had given birth either to exalted nonsense, or to some apology for silence, that would have ill assorted with the sublimity of our story.

"Shade of my mother!" exclaimed Seyton to himself, seeing the feeling with which this beautiful girl regarded him;—"if the interest she displays be presumptive of—what I tremble to name—what a prospect for me; without name, office, rank, fortune, object, aught!"

"And have you two, offsprings of the same camp—no early frolics—no youthful associations—no juvenile recollections, to recall and speak about?" said the Earl of Walton, to render their confusion the greater.

"A thousand, my lord," replied Seyton, "recur to me—but they are such as I am more ambitious to forget."

The Earl of Walton was called out of the room, and the two were left together. A pause ensued—Eliza Belford, who sat near the window, held down her head, as if she felt the delicacy of the situation—and anticipated something more than ordinary discourse. Seyton looked at her—felt the embarrassment of the moment; when at once it entered his mind to say something to her, at least declarative of his feelings. The thought made his heart beat a-fresh, his breathing became short, the perspiration broke from his brow. He drew near to her, and felt his knees tremble. He was about to speak—the name of Miss Belford quivered on his lips; he then paused, as if to draw breath, when a servant suddenly entered the room, and announced the ominous word, "Glenullyn!"

The name of Glenullyn was a strange announcement at such a moment; and Seyton, on turning round, beheld Michael Varnish enter the room.

Though the name sounded strangely to the ears of the real representative of Glenullyn, it vibrated with a deeper knell on the heart of Miss Belford. She could not conceal from them the emotion it created in her. It was evident he

was one connected in some way with her sympathies—and it was evident it was on her account he came there. He was not aware of the presence of Seyton; and as some years had elapsed since he had seen the son of Major Seyton—and he could have no conception of his presence in the house of his noble friend, the Earl of Walton, he did not recognize our hero, though he himself was recognized by him. Varnish, though some five-and-thirty, bore his years well, retaining his juvenile looks. Indeed, he arrived so early at maturity, that he looked as old at twenty-two as at thirty-two. He seemed a little startled, at seeing a youth of two or three-and-twenty, of our hero's appearance, alone, in company with one he himself had a zealous ambition to obtain. In fact, he was the declared, and had been considered by her father, the accepted, suitor of Eliza Belford. He had always stood high in Sir John Belford's esteem. And in the capacity of her lover, he was a free guest at the Earl of Walton's house, where she resided.

Had Miss Belford ever entertained any regard for Michael Varnish, which may be doubtful, he had some reason to fear the individual to whom he was now to be introduced. He was somewhat dashed, when Miss Belford, in fluttering voice, and with a confused manner, introduced Douglas Seyton to him. It was the introduction of Ullyn to Glenullyn.

The son of Jacob was not a man to be abashed by any delicacy of juncture, or even to be overcome by any feeling ; so, with satisfaction on his pale countenance, he advanced, and rejoiced to meet the son of his friend—a man for whose memory he had the most profound veneration. He cordially seized the hand of his patron's son. Seyton felt no hostility or jealousy towards the possessor of that estate he could not himself hold. It was Varnish's, by purchase of him upon whom it had legally devolved ; and there was so much kindness and courtesy in his manner, that the ingenuous and single-minded youth began to feel prejudiced in favour of the possessor of his paternal property.

Ullyn and Glenullyn then recalled to each other the scenes they had witnessed in other days abroad—the campaign—early instruction—the youth's tutor, with all his moods and tenses ; and the latter brought to mind the tricks and feats of the former, in a way at once humorous and flattering to their object, till the youth began to conceive a mighty favour for this most agreeable of men.

Michael, though he possessed not to so high a degree the shrewd observation and rough wit of his father, had much of his pleasantry, and had every advantage of education and culture. Miss Belford was pleased with the rehearsal of the youthful feats and frolics of him she would

have all the world admire. She attempted to relate to Michael the strange adventure which had brought about their present meeting, but she could not. We sometimes can paint least, where our conceptions are grandest.

When Varnish learnt what were the views and situation of our hero, he at once conceived a mighty zeal and interest in his favour. Perhaps, the satisfaction he felt in the full and uncontrolled possession of that, which, but for the want of some slight testimony, had been the youth's own, might make him entertain a desire to be of service to him. One might imagine that there must have been associations connected with their acquaintance, which he would gladly get rid of. Some service he might be able to render the young man, which, while it might prove of use to him, would also have the effect of relieving himself from some disagreeable mementos. So that, whether Varnish felt uneasy at the presence of the son of Ullyn, or a generous ardour to know his history and prospects, and to converse at freedom with the sole surviving representative of one he was so much indebted to, it is useless to determine; at all events, he expressed a desire to take a turn with him in the park.

Ullyn would fain linger a little while longer where Miss Belford was; and now that the chance was lost that he had trembled to avail

himself of, he wished to wait for another ;—but seeing that Varnish was so anxious to talk with him, he arose ; and did not mistime or outtime his visit—a valuable secret, if one always knew how to use it, and had always the virtue to put it into exercise. He bowed to Miss Belford, who repaid him with a look that sent him away enraptured.

Ullyn and Varnish having crossed the way, passed through the Horse Guards into the park.

Michael was a man of sentiment. It was not because he had foraged to the army and ministered unto the soldiers—lodged in a vennel at college, and now lived in an ancient castle, the proprietor of an estate in his father's life-time, and his elder brother perhaps still existing ;—these might produce sentiment—but he had it by nature. He was a good Christian, for he hated infidels. He was a firm Protestant, for he had a rooted antipathy to Catholics. As a minister, he was a greater abjurer of sinners than of sin, except in the abstract : he denounced all excess, and reprehended men given to wine, because he had a constitution by no means sanguine, and his prudence put him always on his guard against the influence of deep potations.

He had no very ardent passions to subdue, and had the full merit of their subjection ; and set flagrant sins at bay, seeing they assailed him

not. He was rather a severe commentator on iniquity, by giving no quarter to the doers of it. The road he would chalk out to the few for salvation, was the narrow one and the difficult; though with the wealth he possessed, he could interpret "the needle's eye" after his own mode, and drive the camel through it, by dint of a new style of manufacture, that allowed it to enlarge and diminish, according to the expediency of the subject.

The necessities of war, too, were sacred supplies; they contributed to the destruction of our enemies: for they who are forgiven in prayer, include all but they who carry arms against us; and while he could palliate David's little errors and justify his son's superfluities, strait was the gate he would open to the wicked in the legitimate sense of the term. All depended on situation, circumstance and character. A man could be rich enough on a little independency, and a dignitary poor on the revenues of an estate. The poor, he thought, had but their due, inheriting dispensations which it was not his business to question. Wealth of that nature, to which the inconveniences recorded in Scripture did not apply, was a reward of success, seeing that success was sufficiently presumptive of merit, and proved a blessing to him who had it, without his feeling the necessity of giving it up. It was the fallen man to whom the denounce-

ment against riches applied. The piety of their right to wealth, they would seem to hold till they fell. It was that that made him honour the great, and caused him to turn from them when they inclined to fall in the world; this fact alone being strongly presumptive that they must be in the wrong.

Our hero, however, was an object of his sympathy and favour. Though he had yet no claim that success could give, he was ready to become the means of putting him in the way to make himself better. It seemed as if the proffered service of a lord and a secretary to the colonies, was strongly presumptive he was directing his services to a worthy object. There was much virtue in the sentiment he professed; he considered a guager might be a good moralist, and an attorney an honest man—that is, while the one was not broken for any palpable mistake, and the other made conveyances whose diminution tended to his own success.

“You expect patronage from the Earl of Walton?” said Michael as they entered the park. “The earl has many good points of head and heart—as many as any one can boast—who has been as long both in court and camp.”

“I have seldom met with any one, whether in office or out of it, of whom I could entertain a higher opinion, from the little I have seen of him.”

"He is a man whose manners even improve by acquaintance. It is a pity that matters of state, the routine of office, and the giddy heights of court, so sadly wear away good impressions. Men in power are nice in taxing gratitude, and are often averse to acknowledge an obligation, for fear of detracting from the merit of their generosity."

"I suppose they have many claims upon their patronage," said he who was unused to courts.

"And give assurance of it with every honest inclination to perform their promise. It is a pity so many things tend to mar their execution. Claimants, with some new call, spring up as urgent as those to whom they have just promised their aid; and these in turn give place to another batch as pressing. The needy wait till they sink too low for assistance;—the zealous have their patience worn out and seek their fortune from some other source; and the patron's benefits at length are yielded to them whose ample means are a sufficient proof that they deserve still more."

This was a wholesome curb to the "vaulting ambition" of our hero, whose fancy was rioting in dreams of honour and greatness. There was something very worldly in the discourse of Varnish. It would seem as if the study and profession of things that belong to another life, should enhance the enjoyment of those appertaining to this; and, to make up for the denials of their

profession, and the restrictions of their trade, they would indulge in a zealous contemplation of their opposites.

From native moral feeling, and from a happy position as regards the great and the beautiful, Ullyn had always felt an influence such as is created by the contemplation of the bright side of things; he soon felt his spirit rebuked by the worldly strain of his companion's discourse, as the latter showed him the difficulties that lay before him—the disappointments and prolonged hopes which would be his lot. He had more to encounter than they who had to begin the world with as few advantages. He had been taught no trade or profession. He had been educated as a gentleman—his habits, tastes, and feelings, unfitted him for the drudgery and fag which they freely encounter who look to labour as a means of their success in life.

“If,” added he who knew the world, “Walton could obtain for you an appointment in India, at least I deem the chances of war and its consequent promotion, to be dangerous, and according little with desert. The time has passed for success in the British service.”

“The time seems to have passed for everything, and the only overdone period would appear to be the present.”

“They rely on a hollow prop, who have but the favour of the great to look to for advance-

that," continued he who relied on Providence for what he had obtained, or was sure of getting.

"It is strange that the honest and really sincere man that strives with ardour to-day to repay a benefit, or to do a service, should forget even to wonder to-morrow at the zeal it recollected, but be unconscious that there was the desire, beyond the routine of etiquette and office, to do it."

As Ullyn suggested such a line of life as was consonant to his feelings, the son of Jacob gave a counter-reason either to the prudence or possibility of his following it. The military career was unsuited to one who had no private fortune or parliamentary interest to assist his promotion. There were no wars, nor was there any likelihood of there being any for him to make his way in. Anything in the mercantile line would be as unsuitable for him as he would be for it;—for the law or for medicine, he would have his education to commence again;—and what could he achieve in a Church which was intended for the connexions of the aristocracy, who, from the laws of primogeniture, were more numerous than the livings.

"Were I in your place, Seyton," continued he who had an objection for every proposal—"emigration—emigration would form the means, the source of my fortune—the object of my pursuit. There would be a way of life in which you, the last of your line, would be the founder of a new one."

This sentence seemed to Ulynn a strange fulfilment of a kind of prophecy of his house, that the last of the name should renew it.

The clan of Glenullynn would gladly link their fortunes to that of the son of a race they still revered; and embrace a chance of advancing their condition in another country than that wherein they have felt nothing but proscription. There was much good sense in this proposal of Michael. It was a way proposed, which, besides the prospect of success it so amply held out, it was one that was practical. Moreover, it was a merciful way of getting free of the lingering remnant of a clan which he found it difficult to maintain, and more difficult to get rid of. From them he could expect no respect or submission. Their attachment he found it impossible even to purchase, and he wished to introduce a tenantry of his own, from a province far from either Glenmore or Glenullynn. So it was pleasant to reflect, that while he was doing a generous act to one, whose fortunes he seemed to have marred, and whose presence in the same country appeared to recalc more than did the rattling of Glenmore's cart to his father's ear—he was at the same time assisting in laying the foundation of an enterprise he had a great interest in.

“It was pleasant,” as he said, “when prospects here tally with hopes to come; and while

we advance a cause we revere, we serve an instrument we rejoice in; when benevolence and prudence circle each other, like Beauty clinging to Mats, or learning and greatness deified by religion and faith—it is sublime.”

“Though I have slender doubt,” said Ullyn, “of finding but little difficulty in inducing the clan to follow me, an empty hall, two illicit stills, and a questioned pedigree, however long, would avail but little in meeting the expense.”

“If I have aught left to spare, I should feel I held my means to little avail, if I made them not instrumental to aid those I feel an interest in. On your personal assurance I will advance the means.”

This was practical religion. Ullyn was pleased alike with the prospect and the proposal, and he would gladly avail himself of the aid proffered him.

The generous and disinterested proffer of Varnish, Ullyn felt as if coals of fire had been heaped upon his head, by one whom he was conscious of having done barely justice to in his own thoughts. His heart filled with gratitude; and with every assurance in this new and unlooked-for friend, he returned to his lodging, and communicated both proposal and offer to his adherent, the son of Finlay.

“Well,” quoth that descendant of the piper, “I am sorry I have had an unworthy thought

of Michael Varnish. It is unjust, I own, to hold a man in disesteem, because fortune, or, as he used to call it himself, interposition from on high, has placed him where we would be. If he were not Glenullyn, then Glenfalloch would be, who might not make such a use of his overplus, as to lay it out in conveying us bodily to the place of our future credit and renown. And though powder and preaching, Bibles, guns, and ammunition; cattle, horned and humbled; naigs, neighing, stots and rampant steeds, have all ministered to the means of wafting us thither—that service should not be questioned, and least of all by us who profit by it;—’tis ungodly to look a gift horse in the mouth, even if it should have the glanders.”

A change soon came over the manner of Seyton. He became ten times more thoughtful and melancholy than he had been before. He was reserved, restless, and absent; felt a strange desire to walk in the neighbourhood of Whitehall;—became neglectful of himself;—lost his appetite, and shewed other symptoms of aberration either of mind or heart. Fingal saw the change, and bewailed what seemed to him his loss of peace. “In love, Mrs. Andrews; in love, as sure as I’m in sin,” said that acute corporal. “In love—and a fine kettle of fish we’ll have. A great man will make him—heaven knows what, and he’ll unmake himself and his

fortune too, by plunging head and heels into the abyss of love, ruin, and romance. He'll talk sentiment, rave, and write sonnets. He has betaken to poetry, and all will be up with us."

"I hope in his delusion he'll not turn literary," said the sagacious Mrs. Andrews, who had lodged the unfortunate.

"Literary!—what's that, Mrs. Andrews?" quoth he, who as yet knew not every kind of misery.

"Everything we're accustomed to pray to be defended from, except sudden death; seeing the kind of mortality it knows aught about, is dying by inches. For your literary man, as I well know, has a worm in his stomach that never dies, and I'm sure a bee in his head, that cannot lay up enough in summer to keep him the shortest day in winter."

"Nothing to do with the commissariat department?"

"Commiserate enough, if you mean aught woeful."

"I mean in the victualling line?" quoth he who knew what rations were.

"Na, na. In the victualling department, quoth ye? Aiblins, you know what writing poetry and prose means to make one's fortune by, when you join them with the victually sort of business, and speak in satire, and in types and symbols."

"And is it usual for this love, that makes us sentimental, to make us turn literary?"

"Maybe it may become a kind of source of ease or relief, as they who are fond of painting like to see the figure and features of them they like, to gaze on; so they may like to play with their fancies on the subject of their miseries, as children cry when they cannot get the playthings they want; so they who have little barriers in the way of their desires, like to bewail them to the world, as children cry to their mamas."

"And why should the lamentations to the world become a lamentable thing to him who makes them?" quoth Fingal.

"For then I suppose they become reconciled to their troubles, and won't attend to anything else; and as they can't get happy and comfortable on these, like the Jews turning to their favourite idols, the more they are wedded to their ruin, the more pitiful it is."

"I suppose there's no means of turning them?"

"That's the thing—that's the lamentation."

CHAPTER XVII.

THE PERPLEXING SITUATION OF ULLYN—FROM WHICH HE
RESCUES HIMSELF BY AN ACT OF SUBLIMITY, OR—WEAK-
NESS.

A FEW days after he had secured the friendship and patronage of Michael Varnish, Ullyn deemed it incumbent upon him to pay a visit to the Earl of Walton. Though it might not be essentially necessary for him to urge that nobleman in his cause, or to remind him that he had made an urgent proffer in his favour, yet, as a matter of courtesy, he felt it was his duty to wait upon him. He accordingly set out from his lodgings for that purpose; and it was not till he approached Whitehall, that he discovered he was thinking more of Eliza Belford, than of the Earl of Walton.

Though it had not yet entered into the head of our hero to consider himself warranted to become a lover, far less a suitor of the daughter of a baronet and the relative of his patron, yet he could not help attempting to justify the presumption of such a thing—that is, of seeing no great presumption in it. She might give him

the warranty, and he would ask no other. It was as ample to him as were the O'Regan estates to the ensign. There was no disparity in the condition of the lovers for which a sufficient precedent could not be found—and what has taken place in the world, may take place again with every consistency. He was of birth as good—it was a little untoward he could not prove it; he was heir to a splendid estate—it was a little unlucky he could not possess it. He was unprovided for, but he had signalized himself before the object of his growing affection. He had as yet no status in society—but what a look did she give him; and if he was unfortunate, with what emotion did she regard him on his introduction by the earl! It was not till he reached the door of the earl's house, that he thought of Varnish and emigration.

When the door was opened to his knock, Ullyn seemed to have forgotten for whom he had come to ask. He stammered, hemmed, coughed, and then enquired if he was at home?

"He, whom?" asked the porter; and Ullyn was still more confused.

The servant smiled, and Ullyn then replied, "His lordship;" for he had at that moment forgotten his name.

The servant replied that "his lordship was from home;" and Ullyn coughed, used his handkerchief, stood still for a few minutes, as if

considering what he should do—as if the earl's absence had been a matter he by no means calculated upon; then giving the porter his card, he hurried round to come away, when a carriage was driven up to the door, and Miss Belford descended from it.

With a blush deep as crimson on her face and neck, Miss Belford shook hands with Seyton; and without inviting him into the house, led the way herself, talking as she walked, as if she considered it a matter of course that he should need no invitation. And he found himself inside the door, and the door shut, before he was conscious of the propriety of his being on that side of it; and she bade the servant conduct Ullyn up stairs.

“Powers of happiness! is this the condescension of a lady of rank, the free expression of high-bred gratitude, for an accidental favour, which may have recommended me to the freedom or familiarity of a favourite—or is it——”

And he was afraid to trust his imagination to fashion the conjecture, which might cost him dear.

The heart of the expectant beat high, as he waited in the drawing-room by himself. He took a seat, and felt restless. He rose, went to the window, looked out, but could fix his eye on no object of interest: he then went to the other window, and looked out of it, and saw as

little. He then turned his eye to two paintings—magnificent portraits—the one of the earl, the other of a lady, apparently done by the same hand—of remarkable beauty and expression. Even that heightened the commotion of his mind.

This incipient love seems like the introduction to some terrible infection, worse than the height of its confirmed fever. It begins with strange turbulence of the blood, and commotion of the whole frame, with a threatened suspension of the animal functions. There is restlessness and trouble, without knowing where it lurks—there is falling off of appetite—impatience of control—intolerance of society—a heaving of the chest—a sort of rebellion within, that seeks, throughout the frame—a convenient resting-place. There are not the consolations of settled malady—no definite pain to crave a remedy for. Then there is the perturbation of mind, without knowing what to complain of, or whom to complain to; there's the sadness without bereavement, or calamity without its assurance, or even its accompanying sympathy.

In a short time, the drawing-room door opened, and Miss Belford entered, and rendered his perplexing situation more perplexing than before. He felt it was the etiquette of his situation to talk on matters alike indifferent to either; and his whole soul was absorbed in one.

He knew not how to begin, far less what to discourse on. To make matters worse, her fancy was entranced in the same all-engrossing subject—and she could say nothing to relieve his embarrassment. On what could he discourse? There was abundance of topics he could introduce to any lady, on which he could talk and be deemed entertaining, nay eloquent; but with her he felt too much to think coherently, much more to talk with method. How could he give breath to that which he was afraid to think of? The consciousness of his condition was enough to choke the utterance of a declaration, which, were he not in, would be sublime. Moreover, his situation with Varnish was somewhat nice; if she were the beloved and sought-for of him, who had already bound him hand and tongue in obligation, as a man of honour, he felt incapable of giving the object cause to imagine he inclined to be in love with her—much less that he was steeped to the lips in attachment.

Still there was enough in the manner and speech of the lady, to lead one, whose faculties retained their purpose, to see that she was by no means inclined to think as he thought on the matter; and it is strange, that whether there was something in what she said, or whether he was urged or led on by some impulse, of whose action he was unconscious, he found that, in

discourse, he had got upon topics which it would have been difficult for him to tell by what train of association he had reached them—and still more difficult to tell how he was to recede from them with grace, if he would, without committing himself. The effect each word he said produced upon her, though there was little to be taken from the words themselves, proved more than her assent to questions that admitted but of one interpretation; while the tone of his voice, though, in conveying words, which, to an indifferent ear, would have conveyed nothing, conveyed to her more than his tongue, had he been eloquent, could have given shape to. And in this unconscious way, each studiously avoiding what in word or meaning could bear interpretation of what each felt, did these two declare their love, with the sincerity and zeal of innocence and nature.

After hovering around the gulf, they would each avoid, and each a thousand times more eagerly plunge into—it was not long before they were irrevocably in it. Then it seemed as if it was no part of their duty to attempt extrication. There must be enough in their fortune and condition to convey concern—it was sufficient for them to be swamped in it. There would be enough yet lurking in the current of their loves, to muddle it without their foresight. Sublimity of passion—of silence—of lack of grace—of awk-

wardness—eloquence of emotion, with ungraceful utterance, it is not for you to be recorded.

In the depth of his transport, the youth made an effort to retire—as if he would but think on the rapture that threatened to engross the happiness or misery of his future life. As he rose, he unconsciously held out his hand, and she, with the like unconsciousness, placed her's in it. They were alike fevered. She turned aside her head, but did not attempt to withdraw her hand, as he held it. He drew her gently to him—she gave but the semblance of resistance, as if it were an unwilling one; we fear it was more gentle still than his urging—with her head reclining, and partly averted, she stood, and he drew her to him—his heart swelled—the blood mounted to his brain—he kissed her cheek—and Honour shrieked.

Eliza Belford, in the excitement of the moment, seemed overcome by her feelings. She trembled—and at once recollecting herself, as if she had suddenly discovered she had overstepped the modesty of her rank, sex, and situation in a world so exquisite in its etiquette—withdrew, yet gently, her hand, and hid her face. In a state of rapture, he took his leave;—she neither hurried his departure, nor did she bid him stay. Scarcely knowing whether he was awake, or whether all this was not a dream, he hastened down stairs—his legs barely able to sustain

him—and breathed thickly the free air, as he got into the gardens. Then he hastened home.

“Oh, what is this? Brain, prove true to me now! and fortune—fate—destiny—or what other name, thou subtle, unknown power mayst delight most to be hailed by, if you begin to bless me thus, grant me as much strength to bear your favours and blessings, as I have had in enduring your frowns.”

“My lord you’d not find at home, sir,” said one of the earl’s servants to Ullyn, as he was thus pursuing his way home; and he, for the first time, recollected that he had called upon the Earl of Walton.

“No; nor did I find the countess either,” replied Seyton.

“No; she gets but slowly on in her recovery from her fever—she has gone to Richmond for her health. Did you see Glenullyn?—I mean Mr. Varnish? Because he has been in the house all the while you were there.”

At this, the blood rushed to the youth’s face, as his heart smote him at the thought, which, for the first time, entered his mind, that he had been declaring love to the recognized object of his friend’s attachment.

“Did Miss Belford know he was there?” asked Seyton.

“I don’t think she cares whether he was or not;—I beg pardon, but wasn’t it you that en-

countered those fellows at the theatre, and gave them the drubbing when my lady was assaulted? Ah, that was a sad onset for Glenullyn's cause, with Sir John Belford's daughter. Depend on that, sir," said the groom, turning aside at the corner of the street, and proceeding on his way. "A sad blow, that was."

When Ullyn returned home to his lodging, (which was not for many hours after he had left the house of Walton), Fingal, who had waited long in great anxiety for his return, gave him a letter, which had been brought by a porter a short time previous to his arrival at his lodgings, which he took, and proceeded to his room, on the second-floor.

"Just as I said, Mrs. Andrews; I fear he's no more in the mood to seek his fortune with the great, than to make it with the mercantile. I don't think he'll feel himself called on to fall in love with anything beneath the daughter of his patron, or some Lord Jacobus—or the next of kin to the only hope and stay that's 'tween him and Michael's mercy. If so, the sooner we pack off the better."

"He hasn't fallen to the writing, has he?"

"Heaven knows! but he looks incoherent enough for anything in the meantime. Does the delusion of your author begin with falling in love?"

"Just as sure as it ends with falling in debt."

"And as he had ruin by inheritance, you may say he has come half-made to the business, as it were. And that's a great facility to the accomplishment of anything, to say the thing comes ready and natural to your hand, like the bowl of a pint stoup."

"Dear sake, I hope that letter that was brought by that mysterious-looking neighbour, has not come to call upon him to fight a duel—there was something of misty meaning both in him, and in the letter itself."

"If ever man was in the humour for a set-to of that kind, Ullyn's in that key now. Any one in love with fight, may have him for the whistling."

"I don't know whether it be the interest I feel in him, my superstition, or what, but I wish he were weel out of this place."

"Oh, but Mrs. Andrews, if your high-bred gentry will be the making of us, you'll see the figure we'll cut—though I'm a wee of your opinion, that he's of a sort of stuff very predestined, or preordained, to cut any lucky thread Fortune may twine for him."

When Ullyn entered his room, and opened the letter, he found it a salutary curb to his sublimity. It was anonymons, but the sentiments and advice it contained, had not the less effect upon him:—

"Sir,—Though I may be unknown to you, you are not a stranger to me. I am intimately

acquainted with your history and your circumstances. I have also the honour of the intimacy, nay friendship, of the noble family, who have, with just reason, conceived a strong prejudice in your favour. It is, therefore, for your advantage, and their good, that I have taken the liberty to address you. It need not detract, in any degree, from the effect of my sentiments, that I withhold, for the present, my name. When you know it, it will but add to, and confirm it.

“In the position in which you stand with the family of the Earl of Walton, you may either do yourself the utmost service, or undo any chance of fortune you have. You have their implicit confidence—take heed you abuse it not. Gallantry in youth, when accompanied by external grace, or accomplishments, is apt to entrance the reason of the young and inexperienced. Where this advantage is, it ought to be the effort of him who holds it, to be most sparing in its use—even to deny himself the triumph he may have gained. In the judgment of youth, there may be no disparity between the exalted in rank, and the favoured of nature. It is different in the estimation of society; were it not so, the distinctions of life, and the whole morality of condition would be destroyed. If you take not care, you will not only mar your fortune, but destroy your hopes and prospects with the go-

vernment. I shall not do your understanding or your discretion the injustice, to suppose you need be told in what way—nor your prudence the insult, to suggest the propriety of your being on your guard.

“It would be the depth of ingratitude to the nobleman who would serve you; a violation of hospitality to his family, and a terrible injury to the object who may be in your power; the cause of your own downfall, so far as prospects are concerned, and a deadly blow to the feelings and dearest hopes of him, who, even now, exerts himself and his means to advance your views—to persevere in your attentions in a quarter that need not be named to you.

“A great man would subdue and mortify his desires—a good man will do more; he will fly the temptation. God forbid I should aggravate the penalty under which you have entered the world, and the weight which must prey upon it. Will the son of Ulyyn ever need that reproach to be launched at his head, to shield him from a violation of honour? It would be making the buckler of Minerva with the thunder-bolts of Jupiter.”

Every sentence of the letter went to the youth's conscience. The keen sense of ingratitude smote him to the heart. What a war he had to wage, with duty and obligation arrayed against love and hope.

It was not long before an agent arrived from Glenullyn, with earnest of his bounty.

"I will go!" exclaimed Ullyn, as virtue, in respite from temptation, swelled high with resolve. "I will go!—if I stay one week more, I am lost.—I will home again. God send, that in her peaceful glens I may find that quiet I fear I have lost here."

When the son of Finlay entered the room to remove the cloth and dishes from the table, he found them untouched. And when pressed to take something, his master shewed that his heart was too full to touch anything he could set before him.

"Is it the way with your author, to suspend his appetite, Mrs. Andrews," said the descendant of the piper, as he put the untouched viands on the kitchen table.

"Oh Lord, no!"

"But mayn't it begin that way, as fevers may come on with a bit ague?"

"Eh, faith, but it'll no continue long, man."

"But they say that sedentary employment is bad for the digestion?"

"Deil may care, when there's nothing to digest."

Next day, as in duty bound, Ullyn waited upon the Earl of Walton; the earl being engaged, he was shewn into the library.

After having waited more than a reasonable time, without any notice being taken of him, the

heart of the expectant began to sicken. As he came out of the library to depart, he lingered, as if he would see one he was mustering resolution to see no more; he heard a gentle rustling of a female dress—he turned round, and beheld, with renewed beating of the heart, Eliza Belford advancing to him—and he forgot his resolution.

There was no change in her. She seemed fluttered; but neither cold, distant, nor formal. The colour rose in her face. She did not look upon him as he expected the Earl would look. Women, when in a right train of thinking, outstrip us in that point: detraction, calumny, remonstrance, expediency, second thoughts, reflection, fame, correction, interest, and advice, with all those correctives of feeling which turn us from the deserving, the abused, the unfortunate and falling, afford but zest, and oft give virtue to her attachment.

Poor Ulynn forgot his vows, and remembered nothing, but allegiance to the object before him. And without even considering the propriety of waiting to talk with a lady at the room door, he found himself in the room again.

“I wished to make to you, Miss Belford, an apology, for—” said Ulynn, in a quivering voice; then he coughed and stopped. Miss Belford seemed to receive the apology, or the introduction to it, with a grace similar to that with which he made it. In fact, as he began it, he

felt that he was getting into a gulf he would be apt to swamp in ; and to escape from he would find that he was getting the deeper in it. He coughed and stammered, and she, as if in sympathy, felt as confused as he.

“ If there be aught in anything I have said which might be construed into a want of respect the most profound, to one, whose rank and merit should claim, as they do, my awe, I feel so conscious of it, that I most humbly crave your pardon. I know as well how to atone as how to err. In arrogating even a wish unseemly, or a claim unsanctioned by anything I have to boast, while I have power to think I did wrong, I rejoice that I have power equally firm to acknowledge that I should not only have known better, and hope to command myself hereafter ; if not in one way, at least in another, the sacrifice will prove my sincerity.”

This was well expressed, considering there was no meaning in it. Miss Belford looked strange. Alas ! she knew not wherein he had offended ; and she looked at him in a way that bade him say on. She was willing to be instructed, even in a point so nice, and the delicacy of which he tried to shew : when he boldly added, that if there had been anything amiss, he humbly craved her pardon. When she sighed deeply, that such a suppliant had not more to be forgiven. While blushing, she held down her

head, and transport was eloquent and sublime in silence. He, like a true penitent, sued for pardon, while on the point of repeating the fault. And to sin the more, he forgot his repentance.

The complexion of our guilt, gets much of its hue from the humours of our judge. A freak of his fancy may make us exhibit freaks anything but fanciful, when we need not fear being called in question for their lack of grace. Our murder may be an innocent homicide in some cause, and the object of it no gentleman. But if he has made up his mind from our untoward countenance, the expediency of the times, and lacks a victim of some kind, to interrupt the monotony of life, it would be good for us had we never been caught. Michael Varnish, with the breadth of Glenullyn's boundaries, and the run of two Scotch diplomas—the length of Jacob's creed, and the gift of his own luck, had not been so freely forgiven the sin of saving Miss Belford's life, and her character too, as was the illegitimate sinner before her, of the iniquity of his love. Well might he exclaim—"Oh, that mine honour had been assailed in some other shape than this!"

As Ullyn curbed or restrained his love from a high sense of virtue, the less virtue she saw in the restraint. And the more he conquered his zeal, the more—though with maiden modesty, would she urge it.

It was not enough that Ullyn should recant, to assist the suit of Varnish, for she saw no reason to restrain her wishes and attachment within prudence. His striving added strength to her wishes. And Ullyn's restraining his, by no means lent zeal to her desires for another.

An interview then, whose solemn purport was to yield up, or resign love, ended by confirming it—and with the exchange of vows.

On his leaving, Ullyn encountered the Earl of Walton. The earl looked surprised when he saw him. Indeed, there was something more than surprise on his countenance—there was a confusion he would suppress but could not. He bowed to, rather than saluted him. Ullyn saw clearly that the minister's reception of him was cold and formal. It was evident that he was aware with whom Ullyn had been—and to the ill-starred lover it was equally clear he had little to expect from his lordship, while he would expect so much from his relative. In a tone that froze the swelling hopes of the youth—"Seyton," said he, "you may expect to hear from me to-morrow, or the day following," and passed into his library.

"Is it so!" said the lover, as he walked with feeble step from the house; "I have but myself to blame in this. Oh, heaven, that thou hadst poised my feelings and ambition with the infamy of my birth—all hope here is gone—and I am fully paid for my arrogance."

"Did I not tell you, Ullyn, you leant upon a hollow prop, when you relied upon the favour and gratitude of a legislator at court?" said some one to him, as he entered the Strand. Seyton started, and turning round, he found Michael Varnish by his side.

It was vain for Ullyn to disguise his confusion. He felt not only the awkwardness of one whose conscience reproached him for an injury done to the object before him, but the deep humiliation of all hope and expectations lost, in a quarter where he had lately built them so sure. Ullyn accompanied Varnish past Charing Cross into Pall Mall, when they called a coach, and were driven to the outskirts of the town by Kilburn, where Varnish invited him to dine. Varnish and the friends of his cause, finding that Miss Belford saw no reason to restrain her wishes and her attachment by prudence, but, on the contrary, seemed to oppose her desires to the urgency of his claims, and the remonstrance of her friends; and incline to refer her obedience to the advice of the Countess of Walton, then at Richmond—an arbitress Varnish had little confidence in—would appeal to the feelings of Ullyn himself; to his honour and gratitude. When the youth would vindicate his honour, Varnish assailed his sympathy—his pity. There he was vulnerable. Varnish was no mean judge of character, and he knew where his rival was

assailable. Ullyn was humane as he was brave ; and while he had an arm to resist a foe, who would have the advantage of him, to the death, it fell powerless by his side when pity or mercy interposed.

It was late when Ullyn returned in a coach to his lodgings, accompanied by Varnish. He had no reason to be dissatisfied with the hospitality he had received from his entertainer.

Ullyn did not call again upon the Earl of Walton.

On the Monday following, about eleven o'clock in the forenoon, a loud knocking at the door called Mrs. Andrews herself to it, when a gentleman inquired for Ullyn ; and Mrs. Andrews, like the rest of her countrypeople, asked in return what he wanted with him.

"Is he at home ?" said the gentleman.

"What by that ?" said she.

"I come from the Colonial Office," continued the secretary of the Earl of Walton ; "I have an important communication for him."

"Will you walk in ?" said Mrs. Andrews, conducting the secretary into the parlour, and bidding him take a seat.

"Is it anything against him ?" asked the interested landlady with much anxiety. "Has he done anything ?"

These were curious questions, in the shape of answers to the gentleman's inquiry.

"Has he done anything?" again asked Mrs. Andrews.

"Why do you ask?" replied the secretary, unconsciously following her.

"Because he has gone," said the landlady.

"Gone!" echoed the secretary.

"'Deed has he!"

"Gone whither?"

"Heaven knows where a man in the state he was in, will go to, or where he will not go to."

"And I have come with the commission of an appointment as secretary to the Persian ambassador."

"Eh, dear me—and from——"

"The Earl of Walton."

"And I'm so glad of that, for he thought that he had lost all favour there; and by his sudden flight—for it's more like a flight than a departure—I was afraid he had done something—though not wrong, for I'm sure he's incapable of doing that—but maybe had offended his lordship in some way. There are a thousand ways of offending the great, though you don't mean it; and especially if your hopes rest in them. And yon haveral of a creature, his man, is gone with him. Poor creature! he seemed to be in a sad state of mind; and I was almost glad too that he did go, for he did not succeed to his mind here."

"And what am I to do? This appointment admits of no delay, for he must embark instantly."

"Lord knows where he's gone to, or where he's to be found !"

"That is the more to be regretted, for my Lady Walton has just returned from Richmond, and is most desirous of seeing him before he goes."

END OF VOL. I.





GLENULLYN.

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GLENULLYN:

OR,

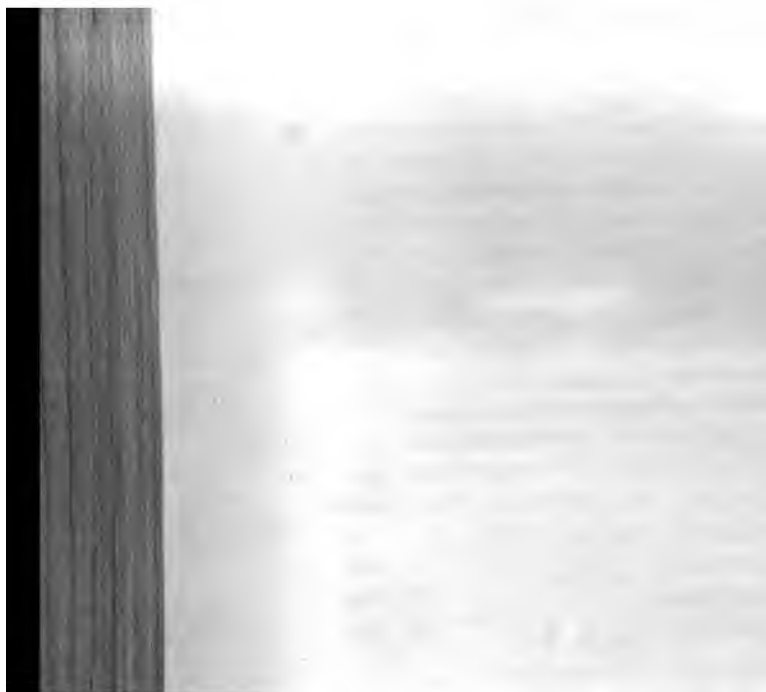
THE SON OF THE ATTAINTED.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

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GLENULLYN,

OR

THE SON OF THE ATTAINTED.

CHAPTER I.

AN UNEXPECTED MEETING, AS UNLOOKED FOR, IT IS HOPED, BY THE READER, AS IT WAS BY ULLYN—FOLLOWED BY ONE, WHICH SHOULD ENGAGE AS MUCH THE SYMPATHY OF THE ONE, AS IT ENGROSSED THE ANXIETY OF THE OTHER.

WE must now look after our hero, whom we left in full enjoyment of the assurance of the interest and patronage of the Countess of Walton.

When Ullyn found that he had excited the interest of a family of such rank and power, he became zealous to maintain that appearance which is so necessary to secure it. The necessity of a genteel bearing and equipment, in a country in which appearance forms so material a part of its religion, he felt imperious ; and as

claimant of a large estate, to appear without some external claims of right, he saw would be deemed ridiculous. To appear to be unable to live without that which he sought, would be a sad plea against his right to have it. He began to experience that condition which so many have felt—too proud for his condition, too highly born, and too genteelly bred for any subordinate office; with neither means, nor as yet the influence to procure him some way of life suited to his station and feelings. Like those who might be considered proper guests at the tables of the wealthy and great, who might yet not be deemed proper objects of their benevolence, and of kindly interference. Many have allowed their friends in need to want a guinea, by thinking less than a hundred would be of no service to them.

Ullyn's attendants were no less ambitious in their sphere, than was their master. Bric, who was by birth an Irishman, was by profession a soldier, and by nature a shoemaker. Foreseeing that his master's resources could not long maintain a suitable appearance, he thought two followers, even to a Highland chief, were more than consistent with an estate in prospect, and he resolved to go in search of employment.

"In what way does your genius most particularly lie?" said Fingal to him, as he told him his design.

"In the boot and shoe line."

"I have been thinking of some flight myself. The clerical or medical department would be the style of business. If we could invent a sort of conversion gas, that would operate as effectually as the pope's holy-water; and which would at the same time tickle the inhaler, and assure him he was all right!"

"You wouldn't have the conscience to trog the spirit—you'd be as bad as Simon Magus."

"No, he wanted to buy—I would sell—that is, I'm sure there would be a good demand. The great drawback to well-doing, is the tedious demand for altering the life and ways of working with the creed, or, in other words, earning it by hard labour. Men would have it as they would a fortune—have it bequeathed, or got by lottery. If you could let grace be had without the cost of amendment and corresponding repentance, sinners would be at a premium, and you might cut a figure. They who had the heaviest consciences might be as little nice about inquiring your authority, as a patient you relieve, for your diploma. When a man gets a call to preach, the call's first in his stomach—I would be more ethereal, I'd carry it in a bladder. Lord forgive me, but that's profane too!"

"Yet the body's a good thing to play up to."

"You're right. And as men in spiritual labour fly to that creed which requires least sa-

crifice, so in the corporeal, they incline to that which entails them the least abstinence.—A sort of Kyle sauce now, that works the better, the better you live—something in the liquid way—a sort of decoction of opium, brandy, and gunpowder; with a direction for use, that the medicine can only work effectually after the patient has made his will. What a figure we'd cut if the heirs-at-law were to pay for the drug."

"And the name——."

"A Golgotha tonic, or something equally sounding."

Bric engaged with Monsieur La Lapstone, a boot-maker from Paris. The son of Finlay had ambition, and began to make love. He had encountered the glances of a lady who was struck by his appearance, and whom he had followed home to a house in one of the old-fashioned, gloomy, but somewhat genteel mansions, near Westminster Abbey. Thither Fingal proceeded, resolved to have discourse with her, and took up his stand a short distance from the door she had entered. Silence seemed to reign in the place, but patience reigned in Fingal's bosom. The lady appeared at the window and recognised the amorous Fingal. She withdrew, without making any sign of recognition, and found necessity to go out. Fingal's breath grew thick, and his pulse beat alarm, as he beheld her in shawl and bonnet walk up the street, and he fol-

lowed. Getting up to her, he opened his mouth to address her, and found his voice quiver. Fancy, however, rioted in choice language; and though his mouth was arid, words oily and sweet issued from it. The speech possessed everything choice, but sense and meaning. The lady liked it, the better as it was beyond her understanding—the discourse was so interesting, the lady forgot where she was going, and what was her errand. He declared himself and his motives, and she seemed satisfied with both. He then entreated a free intercourse, to cultivate love, when she blushed, wavered, required thought to give reply, and yielded concedence; and getting things upon this well-working foundation, Fingal returned in high spirits to his lodging.

“Purge your imagination of the Vennel, Mrs. Tripthong,” said he to the mother of him who stopped his father on the high-way; “and mark, if even in the wane of virtue we may not have cause to rejoice we came into the world as we did.” And he then gave that worthy handmaid an account of the adventure, which promised to make his fortune keep pace with the lofty career of his master’s.

As Ullyn the same day sat in expectation of hearing from the Earl of Walton, a messenger arrived with a note from the countess, desiring his presence forthwith.

There was something in every message and communication he had from the Countess, that produced a strange feeling within him. There was evidently that in her manner and bearing towards him, which would portend more than he dared calculate upon. Her interest assumed a caste beyond what the liveliest gratitude could inspire, and which began to reveal designs which, however flattering to his vanity, threatened danger to his peace. His situation promised to be one fraught with difficulty. "Should there be any intent on the part of this noble lady—and heaven forgive me the thought if she have none"—said he to himself, as he walked from his lodging to Whitehall Gardens, "she must surely esteem me the more, if I profess to do what is right, in all honour. Oh, may she not think, that he who can maintain that uncorrupt, even to the perilling of hope and interest, with such temptation, must be an object of something more than pity!"

This was very well on the part of him whose faith had not yet been brought to the test. Good resolves are most pleasant in the making, but in peculiar cases they are needless; and we wonder each time they prove so, that we did not know ourselves better than to make them. We are as much in one state when we make them, and another when we break them, as was our progenitor before and after the fall. This amiable

resolve on the part of Ullyn was but a needless precaution. The Countess of Walton, besides being a beautiful woman, and possessing superior talents, had a deeper design upon him than he could fathom, and held his very destinies in her control.

On reaching the Countess's residence, Ullyn was conducted up stairs into the drawing-room.

As he was left alone, he began to consider how he should act, in a case so nice as his seemed to become. Without acting wrong, he was no more in love with virtue than many others are, who begin to worship it when they are about to take leave of it altogether. And whether it was sentiment—innate principle—the prejudice of education—fear of consequences—gratitude to his benefactor, whom it would smite his heart to abuse—or love to one he still recollected having given his faith to, which sounded the alarm to his conscience, that made his heart beat—it is needless to decide; but so abstracted was he in thought, that he did not hear the room-door open. He was soon recalled to himself, by something gentle as the breath of heaven touching his shoulder—he started, and looking round, beheld Eliza Belford!

This meeting with Eliza Belford, on the part of our hero, may look somewhat like an attempt to bring things to a crisis. No doubt of all places she could have taken shelter in, there was

none which could so progredde Ullyn's fortunes to an issue. Unluckily, she had nowhere else to go to, than the house of her relative.

It was the twilight, and fatigue and anxiety arising from her long and arduous journey, and sudden surprise at meeting her lover at such a time, and in such a place, made her for a moment look like a phantom. He stood still, she remained fixed also—then she held out her little hand, and in rapture dumb he took it.

Then came the trying question how each had come hither. Ullyn, though without design, felt confused, as if he had been there on that intent he feared he had been called there;—she, to escape alliance with his rival, and in recounting her acts of devotedness, and the dangers she had encountered, added to the pile of obligation she had raised to his love and gratitude, thereby rendering more exquisite the trying nature of his situation.

Ullyn felt a difficulty in finding a language worthy the situation, and suited to his feelings. It was a conjuncture that demanded sublimity; and in proportion as he felt it, the less able did he feel to do it justice. His love had evidently in a manner cast herself upon him—there was danger of losing her again for ever; every day—nay, every hour—might bring her father upon her. She let him know it, and the thought of seeing her and making her his, at once rushed

mind—the conception and the chance
his heart beat—the perspiration broke
his brow—he took her hand, and was about
to speak with arid lips, when the door suddenly
opened, and the Countess of Walton entered.
Ullyn suddenly dropped Eliza's hand, as he
thought of some invaluable treasure he had been
about to plundering!

The Countess stood still, as if she beheld some
thing new; and Ullyn might well exclaim, “Fare-
you-well, all hope here!”

Miss Belford had but newly arrived, and the
Countess of Walton was not aware she was in
the house. Ullyn did not attempt to conceal his
emotion. He could not, if he had tried. The
Countess, unconscious of what was between
her and her lover, blushed from modesty
and saw not the cause of alarm, which he
perceived too well. The Countess, as yet igno-
rant of the existence of any love, vows, or en-
gagement between them, saw at once the gulf
she had plunged into, but appeared to be per-
fected mistress of her feelings and passion; and
with a changed colour, she advanced
with a smile, and asked Miss Belford whence she
came—yet with open arms, she gave her a
welcome that made Ullyn's blood run cold; for
in it she saw the destruction, not only of his love,
but of his suit and its prospects, but perhaps too the
destruction of her who had come thither, encounter-
ed for him.

Miss Belford then told the Countess that she had come all the way from home, unknown to her father, to avoid a connexion she had fore-sworn; and claimed the hospitality of her house. The subtle Countess bade her be welcome to all it could afford.

Eliza, guileless, innocent, and unsuspecting, then retired to arrange her dress—for she had not changed her riding habit; when the Countess, who had followed her, with her eye to the door, turned to the conscience-stricken youth, to him who had so lately usurped the place of her husband in her affections and thoughts—and casting her glittering large blue eyes on him, and in voice hollow and dire, said, “Douglas Ulynn! you told me not of your love for Miss Belford?”

“The mighty distance ’tween her condition and mine, made me ashamed to confess my arrogance, and its utter hopelessness shut my mouth,” he replied.

“You might, at least, have told me something of it,” said the Countess, in a tone that smote Ulynn to the heart.

“Miss Belford hath only come here to avoid an alliance with one—”

“Oh no!” said the Countess, relieving the faltering youth from the perilous ground he was about to traverse—“Oh no, it is her love for you, not her aversion to another, hath urged her to this.”

Then Ulynn would attempt to palliate that

which needed no palliation—at least from him; and to her, whom the most subtle could have availed nothing. The breast of the Countess heaved with emotion, that seemed to deprive her of the power of free respiration; and in this direful conflict, which promised to the alarmed Ullyn to end in some terrible fit—in walked the Earl of Walton !

The noble husband was somewhat surprised, as well he might be, to see Ullyn with his wife, and she with an emotion on her features and frame, which she seemed by no means careful to conceal. It seemed, that being disappointed or thwarted in the object that had engrossed the greater share of her sympathy and affections, that which claimed next—or rather, that which should claim them first, seemed to be felt as an object beneath care henceforth. If the genius of the building was gone, roof and pillars might go with it. The growing interest the Countess felt in Ullyn, had been noticed by her husband. It was impossible for him even to shut his eyes to it—which he appeared fain to do. But, alas, husbands get often as infatuated as their wives. He was unwilling, apparently, to allow the grim suspicion to enter his breast; and, though somewhat dashed on his entrance, he would conquer the swelling jealousy that seemed to heave in his bosom. When most is expected, least is often given—we often prove ourselves to be mean

judges; as when most certain in our auguries, we are frequently farthest wrong. Ullyn, in a nice situation, like that he was placed in, with a lady wilful, wayward, and enamoured of him,—why conceal it—seeing she was herself by no means careful of who saw or suspected her bearing towards him;—to be thus broke in upon by the husband, had good reason to expect that he, on whose influence his prospects would depend, would become his enemy.

Walton gave a look to his wife, who stood with her side to him, like one prepared for some desperate course—as if he watched the working of some subtle poison. “Ullyn!” said he, speaking at him rather than to him, “I have been using my exertions in your behalf; I have pledged my honour for your’s, to them who have your claims in their hands—I hope I have given it in a righteous cause?”

“Amen!” thought Ullyn, with a fervent, though beating heart.

“If he be false, said I of you to Lord Clancourt, who is in the interest of your opponent—if he be false, I would esteem mine own coronet a mockery—so persuaded am I of his truth and honour!”

“Oh, my lord,” said the yet unfallen youth, “if I thought I were less leal than I claim, I would not accept even legitimacy with name and possession to boot, I would rather tenant myself the

but that holds the ashes of her, whose shame and reproach I bear, than profane contiguity with the happy sons of the world, who have the right of its inheritance, if I thought myself base—or hold my head up in honourable assembly, believing my mother a——”

The word was choked in the utterance. Lady Anton trembled, as if there were something fully prophetic in the syllable. The Earl desired her to retire and speak with him. She folded like a Magdalen—and Ullyn was left alone.

“Assist me, heaven, in this perplexing state, I can see not how I am to act!” exclaimed Ullyn to himself. And having waited some considerable time alone, he left the room, and without being shewn out, he also left the house, and returned to his lodgings.

After Ullyn’s departure, Eliza Belford returned to the room, and was somewhat surprised to find it abandoned of the company she had left in it. She sat down, and waited alone nearly half an hour, when she began to be anxious, whether she had come to the safest and most welcome place of refuge. The Countess entered, with a countenance denoting some mental struggle. Still she gave her reassurance, who had thus thrown herself upon her, and some that soon assured her of ample hospitality, and a safe retreat.

By and bye, the Countess having recovered her composure and self-possession—all infatuate, returned to that which was to engage her very soul, and questioned Eliza of her love—her vows—her engagement to the object of this history, and her own interest. Woman was surely made for error—she hath such a wayward propensity to confession. She is not less eager to confess than she is to need it. Poor Eliza owned all. The single-minded girl, suspecting nought but sincerity and friendship, which the extreme interest of the Countess displayed, confessed her love; owned that she had pledged her troth to Ullyn—doubting not but that it was wrong, yet clinging faithfully to the error to purge it right. She made the Countess her confident, to engage the sympathy of the very one who had an attachment deep-rooted as her own to the same object. The Countess was one who could repent with every sincerity of an error, without once thinking it expedient to abandon the object of it; for genuine contrition may exist without the resolution to amend. So to her, who alone claimed rivalry in her lover's affections, did Eliza confide her secret and its hopes. The Countess would seem to derive satisfaction from it—at all events, she was sufficiently interested in it; and Miss Belford rejoiced at enlisting the favour of her relative on her side. “I know this step I have taken is rash, foolish, and may

be fatal—but it is past now,” said she, deeming a thing beyond redemption, she had no inclining to better by counteraction, as if beginning iniquity were to be justified only by going through with it. “I would be ashamed to think that disparity which the world would frown at, should conquer my resolution, since I have pledged my faith,” added she, who wanted to pledge it again. “Could I do otherwise than I have done?”

No compulsion so strong as that of the inclining.

The Countess should have tried to dissuade her rash and inexperienced kinswoman from an attachment so fraught with danger; but she had that pride, which would not brook even the possession of a heart she was so ambitious of having, she could not gain by fair means; and disdained to utter a syllable that could fashion suspicion, that she felt envious or jealous of her more youthful rival. She deemed the feelings of the heart sacred.

When Ullyn left the house, he tried to bring his thoughts to a proper consideration of the peculiar state in which he and his affairs were placed. First, his own condition—with diminished resources, pending suit, and expenses pressing heavy upon him. An Earl, to whom he looked to for advancement; and a Countess, that seemed sufficiently inclined to mar his favour, in whose power, she, on whom all his affections and

hopes were fixed, had thrown herself bodily. Each seeming to have an opposite interest in him, and all, as if in league to make him an object of attraction; and he fixed in gravity, each influence keeping him fast: hoping all from the three, and having in each all to fear, the opportunity he had must be availed of. The time Miss Belford could remain where she was, before her father would find her, must be short. He had a glorious chance of getting her, could he avail himself of it. He saw it—and he saw the danger of losing her; the utter hopelessness of his having a chance again of such fortune being thrust upon him. How was he to act, and what necessity for action! The more perilous step to their union she had herself taken, and gone through. “And, oh God!” he exclaimed, “how can I act to do mine! This is a second dispensation of Divine Providence in my favour, unmerited—unsought for; a conjuncture more exquisite I do defy imagination to shape; she is within my reach, and I am—impotent!”

Ulynn here entered the street in which he lodged, at one end, with aching heart, and his attendant, Fingal, entered at the other with his nose bleeding.

CHAPTER II.

CONTAINING THE STRANGE ADVENTURES OF THE SON OF
FINLAY, WITH THEIR REMARKABLE RESULT.—MYSTERY
OBTRUDING ITSELF, AS IF TO BRING OBSCURITY TO
LIGHT.

As Ulyyn approached the door of his lodging, he beheld his attendant hastening home with perturbed face, bloody nose, and the whole economy of his outward man in outrageous uproar. He had gone out, dressed in his Sunday's clothes, with a clean ruffled shirt, a pair of elegant gloves, and a cravat stiff as buckram. He had been drinking tea with Miss Worthington, the lady he had met with, and with whom he had got his love on a right footing, in Westminster. It was the first genteel thing of the kind he had ever been engaged in, and he was remarkable in the affair, as he was rational. The cravat he had on was so stiff, he could scarcely turn his head to one side in it; and in this case, he set out to drink tea, with one who was quite the lady.

Every attention was paid him. To shew her respect, she had dressed herself in silk. Everything was in good keeping with Fingal's notions

of the aspect of affairs. Did he drink sugar, and choose cream—was his tea agreeable, and to his taste? the lady asked; while he, with head stuck fast in the cravat, sipped, smiled, spoke choice, then let fancy slip from the leash of his understanding, when common-sense sleeved the head from its tether, and coursed with the fancy; and what sense remained, was speedily directed to an ornament which was specially displayed on his account. It was a massy watch, suspended by her side.

It was no common appendage, but an antique-looking gold watch, of remarkable size and shape. To the son of Finlay, it had a sort of feudal appearance, and threatened to divide his attentions with the countenance of the wearer. The evening too was favourable to emotion, and gave fervour to his enthusiasm. It was one in which the warmth of summer was blended with the sprightliness of spring. So that the air, the general aspect of affairs—contiguity with innocence and beauty hallowed by a gold watch, set his wits a careering, and his tongue in a gallopade. In this tornado, he retained sufficient self-possession to glance at the watch, and she, in the midst of the whirlwind, could notice his discernment; and would ever and anon compare the course of the setting sun with her measure of his tract. At length, he, in the stiff collar, took the freedom of expressing his admiration of its fashion and quality.

"It is an heir-loom," quoth she, taking it from her side and handing it to her admirer, that he might note more minutely its virtue and value. Fingal took the ancient chronicle in his hand—looked at it with open eyes—then opened his mouth—turned the watch round; there was something more in it than intrinsic value to arrest his attention; he opened it, and inside of the case he beheld the arms of—Glenullyn! and then he at once recognised the watch of the late Major Seyton, which he wore in battle the day on which he was killed.

This at first appeared to Fingal something to form a clue to the unravelling of the mystery of his master's birth. He began to consider whether he should betoken any signs of recognizance, when he thought it would be better to consult his master, lest by betraying acquaintance with the article, she might be deterred from brandishing it again, either for his ensnaring or his enlightening.

Scarcely, however, could Fingal express his wonder or admiration, when his ears were saluted by cries of wailing and distress, which seemed to issue from the house adjoining.

"These are cries we often hear," said she who wore the relic, seeing Fingal attend to the sounds of distress.

"It is the voice of a female," quoth the gallant in stiff cravat; "and I never heard one so sweet. Who lives in the house?"

"The owls, and they who worship them. They hold some young female there by force. They say she is a lunatic they have charge of, belonging to some great person. It is one, I think, they hold to make a lunatic of. It ought to be demanded by what right they hold her."

This was a challenge to the courage and spirit of her admirer, and he felt the genius of ancient times swelling within him. Miss Worthington had no little desire to know who and what they were who lived so mysteriously in a house so near; and Fingal was suddenly taken with the desire to go forward and ascertain the cause of these plaintive cries, and in so doing to achieve a double purpose—gratify his own curiosity, and exhibit his courage and intrepidity before her whom he thought an instrument in the hands of Providence to make him. To her utter surprise he said he would go, and demand by what right they next door outraged humanity, and held beauty in durance.

Venus would withhold Mars from peril, but the brother of Bellona was bent upon achievement, and would advance. The more she would restrain him the more eager was he to go forward, and he who should have been the contemporary of Hector, rose and proceeded to the next door to ascertain if he was wanted.

Fingal took the huge knocker in his hand, and gave a thirl before he considered what he

should say, when the door was opened; and scarcely could he think of anything rational, when an old woman, gaunt, toothless, and baggard, stood before him and asked his will, and then he bethought himself of a speech.

This hag seemed a worthy tenant of a place so gloomy. She appeared, to him in stiff cravat and starched collar, a genuine specimen of one of Hecate's dry nurses. Tall, muscular, and forbidding in aspect, her head cased in a greasy nightcap of a triangular shape, under which thick folds, or plaits, of grey hairs appeared: her eyes grey and rheumy: in front of her mouth stood two huge tusks, like sentinels to Erebus; and in a voice becoming her aspect, she asked Fingal what he wanted.

Fingal, somewhat awed by the striking appearance of such an attendant, hemmed, coughed, stroked his chin, and then replied, there was a person—a young lady lived there, whom he wished to see personally.

“Who may she be that you want to see, my jo?” quoth the old dame.

“The young lady below; you know who I mean well enough. I want to see her, cummer, if you please,” continued Fingal.

“The lady below—who is she?”

“Ah, you know.”

“You mean Miss Stirling Graham.”

“Yes, of course.”

"You have come out of your way, my child; there's no such person here."

"You may give her what name you like, but you know whom I mean, and I must see her."

"Has she red hair?" quoth the imperturbable dame.

"I'll not be so particular about that; I come from one who has an interest in her; I have to deliver his message to her personally and particularly."

"And who may he be?"

Fingal was again at a loss, but he soon recovered himself, and to give a colour to his mission, he thought he would come as near the truth as he could, and he instantly replied—"From Ullyn, of Glenullyn!"

The name appalled the haggard. She stood as if suddenly paralysed, and apparently incapable of utterance. The son of Finlay, seeing the effect the name had, would follow it up, and added, "I insist upon an audience;" and glancing his eye to the door he had left, he caught that of his mistress, watching the effect of his enterprise, and he grew the bolder.

"Get out, you leper!" gasped the hag, recovering her speech. "Would you force your way in? my sooth, you thrust your quarters into a maw they'll scarce come out o' again."

"Nae matter, lucky, I must see the lady, and will insist upon it, and know the reason of her

being here, and if it be her own will to bide, that's all."

"Out, you misshapen, misbegotten ne'er-do-weel!" she exclaimed, endeavouring to shut the door, which Fingal manfully resisted; when the hag, leaving him master of the passage, ran down stairs calling for help, when presently a man of dark complexion and bold mien, with a beard of a week's growth, advanced to Fingal, but who no sooner beheld the frontlet of him in the starched collar, than, by as strange an impulse as that the old keeper felt at the sound of his master's name, he stood erect and motionless, then turned suddenly round, retreated, and ran back to the den below.

Instantly another issued from the same place, who advanced, and seeing nothing supernatural in Fingal, approached him, foaming with rage, and muttering oaths through his teeth, he seized Fingal by the throat, destroyed the order of his cravat, and the general economy of his temper. "What's that for?" quoth Fingal, but his grappler condescended to no reply, but bestowing epithets and imprecations on his head, tried to shake the bones out of his body. "Let go my neck," cried he, attempting to seize that of his assailant; when at that instant the object of his humanity and deliverance, who had been struggling with her keeper, having succeeded in getting out of her fangs, made her way up-

stairs, and Fingal succeeded in disengaging himself from his assailant, and squared to fight.

As Fingal stood erect in defensive position, how was he surprised to behold in the object who would come to his relief, the beautiful girl who appeared before him on the banks of the loch, and who rescued his master from confinement by setting the house on fire. As he stared at the poor girl, his antagonist bled his nose, and drew his attention to battle. As both soul and body were bent on the fray, the old hag came behind him and lent him a thump on the head with the tongs, which knocked his hat over his eyes, and he got a blow on the mouth. Fingal struck wild, and was pummelled behind and before, when at length he was seized by the shoulder and bundled headlong out of the house, and pitched into the centre of the street.

Thus shovelled, as it were, out of the house, with hat slouched over his eyes, mouth and nose bleeding, cravat loose, and floating like a streamer in the wind, and the rest of his person in like disorder, all displayed before his mistress, in whose eyes he meant to cut a figure, was inglorious and humiliating. She, pitying soul, felt the ignominy of the situation, and shut the door as he reeled into the street, as if to spare his feelings and her own; while he, having collected his scattered senses, wiped his nose, vented a dozen awkward blessings on the house and on

them in it, proceeded home, when on his way he met Ullyn, to whom he related his adventures.

"I commend your humanity, Fingal, and the motives of your action," said Ullyn, "and many would applaud your gallantry, but I fear you have only got a due reward for your interference."

"A broken head, clothes torn, and several poths in the ribs, all for asking a civil question!" quoth the son of Finlay. And when that ill-used individual swore to his master, that the object he attempted to liberate was that very same who liberated him when he was confined on the banks of Lochullyn, by setting the tenement on fire, he thought he had drunk too much; and when further he insisted upon having seen the watch of Ullyn's father, he bade him go to bed and sleep.

There is a strong propensity in the unfortunate to believe in the marvellous, especially if it portend fortune in their favour. It is only when men are drowning, that in the water they catch at straws, and few can see anything to hope for in ruin, but he who has reason to despair. He who rests at the bottom of the wheel, thinks only of a vault to the top of it, and that without creeping up to it; though wild schemes of mines, lotteries, and gaming, which are to yield wealth without time, labour, and

common sense, are generally gendered and embraced by the fallen—by men who dine eccentric. A man who, snug and content in a good going business, would stare at the thought of removing to the next market town, no sooner fails, than he purposes emigration to the other side of the globe: while he would formerly feel alarmed at crossing a river, would think of nothing less than crossing the Pacific. A panic is not so much the consequence of schemes and wild speculations, as they are the intermediate stage between ruin and the panic. The sudden flush on the hectic cheek before death, seems as it were the last throw life ebbing makes—like a ruined gamester, mustering all he can for one more chance. There was just enough of improbability and extravagance in Fingal's story, for a man only in our hero's circumstances to give any thought to it. All the night Ullyn reflected on the matter, and the more he thought on it the more wild he deemed it, and the more worthy of inquiring into; it was worthy of it if only to teach his faithful attendant a knowledge of his own ignorance and simplicity in the ways of the world.

When Ullyn asked next morning what assurance Fingal had of the watch he had seen being that his father wore, Fingal replied, that of his own senses—he saw the arms of Glenullynn on the case; and when he told his master it was

worn by a lady he was making love to, whom he had met promiscuously—a word he had heard used, and which pleased him vastly—made Ullyn imagine him incoherent.

“But had you seen the effect your name had upon the old limmer who opened the door to me in the next house,” continued Chivalry, beginning to be tempered by discretion, “and one man who came up bold and big to dress me, scared at the very sight of me, and who ran howling to his den below, as if he had seen plague and pestilence in the cock of my hat.”

“What sort of appearance had the girl you meant to rescue?” quoth Ullyn.

“Fair as the Ethiopian,” replied Romance, enhanced by erudition, who rejoiced in a simile that was happy in sound, though perhaps not quite a correct one; “and if you go and do not find something in all this, you may shave and blister my head, and feed me upon cooling anecdotes, till heaven restore me my wits.”

Ullyn did scout the conjectures of his adherent, and to confirm the notion he had of their utter folly, found himself next day after breakfast on the way to Westminster, following the directions Fingal had given him of the place where he had distinguished himself. The son of Finlay observed him set out.

“There, he’s off,” said he, “to the very spot after all: he despised my opinions, and now he goes to prove them.”

"And what may he get by that?" inquired the son of Jacob's handmaid, virtue's widow, and little Jack's maternal parent.

"If he get the same satisfaction I got, he'd better go to the college for genteel breeding, and the Vennel for practical theologies," quoth the descendant of the piper. "I hope he won't mistake the door, and knock at that of Miss Worthington, whom he would not see without falling in love, nor she view him without the risk of forgetting me."

There was something in the sombre appearance of the house, our hero had little difficulty in finding it, from the description which Fingal gave. It struck him as a place well suited for dark purposes. The windows, more like those of a warehouse than of private abode, were thickly encrusted with dust, as if to avoid the sun's rays. There was no thoroughfare for coaches in the street, one side of which was formed of a high wall, which gave but little relief to the gloomy stillness of the place. Ullyn passed and repassed the door about a dozen times, but could mark no signs of life or motion in the house. He stood at the door and listened, but heard nothing. He thought of breaking one of the windows, that he might know to whom he should have the satisfaction of paying it. On what plea could he knock? Inquire into the usage his servant had received. This seemed

rational, so he took the knocker and gave a rap.

Ullyn waited some time—no one answered to his knock: he knocked again somewhat louder, which was followed by a growl from within somewhat ominous. He then heard a heavy chain unloosened and the lock turned. Presently the door was slowly opened by the hag who clove Fingal's hat, in whom Ullyn recognised the considerate old lady who brought him the bottle of cordial to console him on the approach of his death at Lochullyn.

Ullyn then said that he had come to inquire about his servant of the name of Stuart, and of a lady who knew the name of Glenullyn.

No sooner had our hero uttered the word, than the woman repeated the fit she showed to Fingal, uttered an unearthly growl, turned round, and ran back to the den she had issued from, the voice as she muttered dying away as she disappeared, like the retreating sounds of a muffled drum. The cry of this sybil seemed to find a response of more delicate organ below, for it was replied to by one sweet and heavenly, as the other was its counter. Presently, the girl whom Fingal had seen, came up the stair and ran to Ullyn for deliverance. When approaching she suddenly grew pale, and cried out, "The son of Ullyn!"

There was a wildness in the girl's beauty

which, in such a situation, would have excited the attention of any one. She was a little above the common height, and apparently about the age of nineteen. She was of fair complexion, her hair hanging in long natural curls over her shoulders, and looked like Cassandra, though not dumb. In her features, carriage, and general appearance, there were traces of a birth far beyond the place, company, and situation she was in. In her Ullyn recognised the girl to whom he was indebted for his deliverance; and before he could address her, the sudden opening of a back door admitting a gust of wind, blew the front door which had remained open; it shut, and cut off his retreat.

"Mystery of fate!" exclaimed Ullyn, "was it not to you I was indebted for my life and freedom? Oh! is there anything I can do for you to lighten the load of gratitude you heaped upon me, unasked, unlooked for, unthanked as yet?"

The poor girl, whose wits a series of confinement, persecutions, and strange associations had begun to affect, stood still, put her hands to her forehead, and exclaimed, "Nought but escape from this, but that would be vain; do you leave this; fly as you would a lazar house:" when the old woman, her keeper, came running forward with a huge iron instrument in her hand. "Out, you whoreson, or I'll brain you; grave

your father's treasons on his son's scalp. Un-kisted rebel, what do you do here?" she cried, raising the crow-bar to strike him, when Lucy Baliol, for that was the poor girl's name, threw her body between the hag and the object of her vengeance, seized the weapon, and wrenched it from her; and at that moment a terrific knocking at the door echoed through the house, and arrested the struggle.

"Your dirge, my jo, it should have been sung long ago, but now it will be played wi' glee," quoth the hag, rushing to the door, while Lucy Baliol stood erect like a statue, as if petrified with alarm for the fate of our hero.

"Oh, Glenullyn"! she exclaimed, as if the word were familiar to her lips, "you die, if you had the lives of all your race in your veins."

"Not without a struggle!" cried Ullyn, as he drew himself up for resistance, the blood of his race rushing through his veins.

As the heavy door was opened with the utmost alacrity, a head was thrust in, as soon as sufficient opening was made to admit it, and its owner, with every expression of alarm exclaimed, "Is my master, Glenullyn, here?"

It was the identical head of Finlay Stuart.

It was curious that Douglas Ullyn should have knocked at the door and asked for Fingal Stuart, and that, in a moment of peril, Fingal Stuart should knock and ask for Douglas Ullyn.

The son of Finlay had no sooner thrust in his head and a moiety of his neck, than Meg thrust the door with all her vengeance against him—jammed head and neck between the post and the door; while one part of his body was inside, the rest of his frame remained without. Meg getting weak through disappointment, rage, and fear, vented her impotent ire by spitting, like a cat, in Fingal's face, which he could protect only by shutting his eyes. As she pushed, Fingal howled, exclaiming that "he was choking," which only added nerve to her arm and made her push the more, heedless of the ghastly features he was making; but before his master could spring to his relief, when he saw his danger, by a sudden effort he thrust the door open himself and got in.

"Get out, you limbs of perdition! you have no business here! Murder! help!"

"Ah, lucky, you cleaved my head; now we'll make your charge sleeve hers," quoth Fingal.

"Troop to your room, my chuck," quoth Meg to Lucy, who instinctively clung to Ullyn, and then began to call louder for assistance.

"Help, Reginald, Gaspar!"

"She calls on evil spirits, there are none else to answer her; heed her not!" said the poor girl.

Ullyn led her to the door, while the warlike

Fingal interposed his body in hostile attitude between them and Meg, bidding defiance.

"Now, lucky, you stand out o' the way,—we maun awa. Keep your distance—keep your skinny talons from my face; if you scratch I'll give you a poth in the ribs."

"Get out, you robbers. Help! thieves!" the old woman cried in despair, and flying at Fingal with her ten fingers, as his master succeeded getting outside the door with his charge. "My life's price gone—help!"

"Yes, your innocence is taking leave of your paradise," said Fingal, retreating to the door in defensive position. "Stand aloof, or the generosity of my temper may forget the respect due to antiquity and—the gentle sex!—Curse your claws; what a hell-cat!"

Fingal, getting outside the door, shut it behind him, and drowned the cries of the old hag. Ullyn proceeded up the street, attended by the poor girl, who clung to him as her deliverer.

The son of Finlay was so elated with his success, and felt so much in favour with himself at the figure he had cut, that he would make up for what he deemed a-wanting in that he had displayed the day before. To his mistress he went, and knocked at the door with a confidence which one on high terms with himself requires less effort, than one on high terms with the great, to exhibit. The door was opened by the lady her-

self, who had been an ear-witness of what had passed, and who was glad to meet her admirer and suitor in so favourable a point of view.

"Ha, it's a different thing when we meet man to man," said Fingal, though the odds were as much in his favour on this occasion, as they had been against him the day previous.

"He seems a gallant youth your friend, who has taken the girl you have rescued," said Miss Worthington.

"That's the famed Glenullyn, woman," said Fingal.

"Oh, sure !" quoth the lady, though she never had heard of the name before.

"'Deed is it ; and the only living of that famous race. His grandfather was beheaded, and his father was to have been beheaded too, but he escaped."

When the lover had been invited to a seat in the lady's parlour, and felt in elevated spirits at the prospect of making up for the display of the day preceding, he at once missed that association of his love, the graceful appendage of the watch, from his lady's side. Not that his affection needed any such thing to maintain its purity, but he felt as if it were an accompaniment of his attachment, and seemed necessary to the even current of its course. He had a strong desire to know how it had come into her possession. He gave as many hints as were consistent with

politeness—touched upon the time of day—the incongruity of clocks with one another, and of all with the sun : understood that even the sun was not perfect in keeping time—the stars, or what was called sidereal time, was the proper regulation ;—evinced anxiety about meetings of importance, whose remembrance her presence endangered. But these would not do—other allusions, soft and tender, were assayed, but they would not be understood—when he thought of revealing to her, that she might prove, in the hands of mysterious fate, the means of guiding the wronged to his own ; and she noting his absence of manner, said, “ You are pensive and thoughtful, love—Oh, dear ! what am I saying ? ” added she, with something like a blush.

“ Ah ! let discretion check the tongue,” quoth Fingal, with a fancy ready to enter upon a beautiful field of sentiment—“ let discretion rein the tongue—when the heart lends its spurs, give me the sough of nature.”

“ I am its worshipper,” said the child of it in some respects—“ I am its worshipper,” continued the image of virtue that had been accustomed to breathe the pure air of the attics. “ The shrine of nature is that I adore.”

Fingal was about to launch into a sea of sentiment, when he was interrupted by a knocking at the door, superior to anything of the kind he had ever heard. It appeared to be the knock

of one who was obliged to humble to the world in general, and give single raps abroad, but who having a place where he was more or less known—whose rent and taxes he was in some degree amenable to, would make up for single knocks he was obliged to give at others' doors, by giving a thirl, enough to satisfy the world he was some one at home. It is from a similar nobleness of feeling, which exists in the breasts of the redoubtably brave, whose courage lies dormant in danger or in contest, with full-grown men, that prompts its real display on the wife, children—those who are necessarily awed into non-resistance. The victim of etiquette and idolatress of nature turned pale, and the master of Shelly looked defiance. He thought it was the report of a visit from the adjoining house, and he bade Miss Worthington fear not; while, like a lion, he thumped his ribs, to bring him up to onset pitch. The door was opened by a little girl; and a young fellow—a strapper—in whose looks, dress, and general carriage, there were the air and swagger of gentleman, scholar, thief, and horse-couper, entered; who, on seeing Fingal, had no other idea in the creation, but that of punching his head.

What latent spirit of waywardness and mischief in the souls of the best of women! This child of nature, who was the cause of this conjuncture between Mars and the son of Bellona,

who knew not whether to scream, swoon, pray, or plunge headlong into fits, really rejoiced at the rencontre; whether it enhanced her virtues, to observe two about to combat for display of their sense of them, as men eager for the possession of that she had not herself—like a virgin, or rather unconnubial Helen on a small scale—she sunk into a chair, to mark what should occur, and to be ready to swoon at the issue.

This tall youth, who, as Miss Worthington said, was quite the gentleman, damned Fingal's soul, and prepared to thresh his body—upbraided the Magdalen of nature, the pensive object of the coming conflict, in sweet phrase—then turned to the defying Fingal, and begged leave "to mill his carcase!"

It may be proper to mention, before Greek and Trojan begin the onset, that this erection of footpad and gentleman was Little Jack, the born of Mrs. Triphong, and begotten of Michael Varnish. This may account for the lady's mysterious possession of Glenullyn's watch, as Jack had taken it from the body of Major Seyton, and afterwards, to keep his hand in, had taken it from his father; and as a trophy of love and honour, suspended it at the waist of that soul of innocence that kept the street-door on the latch.

As Jack brandished his fists, Fingal defied him; then Jack bled Fingal's mouth, and Fingal hit at Jack's nose, but reached only within a few

inches of its tip. The son of Michael struck back at the son of Finlay, with stretch enough to go through his body, and force sufficient to lay him prostrate. "Just wait a wee, till I get up," said the fallen, trying to rise; but that was not the way in which the trained of the Vennel was accustomed to treat the fallen, when he observed a violent disposition on his part to get up again; so he thumped the head of him who was down. Fingal got upon his knees, and catching Mrs. Triphong's speaking covenant by the hams, tripped up his heels and brought him to the earth. Jack caught Fingal by the hair, to keep and hold him steady till he should get up; for though he had the advantage in size and strength, he was losing wind by perturbation and prolonged struggle. "You're rugging, damn you," roared Fingal, as Jack held fast by one hand the locks, and beat the face with the other; while Jack seeing no intent on the part of Fingal of crying out *peccavi*, made all he could of the advantage he had; and to get rid of him, Miss Worthington lent her aid to the tall one, and assisted in thrusting him out of the house. His hat, shapeless and disfigured, was thrown after him, the door was shut—a loud laugh was heard—Fingal put his hat in shape, wiped his mouth, and took his way after his master.

CHAPTER III.

THE MAD CONDUCT OF ULLYN, WITH THE WISE ADVICE OF HIS LANDLADY.—THE TROUBLES WHICH HIS IMPRUDENCE BROUGHT UPON HIM.

ULLYN began to approach his lodgings with Lucy Baliol, before he began to consider where he should take her to, or what he should do with her. In the fervour of his pity and gratitude, he had never thought of the trouble he was voluntarily taking upon himself, and the risk he was encountering. Here, at his youthful age, was he assuming the guardianship of a young woman, nearly of the same age, and of equal beauty and interest, in appearance, as Miss Belford, whom he was suing. With resources scarcely sufficient to maintain himself for one month longer, he was taking upon him the protection and support of one, who had neither home nor kindred. How could he dispose of her? What would Miss Belford think of the act when she heard of it, as of course she would hear it early enough; and with what eye would the Countess of Walton look upon the proceeding?

Then what personal peril he was about to

run ! With every feeling and principle of honour and manliness, he had in no ordinary degree the passions and sensibilities of his years. Though he saw the danger, he was resolved to brave it, and perform what he deemed a sacred trust. Mrs. Triphong was the one to give him a foretaste of the world's sense of decency, and the proprieties of life ; for, as she opened the door, she looked at him, as if she said, Come not here with your wenches ! Ulynn, proud as he was poor, would not condescend even to explain why he brought the lady to her house, but conducted Lucy Baliol upstairs to his apartments.

She who knew what the loss of honour was, and whose opinion should be entitled to the respect experience claims, gave vent to her indignation as she went down stairs, though she smothered her rage in Ulynn's presence ; for she had various reasons to prevent her parting with her lodger—" My certie !" quoth she, " to bring his woman to my house ; who have had the members of the synod and general assembly lodge with me—me who have but my character to carry me through the world, to make my house a receptacle for his limmers—she's a light cummer, I can see ; but he and she too shall troop both."

At the conclusion of this burst of honest feeling, Ulynn came down stairs, to consult with his landlady, upon the disposal of her he had brought. As she knew her lodger was not one

to be driven from any purpose he had in view, and the less apt, as propriety, prudence, and the customs of society, would set their faces in array against it, she would calmly and dispassionately reason with him on the matter. She knew the world, and felt an interest in him who occupied her first floor.—“But see now,” at the conclusion of her argument, added she, who had converted a fall into a solemn compact, “what trouble it will lead you into. It matters nought, your motives and your intentions, they may be good, and righteous—it’s the appearance we go upon in the world; and what will the world call your harbouring and keeping a young and inexperienced girl? It will reach the ears of your friends at court, and affect your claims more than your loss of rights will. And in such a way will be represented to the Countess of Walton, that will set her clean against you—worse than anything in the world you could do.”

Ullyn heard his landlady with much patience; and at the conclusion of her sensible admonition, asked Mrs. Triphong if the girl could be lodged in her own house; and Mrs. Triphong held up her hands with a Lord preserve us!

“What—oh, would you make a tabernacle of convenience of my house—a temple of accommodation of the house I get my bread in—look at my character!”

“What hath humanity to do with your cha-

racter?" said zeal and inexperience; "were the universe to be scandalised at my imprudence, I would not be deterred from doing a holy act of gratitude and justice; repay a solemn obligation, to the small amount of my life and being; and perform service to heaven, by rescuing from misery, ruin and despair, a poor, innocent, persecuted, helpless, friendless orphan!"

"Oh, that's a different thing!" quoth discretion, appeased by the echoes of something like common-sense issuing from the lips of heedless, headstrong resolve; for she saw much to come from tempering a lodger she would be loathe to part with; and she began to see less danger in sheltering the girl, whom she would make a sacrifice of no mean nature to accommodate.

Lucy Baliol was then told to consider the place she had been brought to, as an asylum.—
"Ah!" quoth the grateful girl; grieved that she had not a better claim to such favour, and that she had not more in her power, or the hope of having it, to give in return. "And what can I do, I have learnt but little, and have been taught less. Though nature hath been in some things to me no niggard, in what I lack instruction and art. Though taught in derision to have my will, when I had none to aid or serve myself, I have an alacrity in assisting others in many things the better taught may not outstrip me in."

Ullyn then began to ask the unfortunate girl the particulars of her life, and in what relation she stood to those from whom he had rescued her.

“In such strange diversity, that while it would claim me relation, it kept all natural affection aloof; mocking regard with remorseless restraint, and natural sentiment with unnatural coercion. Ministering delicate food with the hand that turned the key upon my freedom; wearing off my mind all traces of the sense of a condition in which I had known something else, till they were worn out; and the glimmerings of happiness merged in misery, like the gloaming of the setting sun in darkness; and though my conceptions of the former be like that of sunshine to the blind, the other hath nought to affright me. My senses have been played upon, till their organs have become dim, giving impressions of a world that can yield nought but what is vain. Peace and joy have been so mingled with gloom, that all things look to me cheerless, hollow, and vapid; till life, waking and in sleep, became, as it were, one lengthened nightmare—nothing but the dread of the spirit undying continuing the like impression through eternity, hath prevented me a thousand times from quitting it.”

“No relatives or friends?”

“Not the ghosts of such, save what you saw.

Relation to me, and friend, is as a book sealed. The very thoughts of my Creator are but the wild genderings of my own untutored brain, that strived in vain to see the mercy and the wise purpose of my existence. Though recollection of knowing kindness and affection in my infancy be dim, yet there is something terrible that had happened to me then, or some awful dream of my infancy hath never been worn away from my mind. At the sight of blood, my flesh creeps; and the confused scene in which it had been spilt, dances before me."

Luch Baliol was interrupted by the rattling of a carriage, drawing up at the door—"Oh, Glenullyn, what lady is this—sure I never beheld majesty and grace before!" she exclaimed; and Ullyn going to the window, saw the Countess of Walton descend from her carriage.

Ullyn was perplexed at thought of what to do or say. How could he satisfy the Countess of the propriety of having a young girl he had seen but once before, in his apartments? The poor girl herself, unconscious of ill, was equally guileless and innocent of suspicion. The Countess was on the stair; for Mrs. Triphong, who had opened the door, and who felt by no means averse to her ladyship encountering Lucy—not from any wayward love of mischief, but merely to support her idea of propriety, and to shew her lodger he was wrong in his; without saying

anything of his being engaged, shewed the Countess the way upstairs, to Ullyn's room.

"Well, I think he'll get an inkling of propriety, decency, and decorum now!" quoth she, laying her ear to the key-hole, to prevent the wind whistling through it.

The presence of a queen of great renown, to a sequestered peasant, whose imagination was full of romantic stories of regal grandeur, could not have produced a greater effect than did that of the Countess on Lucy Baliol. She had been, it is true, but little used to the company or intercourse of her own sex. And Mother Gormond, under whose maternal care she had been brought up, was a governess well calculated to give the imagination full sway. In Lucy Baliol, the feelings were mingled with something like adoration of the Countess. It seemed, as if her affections had been roused with her admiration. She had never before seen one of her sex whom she could really love. The Countess required no rank or title to excite the wonder or respect of this poor child of nature. The girl felt as if she would deem herself ennobled by waiting upon and serving such a mistress. And she stood apart, unheeded by that beautiful lady, enchanted by her appearance

"I am come, Ullyn," said the Countess, in a tone of voice in good keeping with her appearance, for it affected Lucy Baliol as much as her

appearance had, still unconscious of any one being present, save him she was addressing, and he standing mute, confused, and awkward,—“I am come to tell you how your cause progresses;” and in the sweet and endearing tone and manner of a familiar and equal, looking at him with a countenance of interest and fondness, she began to tell him what she had done in his cause, and had not proceeded far, before she forgot the main subject she had to communicate.

It seemed as if the matter demanded an interview and personal communication when the Countess thought of it at home, and changed its complexion marvellously when she found herself in his presence; for that which, in her eye, seemed to demand her seeing him, when she did come she either forgot it, or she reserved it for a more convenient season.

Things do often change in their complexion, without altering in their nature, by change of time and place. A cause may be clear when stated by one party, and not at all so clear when the opposite one hath given their version of it. That which often seems consistent on paper, or when viewed in fancy in the closet, becomes eccentric or outrageous in society; and many who have gone to break with friends for conduct that perturbed their blood, have returned with their blood in higher perturbation, from partaking of the very bounty they themselves treated

them to whom they meant to chastise; and when the Countess of Walton felt the importance of seeing Seyton on matters that pertained to him, felt when she saw him that which pre-tained, albeit more to herself.

"This night," said she, however, "a special commission, in form of committee, sit in council on your cause. Everything has been supplied which we could minister;" and then she remarked upon his looks and demeanour in a manner and tone that enhanced the esteem and regard Lucy felt towards Ullyn, seeing he was an object of interest to rank and beauty, as well as of herself, who felt bound in gratitude to him for ever.

"Should I fail, as I may, my lady, would my Lord Walton sanction with his name my claims to the service of my country?"

"Or I'd lack the power to do so for mine own son, if I had one," added the Countess, when her eye caught the figure of Lucy Baliol.

Ullyn did well to secure the patronage of the Countess's influence with her husband, before she beheld this addition he had brought to his establishment. At sight of an object so young, so interesting, and beautiful, in the apartment of him she had pledged soul and body to take by the hand, the Countess was greatly moved. This was the first instance of extraordinary feeling she had betrayed. While she evinced nei-

ther jealousy nor wounded pride at his love for Eliza Belford, while she stood unmoved when broke in upon by her husband, at a time when his presence was least expected, and she least prepared for his appearance, her whole frame quivered and shook from crown to foot, as she beheld this remarkable instance of Ullyn's gratitude. The mute-struck object of this frightful change stood and trembled; and Ullyn, seeing that he was the fool of fortune, destined to suffer most in what he had least hand in, whose very deeds of gratitude and benevolence wrought his own troubles, and threatened him ruin, commended himself to the guidance of Providence. The Countess continued to look at Lucy Baliol for some time without uttering anything, then turning to Ullyn, asked him, "Who is that?"

Ullyn felt anew the awkwardness of his situation by the question. It was a girl he had seen but once before, and one to whom he had gone unsolicited, carried away from her home and guardians, and brought to his lodgings to live with him. This was the real answer he could give. What might be construed into the guidance of heaven, or the mysterious operations of a presiding Deity, the sensible world would look upon as the dream of a silly girl, or the device and fabrication of an artful one. Confined in a gloomy house, in a dull street, with massy chain on ponderous door, waited upon a sybil redolent

of antique and mysterious phrase, and men of dark visage and strange hours, are the things people of fancy delight in; and there was abundance of these in the present case. Ullyn could make no reply, till he had gone through the history of their acquaintance from the tempest on the loch, till Lucy's appearance there.

The Countess then advanced to the girl, and in a tone of kindness and pity asked her name.

"Lucy Baliol I am called; whose I am I know not," was her simple reply.

"How came you hither then," said the Countess, still more moved by the girl's answer.

"I brought her," said Douglas, recovering himself. "I could not have refused it if I were to be made the object of the world's laughter and contempt henceforth. I believe her an object of detention by them whom, I am persuaded, have no claim to her; and if I suffer, or she suffer for it, the shame be to the world's charity, not my motives," said Ullyn with firmness, though his speech betrayed emotion.

"And have you no conjecture of your parentage? Good heavens, you had a mother!" exclaimed the Countess.

"I never knew her, or father, or brother, sister, or friend. If I had any, they were taken from me, or I from them. I have a dim recollection of something like parental caress, or my soul, that hath been denied it waking, hath had

some revelation of it in sleep. Were my mother here I should know her not, though I have the presentiment she is not in the flesh ; all paternal associations have had their chords withered and gone. The trumpet and drum swell on my sense as if I had been rocked to their peal, and blood quivers on my sight as if I had been swathed in it at my birth, which makes me think my parents were murdered before me, and as if I had been wrested from their gory embrace."

The Countess of Walton, though she might feel inclined to quit her interest in Ulynn, had yet humanity and foresight. She saw the danger of this poor forlorn object's remaining where she was, and nobly offered to procure her an asylum, and would take her with her. But ruin was enamoured of the son of Ulynn; and the infatuated girl refused, though in all gratitude and delicacy, a proffer so noble. She would be indebted to none but to her preserver; and the Countess seeing her resolve, left them both to their wilful fate—took a hurried leave of both—hastened out of the room—Ulynn followed—she was down stairs before he got half-way—opened the door—entered her carriage before he got to the foot of the stair—threw herself back in the seat—and was hurled home.

"Ulynn !" said Lucy Baliol, as he returned with a swelling heart—"Oh, that name comes

to my mouth like thought to the wish : Ullyn, that noble Countess loves you !” And after a pause, for he was dumb—“ Ah, something beams in that eye, which to you, no interest but one, all powerful, can give ;—that will make you wail, or rejoice. But something bids me say—beware ! and love her not, Ullyn !”

“ My troth, but I think he’ll have had an inkling of the respect due to an honest house, and to a good repute,” quoth Mrs. Tripthong, to the musing son of Finlay, as she saw the carriage driven up the street.

“ Yes, this is the place for gentle hints, I must own,” said he, who had proved one or two. “ Love, I have heard it say, was an inhabitant of the rocks ; I find the ground is rather slippery here, for it to keep its footing on. It is only jails here that are built of stone ; and though they be big enough, it’s rather a contracted sphere for the growth of sentiment, though I find it ample for the free developement of conscience. That seems to swell with the lightness of its pressure, and to get elastic in proportion to the weight it carries ; what smothers and strangles other life, gives it existence. Even if you don’t feed it, it will feed itself ; and gorging, will never give it a surfeit. I asked for a little more of it from that grocer and churchwarden next door, who was cheating me with an honest manner ; and he thought it was something I

wanted to eat, for he asked me how I'd have it, undone or overdone. I was afraid to add honour to the request, as then he would think I would have something to wash it down with, and ask if I would prefer it with the chill off."

"And what has conscience to do with love?" quoth she, who kept them both—each in its own place.

"Devilish little—eh, woman, but that's a fact."

"But I think from the swatch the Countess has had upstairs, ye may ditht your nebs and flee up."

"Maybe, Mrs. Triphong, maybe; yet it's a pity the acts of charity and mercy should be dealt such thunderbolts by a world, that, from every appearance, stands a considerable chance of being judged itself," quoth Fingal, letting his fingers descend into his snuff box.

"Charity and mercy quotha—don't speak to me of your interpretations of that sort of sentiment, 'tween youth, full veins, beauty, gratitude, and no guardians."

"Aye, I see we must take a new way of enlisting this keen-sighted world's sympathy."

CHAPTER IV.

CALAMITY BRINGS THE CALAMITOUS TOGETHER.—ULLYN
GAINS THE FRIENDSHIP OF THE UNFORTUNATE, AND
COMES INTO CONTACT WITH THE FELONIOUS.

ULLYN waited the greater part of the following day in the neighbourhood of Westminster, to learn the progress of the inquiry the committee that sat on his privileges were making. There are few situations more calculated to make a man reflective, than that of waiting as a suitor in a doubtful, prolonged, and important trial, at Lincoln's-inn, or the courts at Westminster. There the really great and renowned of the country, the idle, disappointed, and the broken-down, are to meet—the former filled with the importance of the nation's welfare, and their own renown; the latter amusing their imaginations with fancies and visions, raised by the characters they behold, the contiguity of the place, and their own want of employment to take them elsewhere, and the lack of means to enable them to kill the time in places of more substantial entertainment. Men seeking estates and privileges with scanty hopes and slender resources, whose

chief assurance rests on the extent of their need and wishes. Some without wits waiting for titles, or the redress of wrongs all the world must feel interested in. Others with nought but their wits expecting, or needing at least as much. Curious propensity in the unfortunate and the unhappy, who, instead of communing with the miserable, and visiting the haunts of the hopeless, and them in like circumstances with themselves, repair to the resort of the fortunate and great; and instead of soothing their sorrows with the contemplation of greater or equal, and reflecting that others have as great cause to bewail as they have themselves, and claiming the consolations of sympathy and example, they resort to the haunts of the opposite extreme, as if to heighten their own calamities, by contrast with the fortunate and happy.

Feeling dull and tired, Ulyyn entered a tavern in the neighbourhood, to rest and refresh himself. A pity it is there are so often disagreeable associations connected with the idea of punctual attendance at a tavern, for there are few places where one can be more welcome, and more at home. No servants wait upon him with more alacrity; he has the advantage of company, without the expense of entertaining, or the trouble of pleasing them who have met, and who mean to meet for the purpose of being pleased. There, instead of listening to domestic complaints and

faults, he can have his troubles soothed, and his thirst quenched at the same time. Instead of any fault being found with his indulgence, the greater his allowance, the more welcome he becomes. There he can find not only relief from annoyance and importunity, but he can forget his cares, by taking the cares of the republic into his interest, and neglect the evils of his own conduct, by reviewing those of his country. If he be without the resources and anxieties, the responsibility and expense of host, he is equally free from the restraint, submission, and ceremony of a guest. He can be on an equality with all who drink the same liquids, and what may be deemed faults or vices at home, are there special recommendations.

Ullyn had taken his seat opposite to two young gentlemen, when, after a short time, a countryman entered the room, and asked the way to Newgate from Westminster.

"The way is pretty straight," replied one of the young gentlemen; "though it be more direct from Newgate to Westminster, and much more frequently traversed."

"That's very strange," quoth the countryman—"how is that?"

"It is like all other descents, the gradation from bad to worse is always more easy and common. The descent to Avernus has long been easy;—to retrograde, 'hic labor, hoc opus est.'"

"Are you in search of the picturesque, or of furnished lodgings, you would direct your steps so anxiously to Newgate, friend?" said the other young gentleman.

"I have been on the highway!" replied the countryman.

"Then it's strange you don't find Newgate without asking. But your taking Westminster on your route, is quite legitimate—and I think you may keep your mind easy you'll be there in time."

"Then are there different ways to Newgate?"

"Oh yes, and all of them less or more safe and expeditious. They are as various as the routes to parliament; some take it indeed as a way into the latter here, I suppose to gain a wholesome foretaste of bad company, that he may corrupt by degrees. '*Nemo repente turpissimus fuit.*' Some go to Newgate, as they go to chapel, as a temporary expiation of little transgression, in the room of confession, for want of priests. Some take it periodically, as they do physic; others make it an era in their lives, but I believe few are very careful about going; they allow themselves, for the most part, to be taken there. Is your object there moral or political?"

"Truly speculative," replied he, who had come off the highway; "the road thither was the principal view I had."

"Just so. There are various roads—sundry

ways—all of them, ‘per se,’ very good, perfectly unexceptionable. A Christian debating society is not amiss. The bill way is an approved one enough. Turn captain on half-pay with a sold commission, and live like a gentleman in furnished lodgings. Your high-way you seem to have cut—wants address, a blood-horse, and a blowen. If you’re flighty inclined, mount your Pegasus, give full reins to your satire, ride rough-shod over corruption, and you’ll find you’ve not mistaken the way.”

“I could never keep my seat on any I could borrow, and my own is so spavined it would break down with me, and is withal too civil by half for such a heat.”

“Then just step into that elected free-and-easy at St. Stephen’s there; lug the speaker out of the chair, bid the members keep order and proceed to harmony, and you’re in Newgate before a division. I see you’re from the country—Coventry, I presume. How are crops?”

As this was a subject the countryman knew something of, he replied, that totally depended on the soil and seed—the contingencies were as numerous as their roads to Newgate. This produced a series of mutual retorts, which gave birth to a series of personalities, in the course of which the two neglected the English maxim of fair play, and fell both upon him; but the countryman with all his simplicity was more

than a match for them, and failing in argument and wit, they would with one impulse break his nose, when Ullyn interposed and prevented them.

The countryman felt very grateful to him. "There was something," said he, as the two retired, "in your looks, which was quite a relief to the common style of physiognomy. I'm acute in faces; there's genius, hallowed by disappointment or melancholy, in yours. In mine you can trace ill-luck in every curve—I am Conrad the unlucky, living for some future historian to record calamity: I was misbegotten before I came into the world, and have been misfortunate ever since. I am a walking cyclopædia of bad fortune—an animated Irish bull; your appearance hath interested me, and you must be unfortunate; you have now enlisted my gratitude by service, and you must be unfit for this world. Had you been unfavoured in countenance, done me injury, I should have found you fitted to defy laws. I once bought a ticket in the lottery; it drew the head prize, but not till I had sold the ticket and my chance too. If I do a service, I do it to the wrong person, or my favour does no good to him who gets it; my motives are questioned. When I'm in haste I am too soon, when I take my time I'm too late. The man whose fate interests me proves but a scamp in the world's eye, and prone to

error. When all the world runs and I run too, a panic ensues; when the world runs and I pause, I lose the chance it hath had. I set out for London from Derby sometime ago, got upon a cheap coach running down an opposition, and was run down myself. I traverse on foot, and am stopped the first evening by two sacrilegious footpads, who first demand my money, and then—my blessing; I give them the blessing first to render it the purer; I withhold the other, and am half murdered. I am carried to the only inhuman landlord on the road, who, finding me without money, I find him without mercy; and he leaves me to perish under his roof. A young lady on the way leaves me her purse; I recover, and come to London in quest of her to return it, and of course give it to the wrong person."

"How happened that?"

"The lady's name was on the purse; reaching London, I learn the address of one of her friends, to whom I go and leave the purse—a lady, her aunt, with due acknowledgements. Wishing to shew my gratitude, I call again, and find that the young lady has never appeared; that she had written to her father, and had received a letter in return, saying she had ran away from her home, and bidding her search for her in London, and that he himself would set out again in quest of her."

"Her name?"

"Belford!"

Here Ulynn groaned.

"If you be the means of restoring her to her friends, perhaps in her mind you may do her little service," said Ulynn, concealing his emotion.

"You're right, if I do it, or if it would be a service, it would be done by me—too late."

"It is not in quest of her you ask your way to Newgate?"

"No; it is to see him who stopped and robbed me on the highway—he, at least one of the two, is now there."

"How did you get him apprehended?"

"Very strangely; when I was directed by the authorities of Bow Street to a new officer of justice they had lately got, who would be sure to get me the leader of them, I found him to be one who of all others would be able to do me that service, for in this minister of justice I hail the comrade of the very pad who stopped me on the road. The man seemed noways surprised at my being struck by his appearance, for he had begun to see things in a new light himself, and had become a convert to religion and justice, and justice had wisely converted him to be an efficient instrument in converting others. He proves his sincerity and usefulness by nabbing first every friend, companion, and acquaintance

he had, and at the same time every highwayman on the road; he knew Jack well, he said, and the same day he had him fast in Newgate. I have been to the house he was taken at by the Abbey here, where I have been directed to go where I shall be sure to find him."

"What is his appearance?"

"Tall, though juvenile, and somewhat sallow in the complexion; and one who boasts of college breeding."

"'Tis the same my servant came in contact with. I'll go to Newgate with you, as it strikes me he may aid me in my search for some documents I'd give a portion of my life to gain."

"If he do, I'll forgive him the greater portion of the blessing and money he filched from me."

And these two heroes of malignant stars set out together, on their way to Newgate.

Before Ullyn and Conrad the unlucky could reach the place which had never yet been mistaken, even there was Michael Varnish before them. Had they assayed paradise, they would have found the son of Jacob covenanting with St. Peter the expediency of no more room. Such a coincidence was not more remarkable, than Michael's encounter with his son on the highway. As they reached the jail-door, they met Michael descending the steps. Ullyn not wishing to come into contact with one to whom he owed so much, wheeled round before Varnish could see him.

Michael could forgive the robbery, if he were satisfied of the utter destruction of what he had been robbed of. Their annihilation was all the restitution he was ambitious of. He had never the heart to destroy them himself while he had them, though no one into whose hands they might fall would fail to note their value—to one who would give all for them. This proved, that in the most subtle and cunning, there is always found some weakness to betray them. Men of depth go beyond their own fathom. While he held possession of the papers by which he held possession of his estate and wealth, he could not find nerve sufficient to destroy them. Soothing conscience to the crime of their robbery by retaining them in existence, that he might retain the power of restitution, to meet judgment. Now he cursed loud and deep his scruples. He bade the jailor announce to him that he had come to visit him on good intent. He found the prisoner in a frame of mind willing to do anything to change his condition.

“You may recollect me,” said the parent to his offspring—“I had the honour of meeting you before.”

“Very likely; when, I dare say, the honour was all on one side,” quoth the son.

“You are here for a robbery?” said Michael.

“As likely here to prevent one, seeing the weather is set in to be fine, and the moon entered her last quarter.”

"I do not come to question the propriety of your being here."

"I do most unequivocally—no man with any pretence to taste or breeding would submit to it, if he could help it."

"Then I suppose you would be no bar to your getting out, if you had the offer."

"The pleasure of trying to get in again were inducement enough of itself—that depends on the terms. If to make a convert peach of me, to scrag my pals, like the Gospel one, who, in the face of men and angels, laid his paw on me—for that I'd require some training."

"The terms I'd offer would not lay the burthen even of doing evil, much less to repent—you robbed myself," said sire to son.

"Such a mistake might happen to mortals, so prone to error—one may even meet a brother in the way of business."

"I come to serve you—your identity can be doubted—I do not doubt it. The use you made of that you—borrowed of me by the light of the moon, is all I would know."

"We put these to the best of uses—if coin, we circulate it; if swag, we fence the same. Rags we trog; and all speaking dummies, whether in black-letter, round-hand, text or small write, we sacrifice to safety and conscience—purify them as the Jews did, by passing them through the fire."

“He who is the cause of your being here I can reason with, if you would sleeve the head.”

“This cove is too downy for my college pater. I must brush upon the sneak—there’s the sough of hemp-spinning in his croak. Gad I feel as if now on the beam, with the bolt newly oiled.”

“What I would ask will deprive you of nothing—not the sacrifice even of your sins.”

“There’s something in your voice like the jow of St. Saviour’s in my ear, knelling dirges—no matter, fake on.”

“When I had the chance of meeting you, I shewed my confidence in you, by entrusting you with some small papers.”

“And you held your life as security—confidence, like the honour, all on one side still.”

“These were private documents, valueless to mortal save myself.”

“And one other,” quoth he who tempered plunder with pleasantry; and one who thought his knowledge should go like his ideas of justice—counter to his he dealt with. “I understand they are of as much value to Michael Varnish as they can be to you. Eh, fence my soul, but a light gleams on me in this dungeon;—but they were the same rags that same chaplain made me fake from the bloody corpse of the old major, as he lay on the field of——. As he was filched of life, to grab what he had, was proved to me no faking; the plunder of the dead being like

grace, as my father used to say, in a pope's bull, gawn gear."

"Powers of darkness!" exclaimed Michael Varnish to himself—"have I been robbed on the highway by my own son!" Then perhaps to this Michael—what's his name—aye, Varnish—you might be induced to give them up," said the son of Jacob.

"For bringing me into the world, and landing me here—perhaps I might if they'd take him out of it," said the grandson of Jacob.

"Would you be content to live on easy terms if you had the chance," said Michael, to divert the current of his son's piety.

"Anything without compromising my honour," replied the thief.

"This would enhance it, in my case. I alone am evidence."

"There's another, who has seen things in a new light; who wants to forget his past life, by nabbing the lives of them he seduced, and wants no one to remind him of anything to repent of—he stood you sentry while I craved your benediction—a thirstier bloodhound never tracked pad."

"A man who has seen the error of his ways will always listen to reason."

"Suppose the papers are destroyed?"

"Prove me that, and I am content."

"Oh, in that case," quoth the prisoner to himself, "I may as well swear to that, and keep the rags too."

So Jack gave his father his honour the papers were destroyed.

"I have no reason to doubt your honour," said he who would fain have doubted his identity; "but if I gave you mine, you'll get free, albeit you might not be content."

"No, I'll be d—d if I would, from the sough of your voice—excuse my flattery."

"Then give as much assurance as you'd take," said Michael; and Jack gave a string of oaths twice the length of the creed.

"Had you no witness of their destruction?"

"Ben Shroud, who was scragged in front here on Monday morning. Served Ben right, he shouldn't have spliced with his blowing."

"What was your object in destroying them?"

"They wouldn't melt. To have fenced them, would be like fencing a mot's tongue—apt to peach. I stake my being for their destruction."

Then Michael said he would bethink of some deed for the covenanting of each, and withdrew to covenant for the prisoner's safety; while at the same time he thought he owed a duty to society to rid it of its pests. For as a parent he felt no great repugnance to be rid of a son who promised to be of little credit to him;—but he had humanity, and would that society in general should have the sole benefit of his riddance.

"My visit is vain," quoth he of malignant stars, as he saw Varnish issue from Newgate; "this is

the mediator 'tween me and the robber—you can see the worthy yourself, and I will wait for you in that coffee-room we passed.”

But it is a pity to enter Newgate at the end of a chapter.

CHAPTER V.

A DELINEATION OF SELECT SOCIETY—ULLYN'S INTERVIEW
WITH SOME OF ITS MEMBERS, AND DISCOURSE WITH ONE
WHO WOULD HAVE HIS DESTINY IN HIS OWN HANDS, AND
TRADE FREELY WITH THAT OF OTHERS.

THE heart of every one, whatever may be the object of his visit, beats a little when he enters Newgate for the first time, and that of Ullyn beat none the less from his having seen Varnish issue from it. There is something in the sombre and frowning look of Newgate, no one can ever mistake it for anything but what it is. A man, the most illustrious in one scene of action or train of intellect, is seldom mistaken for the covert author of aught illustrious in another. Among the many individuals to whom the Waverly novels were ascribed, Wellington and Rothschild; two the most renowned of the country, were never amongst the number; and among the varied purposes for which buildings have been intended, no one ever took Newgate for anything else but Newgate. Some theatres might be mistaken for relief chapels, palaces for courts of law, and virtue might knock at the

door of many a temple of vice, taking it for something it might be safe to enter ; but no one would knock at Newgate for shelter, even in a second deluge.

The turnkey, who asked our hero's business, had a face and figure in good keeping with the bower he guarded. The locks and bars he turned and drew, as they creaked, seemed tuneful accompaniments to the sighs and groans of repentance and reparation which should issue from such a place. The hollow vault, as it echoed their footsteps when they left the sweet light of heaven, seemed a tunnel to the den of despair. Passing through the gate, they entered an open space—a kind of spiked amphitheatre—something like an arena of wild beasts, in which were caged an assortment of wild men.

“A capital cage that for the breed of morals and politeness,” quoth the turnkey, as he saw Ullyr stare at the lot.

One with two eyes and one eye-brow—for the two merged into one—grinned like a hyena, and d—d the little remnant of soul he had, but he would rejoice to rump our hero for the sake of his coat. A hollow-eyed, sunken-cheeked, component of a thief, with a nose turned up in defiance of propriety, seemed to expatiate on vacuity with one eye, and fixed the other on the visitor's pocket, uttering sentiment fragrant as the outlet from which it issued. Another,

with a flat face and shapeless head, held out his tongue—as if blistered with oaths—oosed slaver through the grating, and snarled speech too hideous to quote; while a lankey erection of wild materialism held out his hand—taper, moist, and clammy—that Ulyyn might admire the gifts of nature, in beholding an instrument so well calculated for the wise purpose he had used it. A grinning frolic of nature was observing, with the delighted eye of an artist, two thieves playing, through sheer instinct, with their hands in their neighbour's pockets, and a burglar, tinged with poetry, tried to give slang in numbers, and measured his verse on the bars of the grating; and another, a sort of *Æneas* in a cage, was recounting his feats to a paltry filcher, who, in return, was practising his own by fingering for a knife he knew he had with useful blades.

“There's everything displayed here but repentance,” said the turnkey, “which, unluckily, happens to be the only thing needed. Haven't a thing in life to reproach 'em with but giving a chance away and coming here.”

“Don't remorse make that havoc on their faces? they look as if they had foretaste of the gnawing of the worm that never dieth.”

“Can't spell the word. Speak of repenting to them they'd not collar it, unless they could fence it. If not under the head of the article swag, wouldn't own it.”

"If misfortune or temptation should drive a wretch to crime, that may make him a culprit, what a place is this to bring him to!"

"Why if he aint your regular varmint, he'll soon be broke in by as many tutors on the voluntary plan, as he'd have lawyers to defend him. If new caught, and he incline to be conish, he'll have every encouragement to get on in the new line he's embraced. That lanky taper of repentance you see there with the drooping mug, he'll wail you by contract, and is as downy a cracksman as ever gnawed cold iron. He has two faces, regular, the upper looking out for spoil, the other hanging repentance. He's half-lying, half-crocodile,—one eye twiggung a resting-place for his forks, t'other squirting salt tears: while his lips would troll you a prayer, his soul's inside a Bramah lock. He's here all for liberty, he says: came for signing his cross to a petition to free the blacks."

"Signing a petition?"

"Yes, with one hand he was, as it were, giving freedom to the niggers, he was giving like freedom to the gentlemens chronometer—all consistent, mind ye. He's half-Scotch, half-English," continued he who was wholly Newgate. "One side of him cool and selfish, t'other hot and filching. That one beside him, with the leaden sconce, is a man slaughterer of his wife

and young one. He first quieted the child, but as they called it Samuel in the indictment, he was acquitted, 'cause the child had never been christened—that's the beauty of baptism, makes people correct; he soon persuaded his wife there was no happiness to be looked for here, and got her to cut it of her own accord; in which he helped her so cordially, he had to finish what she had begun, but has allowed her to have the full credit of it. He took a fancy to a jewel a thief had, when he bet for it with the other, who should hang longest by the neck—the other trying first, he kicked the stool from under him. He would have got over that, as nobody saw it, but he took a fancy to the wipe that served the loop and claimed it. As the other was to be hung at any rate, he can only be blamed for too much haste. That's an Irishman, in the coat with three pieces, who came here by mistake."

"How could he mistake such a place as this?" said Ullyn.

"His wife meant to do for him—at least he was afraid of it—and to save his life he took hers; and here he'll wait till the law take his."

"There appear to be some of rather a better caste," said Ullyn, noticing some half dozen of refined burglars who walked aloof from the rest.

"That's the swell line of business—a cut above them kiddies; they scout them paltry retailers of petty larceny and small iniquity. The

cameleon-looking two yards of smash with the green spectacles, who's talking in large patter, with words without any corners to them—to him in the morocco slippers (a Protean greyhound by the bye, who changes his appearance as often as he makes things change owners), is a rare one at the subscription rig; he'd sue your aid to further, as he calls it, some great affair, with a sounding name, in distant countries, and draw more from you than you gave;—would assail you again in half an hour for some croaking author, and finish what remained about you—and yet you'd see nothing in him to remind you that you had cause to recollect him. That's a literary miscreant behind, who has been five years soliciting subscriptions and collating matter, as he calls it, by sleight of hand; which he stows not in his sconce, but in the attic of the only relative he boasts.”

“Are they allowed higher privileges?”

“Why, not as you may say, allowed—but they can be fancied—and there's a great deal in fancy. If you dree the rig on cage allowance, it sweats you a precious sight, if you have genteel desires.”

“Is there no way of reforming these wretches?”

“No way of what?”

“Reforming them.”

“Why the only way to wash your Ethiopian is to boil him—boil him well in a copper or cauldron—then I understand his skin will peel

you off white, like the bark of a tree. So if your nigger would only live after the scalding, he might make as good a Christian and accountable being, as if he were thorough-bred. But to regenerate them kiddies! Nothing yet been invented to collar their amendment. Try to wean fishes—it's their element, there's where it is. Now where would be the use on't, that's what I want to know?—who'd have 'em at a gift, though they were scoured body and soul? There aint another line of honesty the imps could turn their fingers to. The universe abjures the coves; who'd recommend them, even seen through a telescope, to any patronage on this side of Cape Horn. No, the heathen's a better spec—go in now and sign a free pardon to that batch, and leave you with them—what a figure you'd turn out. Look for instance at that feeling Nazarene, with the willow mug and snipe nose; his eyes filled with tears of gratitude, when a patriotic idiot he had stopped on the road came to recommend him to mercy and pardon; his eyes filled with brine, and he nibbled the man's wipe to dry 'em with. Perhaps it takes all kinds of creatures to make up the world; and there's design in the web of the spider as well as in the trunk of the elephant. Though that swell fraternity's a puzzler—at home here, as if they'd been spawned in the jug;—with all the smooth patter and elegant tastes, as if they'd brushed

nothing but Turkey carpets;—up to everything, from the petty larceny to the treasure smash, with your genteel females after them—quite the gentleman, and so polite. Nice judges they are—they come with more desire to see your swell varmint here, than if they'd retired to places of quieter renown. Let me see—the cove you want's a Glasgow keely, aint he?—this way."

He who was begotten in the Vennel, by this other visit began to think his life of more importance than he had conceived it to be, and he foresaw something like a profitable negotiation for it and its liberty.

"It is just these very papers, as subtle a mediator 'tween the devil and the pope, has just left me about, alleging that he had hedged his thrapple with them on the ramp pad. He's scarcely given the spike the double, when you come covenanting mercy for their existence, and he for their destruction—what a pity two who speak so fair, can't be both served!"

"To gain some clue to the papers is my object—when I tell you what I will gain by their possession, you'd have no reluctance to answer me, seeing you took them not from me."

"Suppose I were to tell you, what then?"

"There would be nought within the compass of my power I would begrudge you."

"Suppose they came foully into the possession of the one who may have them?"

"I care not, so they come fairly into mine."

"Suppose them destroyed?"

"Then I have nought to hope for."

"Now we come to a bearing—I thought not by the sound of your voice. The croak of destruction has a different sough, even in Newgate, to the pipe of mercy."

"May I ask how they came into your hands?"

"He who left me, deposited them to fence his life."

"Was it to recover them he who left you paid you a visit?"

"And goes to covenant my salvation for them. He knows I calculate even how to infest the soul, and seems one to look on the day of judgment as a sort of Falkirk Tryst, on a large scale."

"Would you have any reluctance, if safety and reward were secured you, of telling me how you first got them; for I think you had them twice?"

"This is rather an awkward place for temptation. Like toying with sinners in purgatory, we might even swear to amendment here for some little indulgence; and when we grab our freedom, forget that we have anything to amend. I'll tell you who was concert to their faking, and you may judge how far justice was paid to theology in their grabbing—Michael Varnish."

"Were they not taken from the dead body of their owner, on the battle-field?"

"Bellona—excuse my mythologies—couldn't lie in, but Michael would come in for a share of the blythe meat—and if Mars were scragged, he'd inherit the rope, or his old clothes."

"Then are they gone?"

"He hasn't got them, any how."

"It avails me nothing who has them, seeing they are gone."

"As to their being gone," continued this palterer with humanity—"that is, irrevocably gone—I won't just say now."

"Ah! perhaps you can give me the substance of them, and be witness—you read them oft enough."

"Why as to that again—in doing that it is rather necessary that we should know how to read. I was taught I may say everything but that. I can read you any print-book. As I was son to one in training for the pulpit, it necessarily followed I had no need of religion. He was taught to fence souls, and naturally presumed I had none to save, for being clecqued by a pillar of the kirk—too nearly connected with the roof ever to be under it, and reared within hail of the college hall—I must be a scholar by nature. Had my senses been taught to fake before my fingers took the lead in discovery and invention, I might have copied them in my head. Still be satisfied you may hear more of them yet."

With this, and other discourse equally satis-

factory, Ulynn left the cell, with all hopes of the existence of the lost papers dashed to the earth.

When Ulynn joined Conrad the unlucky, as he called himself, in the coffee-room where he waited for him, he gave him the substance of his interview, and the two walked together back to Westminster. Conrad took up his abode in the tavern where they had first met, and having partaken of some refreshment together, Ulynn took his way home.

He could not pass through Whitehall without coming in sight of Walton House. The way passed the door was equally near to the Adelphi—it was very little out of the road. He would just cast his eyes to the window; perhaps he might see the figure either of Miss Belford or the Countess—at least he would see the window of the room where either was likely to be. Then as he saw no one at the window, a thought struck him, that he would assay to see Miss Belford by herself. He was fully aware that his attentions to her could not be agreeable to the Countess, and every hour added to the chance of losing her for ever. As he devised some score of expedients, and lingered by the door of the coach-house, his attention was suddenly attracted by a free discourse between two of the servants; one busy cleaning the carriage, the other burnishing some harness.

“I have no doubt in my own mind, but that the Earl knows it.”

“Or won’t know it, mayhap—and that, mind ye ’s a stubborn ignorance.”

“Do you think he watches and blinks at the fellow niggling his niece?”

“If he can shut his eyes to his intriguing with his wife, he won’t need much effort to do that.”

“The fellow’s like a roast ’tween two fires—if they don’t burn him to a cinder, they’ll put out each other, and leave him undone.”

“Yet he don’t seem to go the hog with either.”

“Oh, like other fortunate fools—the less he does for himself, the more’s done for him; as they throw themselves body and soul upon him, he very naturally shews his opinion of himself by taking a third into keeping, and directing his energies to her.”

“Damme, I don’t think that’s quite right though—where’ll you see a figure like my lady’s?—she’s the admiration of the prince and court; and I’m told there isn’t such a beauty in Warwickshire as this Miss Belford. How’s the fellow to keep this girl? You’ll see my lady’ll kick the traces at that.”

“Yes, when she finds the graith loose. She’s a plucked one, mind ye.”

“I’ll believe you. When half the household were laid up with the small-pox, how she attended to us all! and it’s too bad of them to wink, and whisper, and that sort of thing, at her

little eccentricities, when they owe her so much; though, of course, we've no doubt in our own mind she's just like as others would be in the same state, yet we would scorn to utter a breath against her."

"Though a devilish likely fellow for a lady's fancy, he's of the wrong side of the blanket too."

"Oh, we all know a man may be born too soon as well as too late in the world, and if he's a chance of squaring it with this heiress, he's a mortal fool to play with it—that's all I say."

"Jilt me if the fellow don't deserve to lose her altogether; had he been an Irishman, now, he'd been spliced sure enough. It's an awkward thing, Bill, to toy with any chance a woman offers you—if he dally much with this, see if he'll have another—when she's made up her mind to be married, nothing but marrying will satisfy her, and disappointed in the one she's set on, rather than go back, she'll go the full tether with the first that asks."

"Serve him right."

Without considering what plea he could make or what object he came for, Ulynn knocked at the door of Walton House, and on the servant opening it, he asked if the Earl was at home, and not being fortunate enough to find him at home, he found sufficient occasion to ask for the Countess with the like success; and by way of postscript—which, like postscripts of lovers in

general, contained the sum and substance of his inquiries — he then asked for Miss Belford. The servant smiled and nodded; at the same time he held the door in such a way that he required no other invitation to walk in.

The staircase was built like an additional part of the house, as if the dwelling had been completed without it, and it had been afterwards added to it. At the first turning of the stair there was a door which led to a part of the building which was distinct from the rest of the house. This door the servant opened, and Ulyyn was conducted along a passage something like a conservatory, canopied by glass, and lined by two rows of rare exotics, to a door or opening, when he found himself in a beautiful retired summer-house, overlooking the river Thames.

The apartment was tastefully and elegantly furnished. A glass door led from it to a lawn outside; the ceiling and corners of the room were lined with mirrors, so placed as to reflect the river. The apartment was delightfully perfumed by the plants, which by some cunning contrivance gave fragrance to it, without detracting from the extreme elegance and taste of its furniture. It was in the spring, when the warm south wind scarcely ruffled the swelling river, then reposing at full tide, the trees in full bud giving that pleasing though melancholy

feeling to the mind of the young who have all to hope for, or of the decaying who have all to regret, which no other season of the year affords, and adding fervour to the romantic enthusiasm of the lover. "Divinity of fate!" he exclaimed, "what holds me nerveless, as if it threw me into a state too sublime for action; here hath the very genius of my existence come within my grasp, and impotent I stand—to add to the exquisite reflection of denying happiness when offered, to the hitherto uninterrupted enjoyment of ruin undeserved!"

Ullyn was in a short time startled by the sound of footsteps approaching the door. The instant the door was opened he turned round, and Eliza Belford rushed to him.

CHAPTER VI.

THE PLOT THICKENS WITH THE ADVANCEMENT OF CALAMITY.—MISFORTUNE'S ABHORRENCE OF A VACUUM.—MANY HANDS MAKE LIGHT WORK OF A MAN'S FATE—SHEWING THAT GREATER DANGER MAY ENSUE FROM BEING OVERLY BELOVED BY TWO OR THREE, THAN HATED BY HALF A SCORE OF WOMEN.

No sooner did Ullyn reach the house of the Earl of Walton, than the son of Finlay began to scour the streets in search of him. In fact, as his master entered the house of that nobleman, that nobleman's lady knocked at the door of his lodging. This knocking appeared to Fingal, as if Fortune would get in; and for his master to be out of the way, was like denying to go afloat, when the tide of his affairs was at its flood. "Oh, my lady!" he exclaimed, "if you will just come in, I'll go and seek for him; and ah, sinner that I am, and where am I to go?" added he to himself.

The Countess smiled at the eagerness and simplicity of Fingal, attempting to look for any one in London, without having a distinct knowledge of the place he was likely to find him; and Mrs. Triphong offered to conduct her ladyship upstairs.

Mrs. Triphong was a disinterested woman; that is, she had more concern in the affairs of others than of her own; and was more grieved at the iniquities of her lodger, than at the recollection of the Vennel. Like many such penitents, she chose rather to lament and blame him, than to be the means of altering and amending him; and blamed him the deeper, as there was nothing tangible for her to reproach him with. She saw the Countess was a lady of delicacy and feeling, who had a high and clear idea of what virtue was, and the respect due to it; and of the worth too of a good name. She knew the Countess had a zeal in the welfare of her lodger, and she was perfectly justified in making her complaint to her ladyship.

"You are his landlady?" said the Countess, as she entered the apartment in which she was to wait the result of Fingal's search.

"I am, my lady," quoth virtue regenerated, giving a suitable sigh, "I am—and have till now kept a house free from reproach; and the more's the pity I should be so fallen and sunk now, to lose my name, and my good character."

"When they have estranged from you, you must be fallen and sunk indeed; then you have parted from your true friends. And how have they abjured your house?" quoth the Countess, in the tone of one who knew the worth of what was so easily lost.

The Countess seemed to contemplate with a deeper-toned sentiment the loss of that which she had made up her mind to lose herself, as if bewailing abundantly beforehand, were to alleviate mightily the burthen of lamentation after. There is the more wisdom in the sorrow when it is understood that it will not in any way interfere with that which is destined to bring it. If hope add to its enjoyment by the certainty of its possession, so must that sorrow of frailty in anticipation be the more sincere, which has every prospect of being realised.

"No fault of mine, my lady; it is not my doing," replied she who had done enough in former days.

"Where there is no fault there can be no blame," quoth she who seemed to have much in anticipation.

"And that but adds to the bitterness of its endurance," quoth she, who had as much reason to regret that calumny had no cause now to assail her, as at the prospect of another having the reason, as well as the merit of it.

"Not when there's the relief from the horror of self-reproach," added she, who seemed prepared for an ample taste of it. "How then hath this calamity befallen you?"

"It hath been but now brought upon me; dispensations seldom come single, my lady."

"Hath some one dear to you stained your

name by offending the laws: have those connected with you brought dishonour upon you?"

"None connected with me, my lady, I thank grace," quoth the mother of him on whom it would be envious to decide, whether he or Newgate were the greater credit to each other. "It has been brought by them who are no kith or kin of mine, thank grace."

"Hath Providence visited you with His dispensations?"

"Oh, no; Providence hath been ever kind to me," quoth she who had been kind to the favourites of Providence.

"Who then hath brought it upon you?"

"One who claims the patronage of your ladyship."

"None who hath any claim upon my sympathy would do it. You do not mean——"

"Glenullyn."

"Glenullyn! the name would couple with cowardice as easily as with dishonour; and sooner would the eagle flap subjection to the sparrow, than an Ullyn prove recreant in fight!" exclaimed the Countess, rising up and walking erect through the room, as if she partook of their renown.

"No, my lady, you mistake me; he's honest I own, and owes me nothing but what he'll pay. Regular, and most temperate in his living; gentle, unassuming, and would, I'm sure, do no

mean act of dishonour ; and maybe he errs in that in which the great world may least condemn him ; but that in which man, young, gay, and unfettered, may glory in, woman weak, lonely, and defenceless, who hath but her character to be her shield and protection, falls under the withering blast of calumny, like a rose blown and blighted by the burning winds of heaven."

Nothing so poetic as innocence when it shelters in the fancy, and the more so when it exists nowhere else. Like all departed worthies, too, it is seemly and pregnant with regret and sighs when gone. It is the more poetic, too, when it is all retrospect. Though like frailty, in general, it but live, die, and is buried, its tomb becomes, as it were, redolent of sentiment. When it existed in the Vennel it was modest, conceding, and quietly canonised ; now in contiguity with beauty and rank, it's wraith, like the blood of martyrs, would cry out.

"How then, in mercy's name, hath he ministered to your undoing?" quoth the Countess, contrasting herself and her relation with this organ of sentiment, and beginning to see the blackness of his guilt, though she had failed to see it even if he had proved her own downfall ; as if guilt took much of its complexion from the object of it.

"To my undoing? oh, no, my lady," said she with a shake of the head, defying tempta-

tion, when she had herself ceased to have any to offer.

"Your daughter?"

"No, thank heaven, I have none," exclaimed she who had enough to rejoice in a son.

"How then has he brought dishonour on your house?" said the Countess, her mind beginning to misgive her—studiously coming at last to that which she feared most.

"By the——beguiling of one he hath brought to it," said Mrs. Triphong, giving error a qualified name in compliment to the presence of rank, and rendering that it so spares the blacker."

"Oh, God! say not so," exclaimed the Countess, having an ill forboding of the relationship her favourite might stand to the unfortunate though lovely object who had thrown herself upon his protection.

"Nay, my lady," quoth Mrs. Triphong, seeing the terrible effect the announcement produced upon the Countess, afraid surmise was outstripping evidence, "I do not say he may exactly have completed the girl's utter ruin and destruction; and yet what else can it be, or what else can it come to? Why does he harbour her here, defying the law, the will, power, and authority of her relatives, her natural and legal guardians?"

"What testimony have you that Ullyn hath wrought this unhappy creature's destruction?"

"What else can lure her to him," quoth Demonstration, begging the question. "Your ladyship even could not withdraw her from him: she doats on his person present, sighs and wastes at his absence. Oh, it's no virgin love she pines with, I know."

"Give the gentlest construction to the conduct of one unused to courts and to the world, untaught to dissemble; give a charitable interpreting to seeming in a world of calumny, which the purest of us may need; we may then ask it with a better grace: deny not that we may too soon need sue. Bring the poor object to me."

"If that Countess has not made up her mind to go up the rack, I never crossed the hog's score myself," said Mrs. Triphong to herself, as she left the room with the consciousness of having failed in giving her noble visitor a just sense of morals and decorum.

Mrs. Triphong had proved the value of that same decorum, and the consequence of a slight fall, and moreover, ran no chance of proving another. The Countess looked to things coming, and ran all the perils in life. The former made no allowance for the frailty of nature, she had too much need of it herself: the peeress had a soul extensive in its charity, and seemed capable of forgiving everything, except that contumacity that defied the need of it; and such was her attachment to the subject of this history, that it

seemed his very frailty and errors were to prove the grounds of her pity.

Poor Lucy entered, led in by Mrs. Triphong, as much bewildered as when she first beheld the Countess, with that shame and confusion which bespoke, alas! too clearly her fall. It seemed only like that confusion and shame which guilt, or the degrading sense of error, so often produces. The heart of the pitying peeress bled at sight of the pale object before her. If she was no mother herself, she had the feelings of one, and felt for her who, for the want of the care of a mother, was in danger of becoming an outcast.

"Fear not," said the Countess, encouraging the poor girl to advance, as she stood aloof, awed by the presence of that noble lady, "I would be your friend."

Mrs. Triphong had a desire to benefit by the reproof of guilt, but Lady Walton let her know she had no wish to add to the girl's sense of degradation, and Mrs. Triphong withdrew.

"You still remain with Glenullyn?" said the Countess.

"Oh yes, my lady, I do," replied Lucy with as much simplicity as if she saw no harm in it.

"Are you conscious of the danger you run by living under the protection of that gentleman?"

"I know no danger, and fear none, knowing but safety and freedom with him, my lady," said

Lucy, afraid only of risking the privileges she enjoyed.

"But your own peace of mind, your hopes, your safety here, your salvation hereafter?"

"The one I have lost already,—hopes I have none to despair of in this world, and in that to come can I endanger them seeking relief from misery and persecution? I have sought no more; I pray for no more. I am not studied in appearance, and fear I am but sadly ignorant of the usages and customs of the world; and I may not know where I err most. If I have done wrong, I have done it in ignorance, for I see some who speak so fair and soft to them they condemn, and condemn what they cherish most, reproaching most the things they practise."

"You love Ullyn, said the Countess.

Lucy coloured deep as crimson, while a strange emotion shook her whole frame.

"He loves another, my lady," said she, and the Countess coloured as deep in her turn.

"He gives you protection," said the Countess, meaning something more than Lucy understood.

"Oh yes, but he gives another his affections," replied the girl, indicating a feeling she had not been taught to conceal: "I have more than I dare claim or ask, though he hath less than he deserves."

"You run a fearful danger—however pure

your motive, however single your heart and mind—staying with him. I could procure you a retreat where you would have equal freedom, and provoke not the perils you run.”

“I’d peril all with him, my lady!”

“She is bent on her ruin,” said the Countess to herself; and added, knowing well the female heart—“persuasion would be vain as opposition to the wilful.”

“Ah, my child!” said the feeling Countess, forgetting the distinction of rank between her and the object of her pity—“the world hath a strong sense of what is right, especially when its prerogative is judgment; and in proportion to its zeal is its censure of what is wrong, and what in your eye may seem pure, it will loudly condemn.”

“Will he suffer by its censure by harbouring me?”

“You may much more.”

“Ah! I thought to be with him long would be happiness not destined for me. I have been prevented enjoying it from dread of its not lasting, and I was very foolish to cherish the hope. Oh, and must I go back again to them Douglas Ulynn hath delivered me from?”

“No, if they have not a legal claim to you.”

“Oh then, I’d stay with Ulynn!”

This seemed a sad proof of the truth of Mrs. Triphong’s conception of the nature of the in-

timacy or friendship between the girl and her protector. Pity for the object before her, prevented the Countess betraying what she felt at this sad dereliction of him who claimed such a share of her interest. Yet she betrayed no jealousy, or she exhibited it in a way different from that her sex is accustomed to assume. Indeed there seemed to her to be little doubt of the poor girl's fall, or what is equally as bad at any rate—of her determination to fall.

With the sad sense of Ullyn's indiscretion on her mind, the Countess of Walton took her leave, and returned home. This interview had a terrible effect upon her—she felt feverish, nervous, and at last sick. She would shun company, and give vent to her feelings alone. She withdrew to her favourite place of retreat—she felt as if she wanted fresher air—and opening the door, found Eliza and Ullyn together!

We are not acquainted with any stronger evidence than that of our senses, especially in matters of interest and feeling; and feel none so satisfactory in cases of jealousy. There are some cases in which it may be both ineffectual and fallacious. Things of evil we may have seen we deemed venal, compared with the same that have been recorded when duly accompanied with commentaries, doubts, mystery, inuendos, winks, and other solemn stimulants to the imagination. Daeds that have been done in our presence by

them and for them we have a favour for, may not appear so black to us as to others more disinterested, to whom they have been told by the good-natured. But there could be nothing so complete, after Mrs. Triphong's dispassionate reasonings, and Lucy Baliol's avowal, than this display of Ullyn's versatility, to give her a just notion of his gallantry. The excited Countess no sooner opened the door, seeing Ullyn with her relative in close and affectionate converse, than she started back, and apparently appalled, stood mute for some seconds, and as if the sight forsook her eyes, shrunk back, and without uttering a word, retired and shut the door.

The innocent and unsuspecting Eliza only started, blushed, looked confused, and held her hands to her eyes, from maidenly modesty and shame, belonging to her years and education. The heart of her lover beat in loud alarm—as well it might—and like one overwhelmed with dread, he rose to depart.

“Farewell,” said he in a voice that trembled.

“She will not come again,” said Miss Belford—woman-like, fearing less the more cause she had to fear—her zeal to retain her lover rising with his to go; and with that beautiful and eloquent “Oh, stay!” of love, bade him go not yet. “We have nothing to fear from her.”

“We are in her power; more, oh far, than you imagine. What a frown was on her face.”

"Oh, but I know she is not averse to our—I mean," said the maiden, checking her tongue, the word uppermost in her heart was about to escape her lips; "I mean—"

"Perhaps you do not know all; you may, and I may be mistaken—heaven send I be. What a frontlet she had now. Oh! farewell, I think our fate draws near. Remember your vow, and so deal me heaven if I forget or violate mine!" said Ullyn, like one too much affected for the delicate observance of etiquette, he took a hurried leave, and with a conflict of feelings, hopes, and fears, returned to his lodgings.

Reaching the street he lived in, he saw a crowd before the door of his residence, and drawing near beheld two officers endeavouring to force their way into the house, and Fingal defying them with a spit. He asked a man, a spectator of the fray, what was the matter, and the man turned away without giving any reply: he put the question to a woman with a child in her arms, who bade him go and ask, he knew as much about it as she. Proceeding on, he put the question to a man with a communicative face, who replied, it was but a scramble for a wench. Then he perceived the uproar was caused by two officers endeavouring to seize and carry off Lucy Baliol, and Fingal trying to prevent them.

The truth was, that two men appeared imme-

diately on the departure of the Countess with warrants, duly signed, to seize the body of Lucy Baliol. Mrs. Triphong had a veneration for warrants, and them who bore them, and she bade the officers make free of her house; but Fingal, in the absence of his master, set them at bay. The object of their visit was not to be taken passively, and resolved to hurl herself from the window rather than be taken back to them who sought and claimed her.

Ullyn demanded of the two officers their right to force an entrance there, when, seeing who he was, they shewed their orders; and Ullyn told them they should not have the girl, since they who sought her had no right, moral or legal, to her. "Then we must take her, that's all," replied the two.

At this Fingal threw his body into a position of defence, and appealed to the feeling crowd, and the feeling crowd groaned and stood aloof. The officers, finding the tide of public opinion against them, appealed in turn to that same crowd, calling upon them, as husbands and parents, not to encourage an abandoned libertine to retain the child of a free-born Englishman from her legal protectors; and as Fingal d—d that in broad Scotch, the tide of sympathy turned, and one of the officers, rushing forward, seized Lucy Baliol by the arm, while she struggled with all her might; and Ullyn, whose tur-

bulent blood boiling with indignation at the injustice of the claim, interposed, and being rudely thrust back by the officer, Ullyn struck him. The man reeled back, and falling on the edge of the pavement, cut the back of his head. The officer rose again, staggered, and fell, as Fingal, emboldened by his master's example, tripped up the other officer's heels. Ullyn, humane as brave, raised the man he had felled to his feet; and Lucy Baliol, seeing the feelings of the crowd wax against her protectors, drew Ullyn into the house and closed the door, while Fingal escaped by the area.

The officers, frustrated in their attempt, departed—they knew there was a doubt of the legality of their warrant—and the crowd dispersed.

Ullyn, thinking that it would not be safe for Lucy Baliol to remain any longer in the same house, dispatched Fingal in quest of a retreat for her. It was not long before that nimble messenger returned, elated with the result of his mission. He had got a lodging, wherein of all others, the girl would be safe and happy. It was kept by Mrs. Andrews, their own former landlady, who had left the neighbourhood of the Strand, and kept a genteel boarding-house in the vicinity of May Fair, who would rejoice to give shelter even to a dog that claimed Glenullyn as its master.

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pated it would be, Fingal recollected that they had been rescued from a dilemma similar to that they were now in, by one of the horses at the Gordon Arms, and now remembered they had one of equal value in the neighbourhood of Covent Garden, and, with his master's leave, he would go and prove the difference of climate and locality on the conscience of horse-coupers.

The keeper of the mews was both surprised and rejoiced to see the owner of Shelly, for he swore, by his soul and its appendages, that he had hunted all London and Stepney for him and his chieftain. It was strange, too, that he should have forgotten his address. Fingal seemed born for incident, for he had come to the stable-keeper on the subject of selling his horse, and the stable-keeper wished only to see him, that he might tell him he had already sold his horse for the accumulated expenses of bait, veterinary attendance, and other matters. Ullyn had neglected to stipulate with the entertainer of dumb animals for the amount he should give for their maintenance, and he, finding it was left to himself, considered the highest treatment due the property of one who, as Fingal said, was no common individual. "The animal turned ill, and I employed a man at four-and-ninepence a day to look exclusively after it. I had the first of advice, and, thank heaven, we got the animal round and sound. Then I advertised in the

papers—regular,” quoth he; “all fair, mind ye; went to a world of expense—you can’t think. This is such a gallows town, I should have given anything to have seen you afore we sold the horse, just for satisfaction’s sake. We sold him, you’ll find, all right: we are often obligated to sell horses in this way—often. There were a many faults in the animal, though you couldn’t be aware of them; and I don’t think we could a’ made more on him any how; and I think if you be anxious to have him back, by going to a little matter, if so be you don’t mind the expense, that you might recover—I really do. The man who bought him I know wore a short green coat, with leather breeches; no,—I tell a lie, leather gaiters and drab breeches,—didn’t he, Jem?” said he, appealing to an ostler, who pursed his brows, and recollected, and thought, to the very best of his recollection, the man had a green coat and drab breeches on; indeed, he might confidently say he was sure of it.

“Sold the horse without our permission!”

“Lord love ye, who was to find you? Here’s the paper—the very identical advertisement—we always gives due notice. Mind, some ain’t so peculiar—some ain’t.”

“Then it may save us the trouble. For how much was he sold?”

“Here’s the sum, to a fraction.”

“Nineteen pounds ten shillings!” cried Fin-

gal, staring at the bill; "we'd not have taken thrice that."

"The utmost he would bring. Never saw such times for horses—I never did for my part. D—d if I don't cut it, and that's a fact. Horses eat their carcasses in no time."

Then Fingal demanded the amount, deducting the expenses of keep and sale, when that squarer of accounts delivered him the bill, amounting to the price of a halter more than the animal brought. The items of expense were long as a whip.

"Did you ever contract for the army?" asked the son of Finlay.

"Why, I have supplied it with horses last war."

"Never contracted for gunpowder? Do you belong to any religious, or humane society?"

"Yes, I do belong to the Conference."

Then the mute-struck grandson of the piper, without uttering another word, ran to the stable and seized upon Shelty, which he found more than half-starved—for he had ceased altogether to eat corn since the sale of his higher-bred companion—and seemed to Fingal to keep up the habit of eating by gnawing the manger

The poor animal recognised his master.

"Upright erection of knave and horse-couper, bowelless fattener on starving cattle, cheater of God's dumb creatures, of course, when you sold the other, there was no necessity for this

one's having anything to eat!" exclaimed Fingal, taking the poor pony, which seemed to follow him with thankfulness.

"Who was to pay for its hay and corn? its whole carcass wouldn't defray a month's grass," said the keeper of the mews; and throwing down a guinea, would stake it against the pony for a turn-up.

Fingal was zealous for the onset, but a gentleman who was in the yard, seeing he was only subjecting himself to ridicule and abuse, advised him to get safely out of the yard with his pony.

"Poor mortal," quoth Fingal, taking the gentleman's advice, "if it could speak to this Balaam of the Conference, like Paul before Felix, he'd make that horse-leech tremble." Then addressing himself to Sheltie, as he led him towards Whitehall, "You were frisky and full of facetiousness when you came up here; 'Gad, but I think, like ourselves, ye'll gang peaceably back, without the display of any unseemly antics. Well, this is the place for the expansion o' conscience. Heavens, what tethers they have—how elastic, how pliant! Here all things seem comfortable in religion and expedient in politics. Charity is a levy on house-rent; the fear of God so much in the pound, and a tax upon land. Oh, had Joseph passed this place on his route to Egypt, his ass had

been put into the pound, himself in the stocks, Mary sent to the tread-mill, and——”

Fingal was prevented finishing his reflections by Stephen Rodwell giving him a rap on the shoulder, who offered at once to take his pony to the stables of the Earl of Walton.

“Oh, man, just let us know when you’re going to sell it, and give us the amount of expense before the roup, for otherwise it’s astonishing how things square.”

“He shall have his fill for a twelvemonth, and never cost you the crack of a whip. My lady would begrudge him nothing for your sake, notwithstanding the untoward way things seem to go with you. Your grand cause progredes, man. The Sederunt are favourable to your claims, though her ladyship likes not their chairman. He was bred a Jesuit—there’s where it is.”

“There isn’t such a proof of the error of mankind, than the right way of thinking of their spiritual teachers and reprovers. In rebellion, they are on the same side as the hangman; in states, their interest is with the rich and the great; and in all troubled waters they’re sure to wade through dry-shod.”

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pounds, leaving it with a merchant for security, and quickly discharged their bill. Then that lady averred on her conscience she meant not to offend. Heaven knew it was for the good of her lodger. She but hinted—'twas but a hint she gave—she questioned not the honour of them he brought there, it was the world that meant to be scandalous. Her respect for her lodger was high; she took great interest in him and his welfare, as young and artless, and her reputation as a widow made her give any hint: but Ullyn was resolute, and would leave.

Ill news travel fast, and, like the snow-ball, gain strength and size in their course. They are among the few things that improve by use, and yield most at second-hand. If their object take the start of them, the very speed he uses in the course but clears the way to add speed to them to overtake him, and his safety proves the shadow, or forerunner, of the monster at his heels. In a world, an offspring of Chaos and prolific of monsters, its progenitor, though the begotten of Erebus, could bring forth none more unsightly than are gendered of men's motives; and the purer they are, the more fecund in lusus and abortion. Evil, with decorous seeming, is barren, compared with purity careless of appearance. Charity then becomes a selfish lighting of a load that is troublesome, benevolence lending out at safe and goodly interest, doing good

a catering for renown, humanity the nerves, and devotion the vapours. It seems as if man were deemed an incapable judge of his own motives, and his neighbours relieve him of the office. That which was at first gallantry in Mrs. Tripthong's first-floor, was wanton and bad enough by the time it reached Walton House, and begrimed enough when it got to the ear of Eliza Belford.

As Ulynn sat waiting Fingal's return from his search after lodgings, that worthy burst into the room, saying a messenger was below who had come from the committee to get all documents he could furnish, that day being fixed for the grand decision on Glenullynn. "The man says nothing you can furnish will be too trivial. Oh, that they'd take my faith in the matter. Things look well; the feeling, the messenger says, is strong in your favour. Mighty things may issue from this day."

Ulynn handed a small packet to the messenger, which contained all the documents and evidence he had. The man seemed to have a face a herald of good news. "Speed you," said the young claimant, with the wistful sigh of love and ruin, as the man descended the stair, while Fingal showered after him boots, shoes, and slippers, and Lucy Baliol breathed a prayer to heaven, fervent and pure as the aspiration of an angel.

Ullyn fell into a train of thought, and sat silent and anxious, in which he was duly sympathised with by the two who waited with him.

"Ah, me," said Lucy to herself, looking at him, "she claims his thoughts, and it may be for him to claim another's henceforth. When he gets his own, his name, his title, and his due, I may have remembrance, pity, gratitude; but, ah, another——"

At this moment Susanna Clypes, one of the Countess of Walton's waiting-maids, was unexpectedly shewn into the room. The heart of Ullyn must have been hardened, or his thoughts terribly taken up with his affairs, when there seemed such cause for confusion, and he appeared to feel none. He did feel, however, the delicacy of having a beautiful girl with him in his apartment, which she who came from his sworn love beheld. This she-Mercury delivered a note to Ullyn—he recognised the hand—with a fluttering heart he opened the note, and read as follows:—

"Douglas Ullyn,—I would see you. Come hither at one o'clock. Fail not. Yours, in affl——" (the rest of the word was blotted out).

"ELIZA BELFORD.

"P. S.—There is something,—but I must hear it from yourself at one o'clock. E. B."

'There was something in this that made the lover's heart beat. He looked at the messenger,

whose attention was fixed on Lucy Baliol, who, in her turn, had her thoughts fixed upon Ullyn.

"Tell Miss Belford I will not fail to be with her. Is there aught the matter?" said Douglas.

"Judging from her eyes I would say there is; and judging from the appearance of things in general, I would say there was some cause," quoth Virginitie in the dead thraw, and left the room.

The excitement which the pending decision on his claims called forth, the sudden fever of hope the messenger from the committee created, and the deep tone of alarm contained in the note, made his breast heave.

"He sighs," said Lucy Baliol to herself: "what would I give for such a breath, though it wafted on my grave."

As Mrs. Triphong conducted Susanna down stairs, she rejoiced in having an opportunity of unburthening an overcharged heart to one who had a willing ear.

"You come from the noble Countess of Walton, na?" quoth she.

"I am of her ladyship's establishment," replied Susanna.

"This young Glenullyn is in but sma' request there now, isn't he?"

"Greater than he's likely to be."

"I thought the reign of him, whom all the world were after, wouldn't last long."

"It's him then, is it, my lady comes after?"

"Of course; but I think she's had a swatch of him, that will mak' her trog the remnant for something not quite so full of seams and patches."

"And that's the one he keeps in his room upstairs that he's seduced? She does look a light article."

"She is so, no doubt, though to be pitied, as all fallen creatures are; but, my certie, he'll have to flit his wares to another shop—he'll no mak' a bagnio of my house one other day. Eh, troth, and I've come to a fine pass, to let my lodgings to shelter such cummers, I who have had the divines, woman, of the Presbytery and Synod lodge under my roof; none of your burgher tups or seceder goats, but of their master's own fold. Doctor Dreighandry, of the Ram's Horn, stops with me whenever he's in town. I turned out an Irish gentleman—just the pleasantest ye ever saw—to take this one in, and I may be paid yet. An Englisher too, tall and genteel, who changed his shirt every day—quite the gentleman—to be sure I haven't had my bill; but then he never questioned my charges; in fact, I couldn't get things too dear for him."

"And did these rams and goats of the Synod pay you?"

"That they did, though they stared at London prices."

"And does this Glenullyn pay you?"

"He can't any longer; he's pawned the last he had, unless he get this one he has in training to go out to the streets and forage for him. My faith, but your peeress of a Countess must have sma' conceit o' hersel to take the dividend of a fancy;—I'd at least have something mair than the moiety of one to myself, if I did demean me to such a thing."

And now Susanna returned to Walton House, with a breast as fraught with scandal, as she had from whose relief she had come.

In a few minutes after the departure of Susanna, Fingal conveyed Lucy Baliol, in a coach, to the house of Mrs. Andrews.

"Here, Mrs. Andrews," said Fingal, as he delivered his charge to that worthy landlady, feeling a strange propensity to speak in exalted phrase, when the world would think he had cause to show most humility, "this is the day for the name of Glenullyn. You'll hear such an upshot of the grand Sederunt, you'll rejoice to see us depart in peace."

"Come away, hinney," quoth Mrs. Andrews in an encouraging tone to Lucy Baliol. "Pair thing, with no protector, so young and bonny. Eh, but there will come a blessing on him who has taken you under his care, though, aiblins, the wise world abjure him for it; and maybe he'll be pure when he gets his rights."

"Ah, Mrs. Andrews, it's a pity we can't be honest unless we're successful. But now comes the tug of battle. We saw the Earl of Walton going to the grand committee that deliberate this day on the rights of Glenullyn. Michael wrestles with the enemy."

"But didn't I hear the Earl was no longer friendly to him? and if fame be true I do not wonder."

"Fame is but a limmer, Mrs. Andrews, a strumpet as big as she on the Seven Hills, that hallows iniquity when the meal's dear."

CHAPTER VIII.

SHewing, THAT EVEN THE ANCIENTS HAVE NOT EXHAUSTED HORRORS —THE CONCEPTION AND BIRTH OF A SECOND HYDRA.—LAW PUTS HER SIGNET UPON ULLYN'S EXPECTATIONS.

THE best use of philosophy is to render its possessors tolerant of the ills of life ; a better still is, when it makes them insensible to them. There is a considerable deal of that in exalted life, where men may wear a head-gear, more uncomfortable than a ponderous crown of iron, and not feel their heads ache. Evils which are denounced in lower rank, either add to the credit they court, or are looked upon very much as matters of course. The beauty of that philosophy which takes things calmly, is, that there is no effort required. It is like the self-denial, when the passions have subsided. There seemed to be much of it displayed by the Earl of Walton, when, on the morning of the trial of Ullyn's claims, he entered the room where his wife sat, and with all the kindness of a husband, asked how she was ; and notwithstanding that it was impossible he could be blind to the fact, that another began to rival him in her affections, he

bade her good morning, and proceeded direct to the committee that sat on his privileges, to use his endeavours in our hero's behalf.

The Earl had not left his residence half an hour, when one of the servants entered the room where the Countess sat, deep in thought, saying an old woman was in the hall, who would insist upon seeing and speaking with her ; she would take no denial, as she had something of great moment to confer on with her.

"If she want charity, give her that," said the Countess, throwing down a piece of money; "for I wish to be alone."

The servant departed with the money, and immediately returned, saying the woman spurned the cash, she wanted none—the Countess of Walton she must see ; and the Countess would, for her own peace of mind, and still more of that of some she would befriend. "So strange a woman, my lady, I have not seen ; and she looks as if the information she wants to give would warrant her coming to you, even without asking. She really looks like one of those creatures that can read every one's destiny but her own ; and that does puzzle me, how these creatures can see the clearer into fate, as their own eyes get dim ;—can foretell what will befall others, and can't see beyond their own noses ;—can read heaven's decrees in the wrinkles of your hand, but can't tell the evil purposes of

“And what have I to do with him?” quoth the Countess, shewing by her manner she could not conceal that she felt she had too much to do with him.

“The world says you have, and your brow cannot give the world the lie;—when you ask it, your voice gives answer in its utterance. Your noble husband is minister of a Christian state, who’d defend humanity and nature, as well as the laws, from violation.”

“It is not of Glenullyn you’d speak, coupling his name with horror! Parricide he’s none, and can be none. He’s too proud even to be dishonest, if he had the principle to be so;—too brave to be cruel;—too poor and too noble to be mean; lacks not the spirit, to need the practice of cunning, nor courage to do an act of disgrace.—What hath he done?”

“Enough to harrow the blood, and wake from the cold grave the spirit of his buried mother.”

At this the Countess stood aghast.

“He hath seduced and dishonoured Lucy Baliol,” continued she who had brought her up.

“Hath she no relations?—it should be their concern.”

“None surviving.”

“Were they taken from her?”

“She was taken from them, and I brought her up, till this fatal chance that wrested her from me.”

"And what would you that I do in the matter? I did befriend Ullyn—my gratitude forced me to it. I should otherwise have returned ill for good—his misfortunes interested me; and in mercy, if Lucy Baliol, bereft of grace, careless of her happiness and fame, fly to him,—and should he, forsaken of heaven, attempt to make a wanton of her?"

"Bide you, Countess of Walton!" cried Meg, rising. "Would you have him curse him incest, and Lucy Baliol, prostitution make, unconscious, to her brother? One mother bore them."

Here the Countess of Walton shrieked.

A servant rushed into the room to know what was the matter, but the Countess had full control of herself, and replied, with a coolness and composure that astonished Meg, that seeing a child slip from the hands of its mother across the road, in front of the house, and narrowly escape being crushed to death under the wheels of a carriage, she for the moment fancied herself the mother, and screamed at the danger.

"What a pity so sympathising a heart should have no offspring to bewail," quoth the servant, as she returned down stairs.

Then the Countess asked what proofs Meg had, Ullyn and Lucy Baliol were brother and sister, when the old woman related to her the circumstances of Lucy's abduction when a child, being carried to her, and brought up by her; that

Eliza Belford sat waiting for his arrival in another room. The time of his invitation had arrived, as he entered the house; and she was not aware of his obedience to her summons. Five, ten, fifteen minutes passed; and he, who should, on the eager wings of love, be there at her call—especially on such an occasion, appeared not. Her mind misgave her. As she called for him to upbraid him, this denial of his appearance spoke too truly the verity of fame. She sighed, and sat mute and melancholy; while Susanna Clypes, dreading a miscarriage of the news she was big with, would cry out before the nine hours were full. Being engaged with nothing in the room, she coughed, and would bring the scandal to light.

“Ahem!” uttered Susanna, as the sign of coming pains, “some folks have a mean conceit of themselves, surely; if I were a lady, as I’m not, thank God, more’s the pity—handsome and comely, beautiful and rich, as some folks I know, would I give the chance away some folks have got, to them as come into the world the Lord knows how, and are going I’m sure heaven knows whither!”

Before Susanna, to whose tongue silence gave the same impulse, which non-resistance gives to cruelty, proceeded with her delivery, she let Miss Belford know, that she was by no means base-born herself, though she was born before

her parents were married ; still her parents did make a marriage of it, which was more than the parents of some had made, who carried their heads pretty lofty in the world.

“How blind some people are to what concerns themselves,” continued Susan, going on as well as could be expected ; “it really does seem as if one’s own interest, which should open one’s eyes, were to be the real glamour, as they call it, to shut them up. I declare, if the moon were the earth’s wife, and Jupiter got thick with her, the blind world would call the conjunction only an eclipse ; though Madam Luna people the whole orbit nine months afterwards with a whole litter of comets. I thank my chaste stars I know my place, and can shut my eyes, and my mouth too, to all that’s going on. Oh no, no, it’s no concern of mine ; if my lady were to blazon her amorous doings at noon-day, with them she takes by the hand, be they posthumous begotten, or born like the world, it’s no concern of mine : and it’s not for me to speak of what I hear, and of all I see—though I hear and see that which tells me the virtue of your high-titled and high-mettled dames, and your innocent lovers are composed of.”

“What you see and hear that don’t concern your master and mistress, keep to yourself,” quoth Eliza, acting involuntary midwife to Susan’s parturition.

"So I do Miss; never's the one shall say I blab the matter, not I; though my lord made handles of his head-gear for knives, to him who planted them, to cut his way with through the world. I would never be the one to recommend another use of them, though some would gore him with them; and serve him right, as being stuck by his own weapons. It may be the duty of some people to give a bit hint, how somebody seems rather too great with somebody in somebody's absence; that iniquity be stopped in time, but it shan't by me."

"If it concern nobody, what then;—the sin and shame be theirs—we would not be the more innocent by its knowledge?" said Eliza; and twenty minutes had elapsed since the time Ulynn should have been present, and ten since Susanna's fancy was put to bed.

"They do say that this is the day for the finishing conclusion of this grand trial of Glenullynn," continued Susannah, having another throe; "well, what should there be in that—will that alter his birth, or make the memory of his mother more honest? How ever my lady can let herself down, I can't think; my lord, no doubt, happy in his ignorance; I dare say he finds no difference—and ignorance must be bliss, that's a mercy to be sure. But to hear her go on about him!—the fellow's well enough, if his mother had possessed a little more grace and

patience—but can you see a more desirable man than my lord? It really does appear, that a fine man for a husband, only whets the humour of a fine wife;—cloy one with Burgundy, and he'll long for claret; and one would think, that the very dispensations of Providence were displayed in furthering the strangle of connubial bliss.—My lord, by accident no doubt, must be out of the way, when he drops in just promiscuously; and when the carriage should wait at the door of the royal chapel, the horses champ the bits before the door of Mrs. Tripthong; and what gets over me, that she should shut her eyes to his proceedings with that girl he keeps there; and who would think so fair and open a face should be the dial-plate to such multiplying power of iniquity—and my lord now pleading his cause—I'll bet he's with his wife.”

Now squeaked in full life the progeny of Sussanna—a full-grown Hydra, to the affrighted senses of Eliza Belford. The sight forsook her eyes; she reeled out of the room, with limbs scarcely able to sustain her body; unconscious whither she was going, she proceeded direct to the drawing-room, her shaking hand grasped the handle of the door—the door flew open at her touch, and displayed to her confused senses what appeared a direful revelation and proof of her lover's perjury; for the Countess had, in a state of excitement of some kind, thrown her

arm around Ullyn's neck—or in other words, her lover was, to her eyes, in the arms of the Countess of Walton.

"False—forsworn—perjured Ullyn;—abandoned, traitorous world's wonder!" exclaimed Eliza, putting her hands to her temples; when at that instant, the sounds of a carriage and four driving furiously up to the door were heard. Instantly, the sounds of the knocker echoed through Whitehall; and a voice, in a tone that recalled the senses of the petrified-like Eliza, demanded his daughter; when she gave a shriek, and exclaiming, "My father!" sunk upon a chair.

"Now fate, do you owe me anything?—if you do, I'll forgive your debt—ye stars—thou, fortune—destiny—all, I do defy you. Oh heavens, more than this can I even die!" exclaimed Ullyn, leaving the room with the Atlas-like weight of the conviction of his love's utter ruin on his heart, and proceeded down stairs; when reaching the hall, he met Sir John Belford.

The baronet had just arrived from Warwickshire, having travelled from home without ever descending from his carriage. This was his second visit to London in quest of his daughter; and on his alighting from his carriage to meet the cause of all his alarm, anxiety, and troubles, he gave a look of surprise, anger, and scorn, but passed him, without the exchange of a word.

Our hero found himself in the open air, which breathed thickly ; and without considering whither he was going, he wandered to his new lodging, in the same street as that he occupied before,

Mrs. Pegu, his landlady, opened the door to him ; alarm was on her countenance too. " Oh, Mr. Ullyn, here have been two such suspicious-looking men inquiring and seeking for you : says I to Mrs. Tero,—that's a cousin of mine, by the mother's side ; her husband's in the commission line—and that trade's no what it used to be, nor anything like it ; many think that's owing to the encouragement of foreign manufactures. She always, or at least generally comes of a Friday ; brings her work with her, and has a cup of tea—and has ever done so, since she was married, and that's seven years, come boxing-day. I remember it as well, as what we had last Sunday for dinner—and that was pickled pork—such a beauty !—well, seeing these men, says I to my cousin, ' whatever can these fellows be after—some nab-me business, I'll take my affidavit ; '—so I'd advise you, sir, if you have anything to fear, you had better keep an outlook ?"

" What have I to fear, hope, or care for now ?" said Ullyn, with the impatience of one, whose heart is full, and who wishes to be alone, and hurried upstairs.

As Ullyn threw himself into a chair, and buried his face in his hands, Fingal burst into the room with Conrad the unlucky, who bore a packet in his hand. "Now for the triumph of wisdom and the rights of justice; here has come one who brings the grand decision of lords and counsellors on your claims. Now shall we hail you——" exclaimed the son of Finlay.

The man of malignant stars, who had waited for every opportunity chance might give him of becoming double or quits with fortune, and who, feeling an ardent desire to serve our hero, had waited the whole day for the verdict or decision of the committee that sat on his privileges, hoping that, should it be favourable, he might have the luck of at least being the bearer of good news. Hearing that the decision was given, and judging from the manner and appearance of things, that it was favourable to him he felt interested in, followed the messenger who bore the sealed report, and gave him a crown to allow him to be the bearer of it.

Ullyn took the packet—he felt afraid to open it. If the judgment were unfavourable, he had enough on his mind to bear already; and he had as yet something to hope from in all his disappointments, and this was to end it if his fears were realised. Deeming, however, a delay weakness, with a fevered, though steady hand, he broke the state seal. Fingal stood mute.

Conrad, the unlucky, suspended his breath, while Ullyn read,—

“The committee appointed to examine and consider your claims to the estates, honours, and privileges, of Ullyn, of Glenullyn, forfeited by the late Fergus Ullyn, by an act of attainder, but afterwards restored by the crown to heirs male of his body, for services rendered, after a patient and careful examination of all papers, and hearing counsel for four days, have decreed, that they can see no reason to alter their present possession, until you prove yourself lawfully begotten in wedlock.

“Signed, CLANCOURT (Chairman).”

“Come, curse me, Jacob, defy me, Israel !” exclaimed Ullyn, seeing the whole fabric of his ambition and hope at once annihilated. Giving a convulsive sob, he, for the first time since the day of his father’s funeral, burst into tears, and Fingal raised his voice and wept aloud.

“Had any other, save he with the curse of Cain on his forehead, brought that packet, or had the happiness and safety of soul and body depended on the refusal of your claims, it had been otherwise. Why did I wish for aught but misery to them I love?” said Conrad the ill-starred. “I will go array me in sackcloth.”

A WAKE WITHOUT
GATES UPON ULLYN
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went Conrad, with the determination to be miserable.

Shortly after the unlucky one had left the devoted one, the latter met with his friend, Stephen Rodwell, who was on his way to Ullyn, with a note from the Earl of Walton, commending him to seek philosophy, and another patron.

"Yes," said Fingal, as he took the note, "the man whose fortune the united efforts of an Earl and a Countess, furthered by one still more important, could only spoil, must be worthy of making one by himself. Eh, faith, we may be off to the tune of 'Nae mair to yon T'own.'"

"Well, you haven't had a very long reign of it," said Stephen, taking a pinch of snuff.

"A reign! an interregnum 'tween the swamping of possession, and the utter annihilation of hope and grace. I suppose now that our characters are seen through, we're considered no better than we should be."

"Yes, you're just what they all thought you, and what, of course, they all prophecied that you would turn out to be, though none of them liked to speak out till they beheld the sure fulfilment of their predictions. They who winked, coughed, and looked wise, no longer shake their heads, but sing out their convictions. They who were doubtful, never had any doubts of you at all; even they who once esteemed you, were

never quite sure of you, and they who never thought at all, meant everything by their silence. Nobody has been disappointed, and everybody has reason to be thankful they can wash their hands of you."

"Does my Lord Walton commend us to Providence too?"

"Specially. He wishes you well in the main, and maybe regrets the necessity of withdrawing from you. All abjure you but the Countess—she's the game one, mind ye."

"What, does she rejoice in us still?"

"Glories in you, but bewails this untoward affair with that little bit of fancy—Lucy—what's her name, your master kept, though she's put out of his reach now by my lady. She is loth to follow the world. She'll ever bear you in mind, depend on't. She looks by all the world like a woman who would have him under obligation to her alone for his rise, and rejoices in his fall, that she may bind him the more by raising him. The frontlets of these high-bred cattle! When Sir John Belford, her husband's cousin, reproached her for harbouring his daughter, and in a manner countenancing her love for a bastard, she stood erect, tossed her head aloft, and said, she believed Ullyn was as good as aught that drew legitimacy from his loins."

"No—did she though, Stephen?"

"Did she not, and in my hearing too. What think you of that?"

"Heroism ! Heroism, Stephen—heroism !" exclaimed the descendant of heroes, or at least their pipers.

"These dames of rank are the sort of articles to take things coolly. One would think that a state of rewards and punishments extended no further than exclusion from Almack's, and purgatory from court. Retribution they have notions of as distinct as those a drunken man has of his reckoning."

"And Miss Belford, what has become of her? does she too run with the world?"

"She has run with her father; besought him, with many tears of genuine repentance, to forgive her; sorrowing, in verity, that she sinned for one who proved so little worthy so much iniquity. Oh, man, what has your master been about all this time; why didn't he bolt with the young lady?"

"Honour held him—held him powerless; no doubt to enhance the enjoyment of his undoing, with the comfortable consoling that it was his own fault he did not get her. I glory in honour myself, certainly—have all the veneration for it in life. I would not have a man give me the lie even if I were telling twenty—suffer no man to tweak me by the nose with impunity—pledge not my word, nor stake my reputation, without some idea of honourably redeeming both; but, d—n me, if my heart's love threw herself upon

me; if I'd make any swither about taking her. Heiress to a baronet, too, and he to the lips in ruin and trouble, as if his need were to hinder him accepting the abundance offered. In my opinion, the poorer a man is the higher should be the test of his partner's riches; the extent of his wants demands accession of proportionate wealth."

"Now, Bric, come and let us be miserable," said Fingal to his comrade, as he announced to him the issue of matters; "for oh, man, the pity of it now."

Bric was going fast to ruin in a brilliant speculation of snuff-selling and boot-mending he had entered into. Fingal was his only staunch customer in the snuff line that Bric could boast of; yet all he could consume afforded not more profit than paid for random pinches: for as Bric served Fingal, the two, deep in converse, talked of the past with so much fondness, all the while Fingal unconsciously snuffed out of the canister and scales, and consumed the profits before he was served.

"I dreamt Fortune was brought to-bed last night, and Michael Varnish attended as accoucheur. Such a lying-in was never seen since Chaos was in the straw: the doctor changed to Saturn, as she was delivered of nine twins, and he swallowed the whole progeny. Poor old Janet! I thought she was at the blythe meat at

Fortune's delivery. Looking at madam's litter going down Michael's gullet, she closed her eyes for ever, for she thought the babes resembled the sons of Ullyn."

"I think we had better make a wake of it, and carouse to calamity."

"We may well do that, for I fear I'll have to marry my landlady to get quit of my rent. I can't pay her, and that, like death, pays all scores. I make an agreeable dividend of my four quarters, and she gives me herself by way of receipt in full, and an ample one for all arrears. That's the way to suspend your Habeas Corpus, any how. A wake did you say? celebrate our own funeral? I like it much. Who have a better right? Our parents caroused when we came into the world, and they who are behind us will keep our going out of it. There's nobody now we can leave to drink it with any satisfaction. Let us do our burial reason. Go and pledge these scales, and that cannister—stay, take leather, awls, and nippers too, and we'll have a wake of it—go, as we'd drink peace to our manes. Now let us be miserable and rejoice."

The son of Finlay did as he was desired, raised two crowns upon what his comrade gave him to pledge, and the two sat down seriously, and got merry on their sorrows.

During Fingal's absence, John Manger, who

was now out of place, called upon our hero, to request that he would recommend him to the service of the Earl of Walton. He had been discharged by Sir John Belford for accompanying his daughter on her flight from her home. "I know I shall be received back again—my young mistress will take care of that—though I dare say," quoth John, "she would wish that our journey had not been taken, for I think she regrets that our flight has not had better luck. Lochullyn dines there this evening."

From John our hero learnt that Eliza was with her father, at the residence of her aunt, in Hertford-street, May Fair; and as John left with every assurance of all the influence that Ullyn could use—should he ever again be able to exert it—and with a view of seeing the house where Eliza lived, Ullyn left his lodging, and walked towards St. James's Park.

The road he took was not the most direct way to May Fair, but he felt that in the park he could breathe with more freedom. The evening was warm and inviting, and tempted others to walk out and take the same route. It was about half-past five, nearly the time Varnish would be at May Fair to dinner. As he proceeded slowly along the Mall, he heard the clock of the Horse-guards chime the quarter to six, he saw two men follow him, who did not appear to be wrapt up in the same reflection as

himself. Still the men seemed to have the same object in walking through the park as he had himself, for they had followed his footsteps from the Adelphi, and seemed, in reality, going only where he was going. He resumed his walk, and the men, who had stopped as he stopped, resumed theirs; and as they saw they were noticed, they gained upon him, till at last they overtook him, as he reached the entrance to the Palace.

One of the two, with a round visage, hook nose, and dull eye, asked in a tone of constrained politeness, if his name was "Seyton—Douglas Seyton, alias Ullyn."

"My name is either, as it may suit you," replied Ullyn, by no means taken with either the voice or looks of the inquirer.

"Thought so—and either will do, as it suits yourself."

"And what want you with me?"

"Only your company, that's all, so far as the Borough—only your company."

"And if I do not choose to give it?"

"Few do whom we invite, till we insist upon it; so if you have no objection, you may toddle with us."

"I have every objection in the world; I am otherwise engaged."

"We ain't, and though you'd persuade us to go with you, I'm afraid in this case it wouldn't

be in our power to oblige," said he in the round visage; and the other averred on his soul, that they could not for a trifle at least.

"Persuade you to go with me—I don't want you."

"But we want you. We've the luck to be as seldom wanted as wished for, by them as we invite. Men stand in awe of your judge and your emperor, but we—we are feared;" and touching Ullyn on the left shoulder, with the smile of the devil, added he with the sinister eye, "Seyton, you are our prisoner!"

"Your prisoner!" exclaimed Ullyn; "for what?"

"Not for debt, though you go among debtors. Contempt of court in the first place, and whether for assault or murder, that's as it may be; so," added he, who was born to be feared, making a sign, which, however delicate, spoke plain enough, "will you walk?"

So Ullyn, seeing their authority, which they showed him, resigned himself a prisoner.

When they reached the Horse-guards, Ullyn called a coach—the officers consented to let him have one for himself and them. For due consideration they were willing to allow him every solace in their power; they saw he was a gentleman, who would make every appreciation for their treatment of him as such.

As they proceeded, the officers informed Ullyn

that there were no hopes of the officer's surviving, whom he struck while rescuing Lucy Baliol.

"I did not mean to hurt the officer," said the prisoner, "nor did I mean to resist the law; it was rude injustice I repelled."

"You've stowed his patter, any how; he couldn't tell his grandmother from his affidavit—d—d if he could. But never funk," said one of the officers.

When they reached the jail of the King's Bench, Ullyn was handed over to the careful custody of the marshal thereof. From his dress and appearance, he was hailed by a congregation of men, whose lives were deemed as valuable as his own. There was some difference in the place from Newgate, which so attracted his attention. Here he found the greater number of the characters on excellent terms with themselves. A gentleman with broad shoulders, wearing a grey dressing-gown, and fur cap, welcomed the stranger as if he had been expecting him for some time; and bidding him take a pinch of snuff, handed him his card, and recommended Dr. Moore, as a man who had a diploma.

"Any news out?" said he with the fur cap. "They say things are dull—not much doing. I haven't seen the papers these two days myself, for last time I went to read them, I left my hat

our sympathies should fall off for want of action. This is a bad place, even for reflection—there are few conveniences for either death or repentance, except in the most unpicturesque style;—the soup is an antidote to the one, and there are not means to allay the thirst which accompanies the other. I tried to make myself believe that I was in a state of penitence, and assayed to pray. My soul got as it were into the stream of credit, till I got into the open sea of insolvency, when I fell asleep; then, in confessing my sins, I got into those that brought me here—that seemed to need least repenting, when I could not help regretting that my retaining creditor had not more reason to keep me here. So my contrition got like a regret that I had not more cause to repent; so I leave it to yourself if that was a frame of mind to ask forgiving in.”

“Aught but that, though one might think the place productive of nought but reflection,” said he who was there for the first time.

“Then you have not come to run the gauntlet?”

“If you mean that I have not come to seek relief from debt, you are right.”

“I suspected so, by the current of your thoughts. There is too little to be got here by reflection for it to grow, unless you watered it with that pump, instead of the tap. You would think the place favourable for religion—and last

night a Bible could not be found among two score, to settle a dispute whether the Statute of Limitations existed among the Egyptians.

“Least found where its consolations are most required.”

“And so far from its being a wholesome corrective of dishonesty—alas ! alas ! But I must go and see the news—leave this head-rigging in pledge ; which in redeeming I may find a tile that may suit my conscience, as well as that I lost fitted his head who took it.”

As he in the hareskin cap proceeded to the beer-cellar, a man of classic education and reduced appearance, approached Ullyn, with a Plautus and salt in one hand, and a roasted potatoe in the other ; and asked if he had not been to Cambridge College, and on Ullyn's replying that he had been an alumnus of Queen's College there, “I thought I recognised your face, though I was four or five years before you. You came the year I took my degree, and are you come to join me in taking one here ?”

“No ; I can't well define what I'm here for. Contempt of court they term it ; but they give me hopes that I mayn't be long, as they have the prospect of taking me to Newgate.”

“This is good enough, unless you're very ambitious. Keeping a school brought me here, and I have a few pupils here who read with me at sixpence an hour. I find this by no means a

Augustus's parts of speech, or Herbert's quantities, but I had not attended to their teeth. Being rapt in intellectual plenishings, I failed to attend to that which the world most commonly observes. The faults I had made me, seemed as if a slater should quarrel with the tiling of Sir Isaac Newton's house, which he had damaged and disordered, to scrutinise worlds unseen. A dealer in marine stores, who had four sons with me, insisted upon my discharging my chief assistant on moral grounds, for his breath and clothes smelt of tobacco, which he was obliged to use for his health, wasted by ardent and early study, under singular privations. He would remove his children to Golgotha House, an academy with a deeper-toned name. My school lost style and tone, when a dispensation of Providence, in shape of fever and ring-worm, drove the boys home, and led me here."

"You had better have begun carcase-butcher——"

"Been more sure of success, in a country in which eating forms no small item of its business. This is no country for learning. Your state is connected with everything except science. Your board of longitude, the only scientific one in the kingdom, has been abolished on the score of economy. You have decreed even by an act, that science shall not claim fraternity with your navy. Men of rank and fortune would rather

have their names coupled with feats of shooting, rowing, and racing, than with invention and lore. He who discovered a new planet derived but little comfort or station from sovereign and state; and he who multiplied the resources of the country, by calling a new power into being, was neither acknowledged by the sovereign nor honoured by his ministers. You provide least for them who do you most service, unless in the way of slaughter. Out of all your pensions, the three hundred pound one that was given to men of literature was withdrawn, on the score of economy. Do your philosophers bear any titles?—does any one enjoy a pension or hold an office capable of supporting him and his family? Many of your inventions have to seek for an asylum abroad. In this same retreat are ten victims of the patent laws. As a shackle to genius you tax her inventions, and wrest from their authors a price to protect what is their own. When I kept my school, I treated my assistants as gentlemen and scholars. He who slaughtered stots and rams, treated his as the world does the fallen—as candidates for famine and renown; and enjoys his ‘otium cum elegantia.’ Here it would matter as little for success, whether the keeper of an academy be himself a scholar, as for a publican to be a distiller. If the one can mix compounds, he’ll do; and if the other adopt

a style, and attend to the etiquette of eating fish, he may hope to have some to eat," said the classic, thrusting the potatoe into his mouth, without any fears of choking himself, and joined the rest of the loungers.

CHAPTER IX.

ULLYN MEETS WITH A CHARACTER, WHICH, THOUGH TO BE MET WITH IN A PRISON, IT IS PRESUMED WAS NEVER MET WITH BEFORE IN HISTORY—WHO GIVES A SKETCH OF OTHERS, AS TRUE AS IT SHOULD BE NOVEL.

As the victim of fever and the ring-worm joined the throng, a man in morocco slippers, with a pipe in his mouth, approached our hero to give him a welcome.

“As this seems to be your first appearance here,” said he in the morocco slippers, taking the pipe which he was smoking from his mouth, “allow me to give you a welcome. We are glad to see you.”

“How know you it is my first appearance as a prisoner?” said Douglas.

“Can twig it in a moment, in your brow, in every feature of your melancholy countenance. My soul against your Habeas Corpus, you can't tell me the virtue of sending a man's carcass to such a pen as this; a rampart to defend honesty and sentiment from ever getting out.”

“I thought it a bulwark, rather to keep these from getting in.”

"What with a key so easily turned. Temptation never assailed honour with a weaker defence, than your honesty in knocking at that gate. Nor do I believe that same honour to have any more direful barrier to get through to its pristine purity, as your honesty to take its principle and faith to windward of that wall, when it has once sheltered under it."

"Neither my honesty, nor others' faith, achieved my entrance here."

"You may have been caution for those of some honourable friend who would be dear to you. A bad thing that, as by doing so you make an enemy of him, and become a foe to yourself; unforgiven by him trusted, and not easily forgotten by him who took your bond."

"For no surety, either."

"That's lucky. A small bill, mayhap, in the way of accommodation?"

"Nor bill, nor bond."

"Ha, contempt of court; tampering with a ward in Chancery, no doubt; just the thing. You seem to have been built for a thing of the kind. I wish you luck; there's some satisfaction coming here in a suit of that kind. I am here myself for the fourth time, and may be looked upon as one of the fixtures. We are allowed egress by license thrice; the fourth sojourn is like been laid up in dock. I have been a victim of every reasonable calamity but

that of insurance. I just hope for that crowning dispensation here, but no such luck ; not a conflagration to be had here for love or money. Jails are of the Salamander genus. I belong to an honourable club, have become a member from pure service, have gone through the court three times in all honour, and we should be very happy of a gentleman of your appearance amongst us."

"If, like you, I am to attain that distinction by merit and service, I have much to do before I be eligible to become one of a body so distinguished."

"What one man achieves by honest deeds, another may accomplish by money and favour. I believe we want one of that stamp among us more than of any other."

"Do you enjoy your property and income, if you have any, here?"

"Egad, I wish I had it; see if I'd not enjoy it."

"Then how do you live?"

"We can hardly say. We forget to-day how we got through yesterday. We sue for our sixpences, have our allowance by going to chapel, the rest comes as it does to the ravens, by Providence. We are always sure of shelter, and that's something, and we can let our lodgings."

"Let your lodgings; who'd come and tak them?"

"Such like yourself. Say you're chummed with me, and you wish all the crib to yourself and your girl, mayhap; you give me five, seven, and I've had ten shillings a week, to rake the moon, by giving up my share of the blanket, and stretching my limbs on the bench in the tap by a 'nation good fire."

"Then you are not likely to leave this very early."

"Not the prospect of getting back again. There is a wild inconsistency in the world: by how much you gain credit and renown here, by so much you lose it out. Curious, but a character from such a place as this, would tell 'vice versa' in society that runs loose. If you were drummed out of it, it would be like a flourish to your entrance into life; and if you left it with the regrets and good wishes of all, few would be glad to see you the sunny side of these shades."

"And you get accustomed to the place?"

"So much so, that the oftener you're here, the more apt you are to get back."

"Yet our nature abjures slavery and confinement."

"And there's lots of liberty here; the shackles of society, of character, of business, of etiquette, and such like, hang loose and easy; and, like the headache and nervousness of heavy swigs, that are so much associated with oblivion and

delicious delusions, so are its accompaniments to it that in time reconcile you to its eccentricities."

"I see signs and plates of craftsmen; are these provided, or do they come by license and start business?"

"I told you that you were never afloat before. We can follow all Christian callings here. Surgeons, who have been accustomed to bleeding, can keep up the habit; even plethora and indigestion are to be enjoyed here as well as in other places of fashionable resort. They don't all live on jail allowance. I can shew you tape shops that sell the right stuff, though they give three months of the solitary if you brought a drop of cordial into the place where it's most needed. That bell you hear ringing, tells you Maitland Harborough, and Tilney Tilbury, are going to dinner, which I call a cruel memento many would wish to forget, namely, that they have no dinner to go to. Their dinner-table is like their balance sheet."

"The deeper in debt, the higher the living."

"It's your man of taper conscience that gets taper-waisted; men who have paid all they had before they came, and are here to find out wherein their folly chiefly lies. No man should come here at the close of things. He may finish them here, and to some purpose; for though this may have been intended to bring

debtors to a bearing, it serves the more rational purpose of bringing creditors to a proper way of thinking; and you may bring a stubborn tradesman a mighty deal easier to a settlement, than a sensible prisoner. "Take a seat," quoth this veteran of the Insolvent Court to our hero, shewing him one of the benches in front of the tap, or prison canteen, where they had a full view of the various characters who were walking to and fro on the mall.

"That man with the open collar and vacant air, that's the man for freedom, he likes even his neck unbound. He's here for libel, and never knew genuine liberty before; here he has neither duns nor bailiffs to haunt him. That other good-looking man, with the pipe in his mouth, writes you funny articles in the papers. His landlord sent him here to pay his rent, and his landlady maintains him. What a place to send a man who can't pay his rent, where there's no rent paid for present housing, much less for that that's passed. What's the use of giving a man's industry the cramp, by stowing him in such a lumber-room? That's a queer one that's speaking to him with the pipe, with the odd-looking cap and fancy toggery. He has three wives, and they all visit him, and don't quarrel, not a bit. His first wife he married was an elderly maiden, with three hundred a-year, while he was engaged to a young one, who could not have him till he had got an income; so with the

first wife's portion he gets the second, and keeps her. The aged one found a falling off in things domestic, and thought she was getting but a scanty return for her good feeding; but from ignorance of the legitimate portion of connubial returns, she deems the penury the complement of constitution, and becomes resigned; but as that scantiness still declined, till it became a mere reminiscence, she had to seek remembrance elsewhere, and he, finding these promptings out, rejoiced, as he claimed reason to imitate her. As, however, he whispered divorce and suits at law in ecclesiastics, she discovers his secret, and, by way of defence, sues him; what does he do, but tries that remedy which partakes a little more of the disease to cure itself, like physicking a relaxed stomach. As bigamy is a crime of having two wives, he splices with a third, to reconcile the other two, and here they all visit him.

That lankey-looking genius, with his hands in his pockets, and his soul in the clouds, is an improvisatore, as he's called, that makes rhyme even of your schedule. He'd put your sorrows and lamentations into verse of a dozen syllables to sing for your amusement; and you have but to fancy these spike walls lofty rocks, the trickling of that pump—but d—n the fish they clean at it—a rippling cascade, and you're in your Arcadia, as he calls it, in the turning of a key."

"By aid of a little stretch of fancy, I should think."

"Fancy's every thing. He there with the sorrowful countenance and light heart, lost his wife here last night. She went off by her own hand. She brought him a fortune, he spent it, and that brought him here. He debauched her sister; she found that out yesterday, and she went out and brought in enough of laudanum to make a 'felo de se' of herself."

"That must be something common here, one would presume."

"No, less so than in happier places. There's too much of real calamity for that which springs so much from the ideal, and there's so little to look forward to beyond this for any fears of worse."

"Who is that tall, good-looking man, with the lame foot?"

"He limping there with the check shirt? the question would be, what is he not. He knows everybody, has been everywhere, and engaged in everything of any character or renown for the last third of a century. He is the most consistent liar that ever drew a bow. Has been in every modern campaign, and knows every officer you can claim knowledge of in the service. He must have swallowed the army list. He writes too for every work of the day; and though with ten pounds a sheet for his labours, he can't

muster a clean shirt, or sport a tanner. After having disposed of his half-pay, and being about seven years upon the town, a monument of inanity and typified romance, his father died, and left him some fifteen hundred pounds, and then he became as fanciful in his conduct, as he had been in his discourse. He had amused his acquaintance so long, with the belief that he was heir to as much a year, as he got in principal; he must needs believe it himself, and to complete the delusion, lives accordingly. Off went the check-shirt, and with it away went all his wit and humour. The more original and 'outré' got his appearance and conduct, the more dull and common-place became his imagination. Tailors wrought for him in strange fashion, and longings the most outrageous set the wits of cooks at bay. He had appetite for rarities only that were out of season.—Partridge livers in summer, and hares' brains in spring, were to be got for him. He paid ten pounds to a purveyor, near the Haymarket, to get him a plentiful supply of cuckoo's eggs, and hams made from the thighs of leverets, for a supper. As the sluices of his wit closed those of his wounds—an abundance of which, gained in Spain and India, he boasts of—opened; so in thirteen months he was without a rag;—then he hoisted the check again, and in due time came here. He said his son lived in Cavendish-square—a man of immense wealth;

while he, up two pair back, in Shoe-lane, wanted sixpence. I went to the house—found the name and number all correct—called for the owner—sent in my card—and was ushered into his presence by high-fed footmen. ‘I came from your father, says I.’ ‘Very kind in you to come so far, says he—my father’s in Abraham’s bosom.’ ‘Nonsense,’ says I, ‘I’ve just left him in Shoe-lane.’ ‘The devil you have—my father’s been dead these ten years.’ ‘That be d—d,’ says I; ‘he’s now living in a back-room, two-pair up, over a milk shop in Shoe-lane, and in the damndest state of destitution; and as you seem to have abundance, I have called for you to do something for him.’

“The gentleman said that was not the first time he had heard from his father in distress, though he was far beyond the reach of his aid.

“That’s a good-hearted and somewhat clever man, but foolish, who is with him, with the one leg and a swinger;—half literary, half legal, and altogether unwise. Half fly, half spider—part seal and part alligator. Neither Scotch nor English, but Berwick-upon-Tweed; which is neither fish, flesh, nor fowl, but a sort of bad red herring. While he stuck to law he cut a figure in Gray’s Inn; when he became literary, he came to cut a figure here. Your quips and rejoinders, --your pleas, *nisis*, and *alibis*, for awhile counteracted your prose and verse; but when he got

into print, the whole records of chancery, and common law, and conscience to boot, could no longer control fancy and finance.

"That pitiful-looking ensign of misery you see there, looking out for prog or heavy wet, was brought here ten years ago, for neither making his will nor making away with himself."

"At that rate you have but a small moiety of them that should be here—was he to pay his debts by a deed, or was he to leave his body to pay them? Contracted perhaps with an anatomist, and having got the price of his body, refused to fulfil the contract."

"No, he inherited an ample fortune: having everything it could procure, he soon became unhappy. Only give a man all he wishes, and then you'll soon see misery and ingratitude. Nothing so lamentable as to be left without a wish, or to be puzzled what to wish for next. When a man does not know what to be at, then he is to be pitied. No wonder Adam and Eve made so short a stay in their first place. Had paradise partaken of the air and prospect of this place, wherein little would grow of its own accord, and our parents been chummed here—how innocent we'd be now!"

"And he who made himself a prisoner, by failing to make himself a corpse?" quoth Ullyn.

"Having everything to make him comfortable, he grew unhappy, because gnawed by a

worm they call ennui ; then miserable, and resolved to end his misery by killing himself. Being awake to the law that deprived the heirs of a *felo de se* of his property, and knowing that all he possessed would be forfeited to the crown—as if a man's representatives should be punished for the sanity of their testator, he distributes all his wealth—every rap—among his friends. They had much need of it, having cares and wants. He would be a match for the law, and would even save his heirs the duty due to legacy. He no sooner finds himself without a sou, than he begins to have the conception of need—by and by the pressure of want ; gets hungry, as naturally as could be,—then naked, and desires to be fed and clothed. Then he gets so much taken up with the anxiety of providing food and raiment, that he forgets altogether to make away with himself.”

“ Would they to whom he gave all afford him not abundance ? ”

“ Now not a dump. Though before his bequeathment they could not pay their rent, and he started them in life with a carriage, they gave him a room in a garret, and an allowance at first of a pound a week, and afterwards of ten shillings ; and that they seemed to begrudge so much, and feel so uncomfortable at sight of him, he gave them up, and found a more open door here to come to than with them. Serves him

right—he had no business to quarrel with the abundance of Providence, nor to funk at the step he had made so much preparations for.”

“Then it seems that the circumstance of having real cause to die, made him cling the stronger to life.”

“That’s the reason, I suppose, that so few suicides have been found without money or means upon them; here there’s too much to think upon, for that sort of distraction; and purposes here are strangely thwarted. Many who are brought here through misfortune, revenge themselves when they get out, by hastening back again, without waiting for misfortune to bring them. There’s a genius walking, rapt in thought, who wars with misfortune and the royal societies; instead of living upon what he makes, he lives upon what he thinks his genius should bring him; and as that he rates at a high standard, he comes here to make the court make up the balance ’tween the income he gets, and that he spends; makes his extravagance persecution, and doing his creditors, a laudable suffering for the benefit of the fine arts.

There’s a fellow, with the hook-nose and nervous face, that took shelter here to save him from being arrested. He was so much afraid of being put in jail for a debt he couldn’t pay, he got a friend to give him a gentle arrest, to try how he should like it, and here he remains. These heroic-looking fellows, with mustachios, and in military

dress, are German tailors; and these high-bred-looking swells, are horse-dealers. That's a travelling preacher, with the glossy hat and knee-breeches, who was ducked under the pump, for faking his chum's silver spectacles. You see him in snuffy-brown, with the red face—he was a jolly fellow in his time, but has lost all wit and humour now; though full of rare remark, he has never uttered a good thing since the last seizure was made upon his goods for rent."

"Misfortune operates differently with him, than with him in the check shirt?"

"He with the one leg and a swinger? not so much that; somehow his wit and fun lost all their beauty and relish now, since people take them, as it were, at their own cost. He used to sing a good song, and people praised his voice; but now, if he sings for beer, there's but little tune in it."

"Perhaps he sung before to please himself, now he has to sing to please others; others may feel called upon not to be pleased by any such attempts?"

"There's where it is. I got the credit of saying good things, when I gave Sunday dinners myself—but here, my wit goes no farther than my credit. That well-dressed fellow, with the swimming eye, and unwrinkled face, was put here for refusing to marry a woman. He got a couple of thousands from an elderly maid, to start him as a publisher, on the faith of his

marrying her, should he succeed; he loved another—secured the property, and took care to fail; then married her—as his covenant with the more ancient one, he deemed loosened by his fall. That fair-haired, unwrinkled, high-featured subject, smoking the cigar, with a face red with ignorance, vacant from conceit, was a road-surveyor. He could measure stones, and be paid for them, though they were never dug; pay men in ample lots, that never existed, and spend five-hundred a-year on one-hundred and fifty; good luck grew either tired or ashamed of such a protégée—left him to his honesty, and that landed him here. But I tire you; and too much talking is unfavourable, where the thirst is so much restricted.”

After this Achates of the bench had given Ullyn account of the most remarkable characters they saw, he then gave him a hearty welcome, and kindly hinted—’twas but a hint—that it would be expected he would give something, by way of footing, or entry. “I mention that in friendship, seeing you are a gentleman and a stranger, lest the others should be wanting in their respect to you, and deem you ignorant of the usages of this establishment, and take advantage thereof.”

Ullyn thanked him, and rising, put a crown into his hand; when, in a few minutes, he had the satisfaction of hearing his health drank with loud applause.

CHAPTER X.

ULLYN MEETS FRIENDS WHO ARE AS UNFORTUNATE AS HIMSELF.—A CHAPTER WHICH SHOULD BE READ BY ALL, WHO HAVE NOT READ ANYTHING OF THE KIND BEFORE.

AFTER Ullyn had been left alone, he began to turn his thoughts to his condition. He had not been left long, when a poor gentleman, about the age of seven or eight and thirty, came up to him, and with a polite bow, asked the loan of a shilling, for which he would book him a subscriber to his forthcoming work. Ullyn asked him upon what subject he intended to publish?

"The subject is very much at your service," replied the author; "that is one comfort left me; it matters but little what it be I write upon."

"Is the success the same?"

"The want of it at least is the same. The success of my writings, I may say, I have come here to see; you may have some notion of what the past has been, when I come to this Mount Pisgah, for a sight of my promised land of success and renown. I am here a monument of mistaken genius, and misapplied talents and energies, without having 'tween me and immor-

talities the wherewithal to shew mine appetite the earnest sympathy I feel in the longings thereof. The demands of the stomach, which, however unable we may be to meet, are such we never have the conscience to dispute. Yes, I am here by the pure workings of my brain, an object of misdirected talents."

"Here by the workings of your brain! you must have wrought it to poor purpose?"

"Yes, it's movements are often retrograde—and mine have hitherto been sadly so. That which advances most the human race, often retards most its own progress in well-doing. The history of civilization, is in general a record of calamity to them who achieved it. As if working too much for others' benefit may engross the exertions and the reward which should be due your own: and when these are for the good of the world in general, among so many who are benefited, it is not wonderful if the recompense be forgotten, or deemed the province of every one but one's self. To serve a body, is often an ungrateful task; the thanks are so divided, they are perceptible to none. Each acknowledging the good, without being aware that he himself is included in it. Where the cry of obligation is loudest, each can be deaf, without the reproach of being unwilling to hear. And that country in which individual industry and enterprise is rewarded most generally and especially,

universal service is repaid the least. Nothing is more divisible than obligation, and nothing more impotent in its aliquot parts."

"If you have gained so little by serving the world, why not devote your remaining energies to serve yourself?" said Ullyn, interested by the appearance, voice and manners of this victim of the brain.

"There's the point. By how much you have laboured for mankind in general, by so much are you incapacitated for the service of individuals, and of yourself in particular. It is, too, the curse of that delusion, that while you are devoted to the cause of the world, your own cause is mingled with it, and the one most neglected. That which is deemed no trade or profession, is the only one you can turn your sympathies and powers to. It is like virtue invested, and that's like long annuities, by no means revertible."

"Was it love to the cause of civilization that urged you to make so many sacrifices for its benefit, as to embrace your own ruin?"

"Perhaps, if it were that alone, I might be more reconciled to it; but it becomes the more exquisite, from the conviction, that I expected more gratitude and encouragement from it; and to render it complete, I find that I cannot do aught in anything else. It has everything on its side—the anathema you may say, of personal reward, and the abjuration of all hope."

"And yet you cling to it, as if, snake-like, it had the power of charming the victims that are devoted to it?"

"Yes, like dogs, trulls, and other devotees, we are apt to follow and cling to that which beats us most, and treats us harshest; being that on which we lavish and expend most our affections."

"Could you not have seen the ungrateful course you had embraced, before it led you to a haven like this?"

"By the time, alas, we discover our error, we have already discovered that it is too late for retrieval; indeed, the discovery of our error is simultaneous with the knowledge, that it is vain to attempt to amend it; and perhaps the one is the begotten of the other. I left employment on the visionary hope of making my fortune by my genius, and had gone too far, before I discovered that I had come accoutred with everything but the genius itself. A man may have many concomitants of grace, but yet be without its inspiration; and that is to have the sense of sin and iniquity, without even the gift of repentance, far less that of atonement. Of all your delusions, there is none so stubborn, as that a man hath of his own genius. It is the last he will yield up. The want of his success, is the want of everything but merit. The fault may be the public's, not his. There is something

wrong with its taste, not that which should satisfy it. Politics, with their distractions; the funds, and their depression; markets, and their unsettledness; the weather fickle; the moon changeable; blighting winds; every prevailing circumstance of the day, and the fashion, all operate against the sale of his works, and consequently against his fame and success.

“No one could have assayed literature with more legitimate pretensions to it than I had. There was not a peculiarity in the character of its followers but belonged to me—though such as I might safely have done without. Besides being ruined in fortune, and beggared in prospect, with every assurance that there was not another line for me to direct my energies to, I measured myself by every standard of literary excellence; found I had some Latin, less Greek, considerable wit, and abundance of sentiment. I had all the bashfulness, the unready manners, the melancholy, the everything, and the want of everything indispensable. There was a universality about my intellect, that confirmed my opinion of the high order of my genius. I was puzzled to know in what line to engross my studies and labours. I would not follow the taste of the public; I would cut a step higher—try to lead it, and see if it would follow me. It was attempting to lead Polar bears by a cotton thread. I had soon reason to give up that, as the pro-

vince of them who had little to lose, and less to gain. When my poetry failed—‘the public had lost the taste for rhyme,’ said I, ‘and I am for it in its own line,’ and betook to prose. There seemed to be a taste for history, written in a philosophical spirit, and for substantial reading; so I penned a narrative of the wars of Europe, viewed in connexion with the progress of religion in Christendom; but my history became the preface to a history of trouble and disappointment to its collator.

“As the error lay in the taste and discernment of mankind, it was evidently prone to fiction and light reading. ‘I am for it there; now for essays, sketches, and a tale fraught with incident, satire, and the illustrations of fashionable life.’ I finished an octavo of the one, and three reasonable volumes of the other. The essays and sketches, light and quaint, were heavy enough, and the pitiful sentiment of my three octavos drew sympathy and sighs from—myself alone. To add to their weight, I was saddled with their expense of printing; and even their publisher failed, as if matter, however light, had force enough to weigh him to ruin. There was a panic in the country. So the failure was not the fault of the works.

“The public run mad with politics, and I was ready to rave too. I invented new theories of finance, and constructed splendid paradoxes.

They were scouted as vain and visionary by every rational publisher, and my name got known to booksellers, as one being ripe for taking the benefit of the act for printing debts. Perhaps, thought I, the world may have an inclination to return to the good substantial old groundwork of cause and effect—pant after reason and common-sense; and I finished a volume of ethics. It demanded more philosophy on the part of the author to endure its want of effect, than on that of his readers to understand it.

“The world would have nothing to do with my ethics; in the meanwhile, I must live on something more than logic; and by how much the less I had the wherewithal to do it, by so much the more eager got my cravings of the necessity of it. Debts must be paid, if possible; and as my inability gradually progressed, so declined the mercy and patience of them who claimed them. The burden of my debts got the less, not in proportion to their lessening; for they, like some fluids, gained quality by age, but as my ability to pay them diminished. The anxieties of obligation diminish with the sense of necessity, and cease to be felt, as one gets into absolute want.”

“And as a means of being relieved alike from all, you shelter at last in this sanctuary?”

“And that is not what a great many of your authors can do. It is but your fresh men in

letters, and men who begin to write in the vigour of their inexperience, and publish at their own risk that have the chance. I am now engaged writing sketches of the coast of England and Wales, and accounts of the antiquities thereof, as letter-press matter to an artist, who does the pictorial."

"Of the coasts of conscience, I should think. What else can you sketch or describe here, connected with your country?"

"Nothing more easy; plenty of time and opportunity," replied the prisoner.

"Then you brought your notes with you, which you took in your tour?"

"The tour I haven't made yet. It is no more necessary to see and hear what you write about, than for an historian of the wars to have been a general, or even a soldier in them."

"You, of course, are sufficiently acquainted with the places you give accounts of, as to describe their appearance, and relate their antiquities?"

"I never visited one of them."

"Then is it not presumed necessary for an author to know what he writes about?"

"In many respects, he will write none the worse by being fully, or at least, in some degree, acquainted with his subject. But a writer is not chosen by that standard; and a writer of fiction, with a name, might be preferred to give a his-

tory, to one who understands it without any. It is one who can make the most of the little he has, and who may soon learn sufficient for the purpose. Suppose three newspapers want each an ample description of some casualty—say a fire. Three equally meritorious of the three different kingdoms, will not indiscriminately suit. They will not all do alike for the same paper. One wants a clear, specific, and dignified faithful detailer of incident; and your Englishman is the one fitted for it. One prefers a fellow who will hazard philosophy and deep conjecture on the origin, cause, motives, and probable results of the conflagration; and your Scotsman may be preferred. But for effect, which another aims at, who will have one to produce something like a sensation; and he gets one who will find a magazine of gun-powder on the one side, and a repository of tar, vitriol, and chemical fluids and inflammable combustibles on the other, with a floor-cloth factory behind—give a description of the scene which might have occurred, and perhaps neglect the main thing that did occur; and for that, your Irishman is the fellow."

"Still they must each be witness of the fire to give a proper account of it?"

"When it is to appear next day in print; but the united testimony of all the firemen that figured at the great fire of London, would not equal that of De Foe, who could see but little

of it. Readers like that which pleases them to read without much regard to the truth or accuracy of its information. There are as few witnesses of the scenes recorded they read, as there are recorders, and each judges for himself, without reference to the accuracy of the narrative. There isn't a more zealous advocate for liberty than that same turnkey who locked you up; and your Magna Charta and Habeas are as often quoted and appealed to within these walls, as within those of St. Stephen. When I was in a school of some eminence, the prize-poem of that year was 'Dulce dulce domum.' A dozen poems, and some excellently written, were given in, with tender sentiment, and admirable description of the homes of exiles, the recollections of refugees, the ties of aliens, and the sweet reminiscences of emigrants. There were the soldier's return, and the sailor's revisiting the coasts of his native shores; all excellent, but not a word on the subject proposed—the 'Dulce domum'—the school-boy's home. The secret was, all the poems were written by day scholars, who knew not what the sweets of 'dulce domum' were—for they had never been a week from home. Here you would find more sweet pictures of liberty, than you would on the free deserts of Arabia, or the unbounded expanse of the Alps;—and for domestic comforts, 'tis worth a sojourn here to understand them.

“Though I feel my want of liberty less than many who are here, yet I should now be collecting names among the patrons of literature, as subscribers to my next work. Here I could have them for a whole impression, at a pint of Barclay’s entire a-head; but saving a parson who has a rich living in Sussex, and another in Wales—Maitland Harborough, who keeps an actress, and Tilney Tilbury, who is kept by one; an atheist, who is here for blasphemy, and who is liberally supported by them who think him persecuted—that batch of horse-dealers, and a few others—scarcely one could pay for a dedication. The parson doesn’t give—unless in the way of advice. I offered to write him sermons, at eighteen-pence a-piece; he gave me two shillings for a couple, and lighted his pipe with them. A brace of actresses are enough for any two men’s income, even in the Bench; the atheist worships nature, and gives to none, lest he shew partiality to any; deeming even friendships so many robberies of the human race, who have all alike claims to our attachment. And the horse-dealers give not even to justice, but would take the odds against the success of my opinions. If there were means amongst them, I might have some chance, by dedicating it to the truly honest, when each would deem the compliment and appeal made to himself.”

“How long have you followed this interesting line of life?”

“Twice seven years. Between the first Olympiad and the second, there was a bright period of seven years also. But that hath become a blank ; the record of employment and comfort, easy and unbroken, hath been obliterated by the vivid hopes, disappointments, and privations of the first, and the grim realities of the second.”

“What was that employment?”

“Tuition and travel. The sublime change from the unreal mockeries of life for seven years, to the happiness, comfort, the calm enjoyment of useful occupation, I experienced during the period of tuition, was so great, that I would rather go on in my present way, poor as it is, and uncertain even for a day as it will be, than be elevated to that former condition ; which was change so great, that the enjoyment was poisoned by the continued anxiety I felt for its lasting. My present condition I am used and reconciled to, and have nothing to fear for its change ; the other, I should feel as a province that was not mine.”

“Is your state of literature so bad, that you could not earn a living during all that period?”

“It may be difficult to tell whether the fault be in it, or in my mistaking my capacity for it. There are too many of us. Think of the facility with which we are made literary. Boswell’s father complained that his son Jamie had be-

come crazed; he consorted with an author—a creature who had kept a school, and called it an academy. That was uttered by a Scotch laird of the Colossus of English literature. Few rejoice in the members of the literary profession. The name is expressive of one shirt and no dinner. In our line we have the failings that attend the commodities of luxury and amusement, without their enticing lures. Letters are for leisure and recreation, and thought is required to enjoy them. It is for the renowned hand to gain success. Unless we pander to the tastes of the wanton and depraved, we may as well write for posterity for our comforts. We lack the objects of temptation of your more tangible matters. Your fiddler, player, and opera dancer, can tickle tastes and amuse fancies, we have no chance with. If your actor find legitimate business fail, he docks some half yard from the petticoats of the more notorious of his artistes, and plays wantonly to gain attraction; and two females of renown, with theatres under their own management, contend in modesty to allure. One introduces you into the interior of a seraglio, and the other imitates nudity in baths. We have not the necessity of your tailor on our side—cannot cater to your taste like your cook—entertain your eye like your painter—nor salute your ear like your fiddler. If you be gay and facetious, bitter and libellous, we can offer

you ought to suit you, without running the peril of Newgate and the pillory.

“Think of the facility of introduction to the calling: we are judges of our own fitness for it. 'Tis as easy as to become saint:—in that you have but to outlive temptation and survive the passions; in ours, 'tis to be excluded from everything else.”

“Is ruin its introduction then?

“A fall is as necessary to it as it was to redemption. When a young man fails in life, he gets reflective, moralizes—finds he hath many of the characteristics of men above common pursuits—proves the world selfish and ungrateful—cultivates sentiment, and shews a preference for metaphysics. Begins to study, then to write; longs to give the world the advantage of his experience and reflection. He tries your publisher, who gives him wholesome advice; and finds that that class was intended like trials for virtue and restraints for vice—to be the correctives and very refiners of genius; and will prove to the world what judges they are. Gets his thoughts in type at his own risk, and is ruined and sublime for life.”

“No convincing him he hath embraced a wrong course?”

“Hopeless, hopeless conversion that—to convince an author his want of success is his fault. And disenchant him from his delusion, and what

is he fit for? In this land of commerce and industry, a rich man would as lief be careful of his instructions to his cook, if he meant to entertain a poet, as solicitous of employing him in any capacity that would enable him to dine every day."

"Then it may be a depravity the young and ambitious should be guarded against."

"'Tis as difficult to do that, as to induce them who are in it to leave it for something more grateful. A man even born a genius may have struggles enough; sometimes the greater, the more it is apt to contend with obscurity and difficulty."

"Perhaps it requires some power or influence of that kind to urge it forth. The greater the powers the more difficult to rouse them. The more profound things are, the more influence needed to urge them forth; and the deeper they are, the longer in coming to the surface. Perhaps it is but little akin to the things that attract in this world, whose fashions it may condemn—whose ways it inclines to satirize; and it is little given to flattery. Garrick was a more welcome guest at the tables of the great than Johnson. 'Tis,' replied the moralist, 'because lords don't want their mouths stopped.'

"When it hath so much to strive against, what must he have, who hath the failings and accompaniments of genius, without its inspiration?"

That I fear me has been the case with me ; and the only surety of the latent principle being in me is, that I have found it out myself."

"No other assurance than your own?"

"Too many, alas! but the world would read that, not from the cause, but the effects; the want of success is all the evidence they will need. But, after dreaming so long I had something of it in me, to be convinced myself that I have but its adjuncts or concomitants, is to me some surety of hope."

"So the very thing he hath discovered proves him it is yet to find out, and where he thinks his reason lies, there basks his infatuation," said Ullyn to himself. "And what is the nature of your present work?"

"The nature of it will be that which of all others will suit you most. I have just received a letter from an actress to whom I sent a song to give at her benefit, in which she tells me her terms for singing, and thereby introducing it to the public, are ten guineas, with a *douceur* expected, if encored; if that be not draining us of our empty veins to cure the plethora of their own, I have no idea of modesty. What name did you say?" added this victim of a slumbering genius, taking out a note book to put Ullyn's name into as a subscriber to his forthcoming work. Ullyn gave him a crown, his pity being excited by his misfortunes, and

his admiration by his philosophy, but he insisted upon having the name of the donor. "Ullyn! Ullyn! had you no other?" exclaimed he of malignant stars; "Seyton—son of him who fell in battle—Douglas—my own pupil," continued Dick Coventry, seizing Ullyn in his arms.

Ullyn recognised with inexpressible delight his much-loved tutor, and a thousand recollections and associations of his boyhood rushed to his mind, and as many not less melancholy rose in that of his instructor.

After the heartfelt congratulations of teacher and pupil had passed, and Dick had learnt the cause of his meeting with one who was so much associated with the brighter part of his career, "When I had the recommendation of Michael Varnish, and the blessing of Jacob's son, I set out to make my way to renown, assured that it lay before me, and unconsciously was lured to literature; to prove that however untoward was my first acquaintance with letters, yet, by perseverance and patience, a brighter was yet to be proved. I found literature in a better state than when I first tried it; I commenced a new career, and was successful, got well paid, and forgot adversity, recollected no troubles, but considered those I had seen as intended to give zest to the pleasures of success. I lived gay, heeded not the future, thought the resources of my brain inexhaustible, and less to be cared for

than those of property, trade, or profession. I was not careful to make the most of the advantages I gained; my next attempt was not successful, and I had not prepared to meet or stand a failure; then I got pressed, had not time allowed me to make a due effort; I had to write daily for daily support, continued to fall behind—*hinc illæ lachrymæ.*”

“It would appear, then, that success by no means secures independency, and failure and adversity teach not prudence or worldly wisdom?”

“In our vocation there seems to be something so depressing in the want of success and pressure of need, that reversion is change so great, the excitement is too much for the brains even of the most favoured for judgment and prudence, to exercise their caution and forethought. If none spend their money with more profusion than they who labour hardest for it, none are so apt to forget trouble as they who have felt it most. It is the men who have a natural dread of want who guard most against it; not they who have felt it most.”

“Then, besides the troubles of fortune and the neglect of the world, there are calamities to the gifted issuing from the very sources of their excellence. Concomitants of weakness outbalancing the advantages of their strength; follies, and imprudence, as a counterpoise to the sublimities of the character.”

"Aye, they who are the most witty are oft the most foolish; and they who see clearest the errors and vices of their fellows, are amongst the greatest of their victims. When I left the service of your father, if I had carried with me a tithe of the prudence I ought to have learnt from the lessons I got, I might not have been here to afford so striking one myself. Oh, how like your brave father you look!"

"Too like him," said Ullyn, with a sigh.

"Come, let us melt this piece—what associations you recall to my mind!" exclaimed the luckless Coventry, leading the way into the coffee-room of the prison.

CHAPTER XI.

**MISFORTUNE PROVING THE TEST OF LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP
—SHEWING HOW NECESSARY IT IS FOR CALAMITY TO
ADVANCE FOR THE COMPLETION OF THIS EPIC.—MORE
OLD ACQUAINTANCE APPEAR.**

As the Earl of Walton sat in his office on the day after Ullyn's arrest, a messenger entered, saying, a young lady was below very desirous of seeing him. The Earl being a man easy of access, and duly impressed with the conviction of the importance of his office to the country he served, as well as to himself, seldom allowed suitors to wait long, and he bade him who was fourteen-stone-six shew the young lady into his presence.

The Earl was a man of gallantry, and had the fame of being remarkably so in his youth, and he looked with much interest at the figure and countenance of this visitor, which were well calculated to excite attention. She was young, fair, and exceedingly beautiful; simply, but tastefully dressed, with an air of rank, which was much enhanced by her demeanour, in which due respect, without timidity or awkwardness, was shown to him whose assistance she had

come to solicit. She seemed at a loss to begin her story, and he was so much taken with her looks, that it was some time before he recollected to bid her take a seat, and ask her pleasure or business. She seemed as if she felt, for the first time, the delicacy of her application; her zeal in the object she had in view having prevented her thinking much about its propriety, till her awe was excited by the presence of the nobleman. He, seeing her hesitation, politely handed her a chair, and then asked in what way he could be of service to her.

"I am come to solicit your protection, though I have not considered what right I have to ask or expect it."

"Let your need in the meantime be warrant sufficient for your right," said the Earl, "and proceed."

"My Lord Chancellor hath issued a warrant, commanding me to be given up to men I have escaped from, who have no right to me, and levying penalty upon them who may shelter or protect me."

"And do you think me the safest for such a levy of his lordship?" said Walton, with a smile.

"No, my lord; but where one minister may err, another may have influence to prevent the evil of his mistake, seeing I am none of theirs who lay claim to me."

“Who are your parents, or guardians?”

“I have none, nor relative nor connexion of any kind, except they who seek me; and surely my want of tie to any other gives not them a tie upon me.”

“Did they bring you up?”

“But can shew no right they had to do so. Is an unfriended orphan to be deemed a parcel of property, to which possession gives nine parts of a claim to?”

“Upon what does the Lord Chancellor ground his order?”

“Their oaths. If these be sufficient, they may never need abundance for want of a claim.”

“Then your want of right to yourself qualifies theirs to you?”

“They have no other. And must I remain in their power, because I cannot prove the authority of another?”

“What proof have you that you are not theirs?”

“Proofs, holy as those of law or justice; all the proofs of nature and humanity. I shudder, my lord, at the thoughts of what object they can have in forcing me to them, who have nothing, nor the prospect of anything.”

“To marry you——”

“No, my lord, nor will the order of a thousand chancellors do that,” said the girl, with a

look, and in the tone, of one who seemed conscious of a power that was beyond the law.

"And what advice would you claim that I can give?"

"That you might perhaps assist me in the way to solicit the judge not to have me delivered back till he be satisfied they have a just claim to me. I have no one to speak for me, and a judge, who hears only one side of a plea, may forget it hath two, if the other have not the chance or means of shewing it. A noble lady sent me to a place of safety; that has been discovered, and I have fled from it."

"Who is she?"

"The Countess of Walton."

"My own wife!" exclaimed the Earl; but he had seen so much that was strange in his lady, he seemed resolved to be surprised at nothing he should hear henceforth about her.

The Earl of Walton then gave Lucy Baliol, or rather Lydia Ullyn, for she was really the sister of our hero, the full assurance of his using what influence he had to protect her; got her address, and bade her return to the place the Countess had provided for her, where she might rely upon being safe. And she was about to take her leave, but she just recollected that there was something else, the fate of another; she would fain, if not presuming too much, solicit his lordship's favour on his behalf; one she was

more anxious about than about herself, for it was to him she owed all she had reason to be thankful for; who had suffered wrongs unspeakable, and, to crown all, who now languished in a prison.

“Aye, this postscript of her solicitation will sum up in reality the main object of her petition,” said the Earl to himself, noticing the more deep-felt zeal of his very beautiful visitor.

“For what does he lie in prison?”

“Protecting me, my lord.”

“His name?”

“Douglas Ullyn!”

The name rung like a knell in the ear of the minister. It seemed destined to be more coupled with that of his infatuated wife than his own; but he concealed his emotion from the artless girl, who interpreted it in favour of all she cared for; and with every assurance of having the noble Earl's influence, she retired to devise further means of relief for her brother.

It was not long before the Countess entered, half-distracted, at this new calamity of Ullyn, to distract her husband about him he had reason to wish had never been born.

While Ullyn was in prison, the equally distracted son of Finlay scoured London in search of his master. He went to the House of Parliament, the courts, and to Newgate, in vain. He went to the lawyer who conducted his case, and

he went to the officers in Bow-street, and then returned home with the determination to have the Thames dragged for his body, fearing that the accumulation of ills might have driven him to lay violent hands upon himself, and there he found the men who were the best calculated to give him information, for they would, without solicitation, take him to his master. To facilitate their object they had, provident souls, come with a warrant to take him to the same place.

"Oh, you'll take me to him?" said he who was deemed dangerous to be loose.

"No mistake in that, my flower," said the pink of accommodation; "so if you'll walk your chinks t'other side the water, you'll chum it with him in the striking of a docket; or if you can come down with the stumpy, no objection to treat you to a jarvey."

"I thank you; and may I be allowed to ask for what I am indebted for all this attention?"

"Aiding and abetting one Seyton, alias Ullyn, alias Glenullyn, alias——"

"D—n your aliases. Do you speak of a chief as you would of a Newgate pad?"

"As herein designated in said warrant. Rather a downey card is your pal, though he has napt it. It's a pity one who can tip his daddle in such style, shouldn't come it on other blocks than them as bears the king's mission.

"Aye, we are sadly prone to error, indeed.

Yours, though, must be a pleasant life," said Fingal, as they got over the bridge.

"Not to them as we taps."

"No, I dare say the pleasure will be very much on one side there; only you must have a fine relish of liberty, and so on."

"Our docking the liberty of others don't add it to ours."

"Don't it add to the relish?"

"The fee does, howsomever."

"No doubt you've had a superior enjoyment of life all the while without knowing it."

"Not a bad notion, you haven't, but it ain't the case with them as are grabbed, for it don't make 'em a ha'p'orth more fond of their liberty when they collar it again, or they'd take better care of it, a 'nation deal."

"Were you bred to the business you follow?"

"Regularly. I was in a lawyer's office, myself."

"I believe the devil was originally trained in one too, or he must have repented long ago."

"We are legal agents, mind ye; and instruments of justice, we are."

"But very likely a close intercourse and acquaintance with the jail will greatly destroy the delusion of it."

"The gammon of the spikes and key are rubbed off, like other gilt, by use. Your pri-

soner at first sounded me three syllables; now he rings but the tingle of his fee. Now then we'll increase your acquaintance by introducing you to a turnkey or two," said one of the officers, as they reached the Bench, when Fingal was conceded the satisfaction of lodging with his master.

The following day one of the inmates of the prison announced to Fingal, that a gentleman in a carriage waited at the gate to see his master. Fingal hastened to him, but was soon reminded that he was in a jail, by being stopped at the inner gate. The turnkey let the gentleman know, that he must meet them he would see more than half-way, when he visited the inmates of the Bench; when he alighted, and being conducted inside to Fingal, that worthy conveyed him to his master's apartment.

The gentleman introduced himself as the lawyer of Sir John Belford, who was engaged in preparing a marriage settlement for his daughter; and learning from the young lady herself that she was under such engagement to Ulynn, that, before she could sign any agreement, or consent to any arrangement, in which her hand and honour were to be engaged and bound, she must have the full release of that she had, in her infatuation, made with him who had done so much to break it,—the gentleman had come with a letter from Sir John Belford, enclosing

a note from his daughter, and was fully prepared to argue the matter, provided Ullyn demurred to the reasonable requests contained therein.

The note of the baronet was couched in respectful terms, saying:—

“Sir John Belford trusts Mr. Seyton will return an immediate answer to the reasonable request of his daughter, Eliza Belford, contained in the enclosed. He is assured that the son of Glenullyn is as incapable of withholding that which he knows to be unprincipled to retain, that which his youth and inexperience might justify the acceptance of, as of doing, on mature reflection, anything that might bring reproach upon his name, or misery to the friend and companion of his brave father.”

The other, in a well-known hand, written distinct and neat, was:—

“The unfortunate engagement we made being now broken, assign me a release from it in your own hand.

“ELIZA BELFORD.”

Without betraying any further emotion, than a slight change of countenance at reading this last note, Ullyn took the pen, and wrote under it on the same paper, that Miss Eliza Belford was fully released from every obligation, vow, or engagement, made by her to him, so far as he could release her, and was at full liberty to make any others she pleased.

The Countess then tried to console the youth on the unfavourable result of the inquiry into his claims, and recommended patience and resignation to the ills of life ; she was sorry he had not a better lodging, but expressed her hopes that if any change took place in it, it might be somewhat for the better. "Farewell !" added she, "I have something to disclose, that may not concern you now ; but it may be satisfying enough to know what the friendship I have borne you is ;" and hastening out of the prison, apparently overjoyed at the result of her errand, she was conducted by the marshal who waited before upon her to her carriage, and was driven home.

The following morning, when Fingal waited upon his master, he found him in bed, with every symptom of fever upon him. In a tone of deep concern that anxious creature asked if he felt ill, and his master replied with the impatience of sickness to be allowed to lie still in peace. Fingal, however, hastened down-stairs into the open court, and asked the first he met where he could find a doctor, when he learnt that there were several medical men who resided within the walls, and Fingal brought the first he could get, a man in a professional dress, with absent manners and greasy coat. In one pocket he had a diploma—voucher enough of his abilities ; in the other a case of lancets, to back the diploma.

Approaching the bed, this Galen of the Bench took hold of the prisoner's arm, felt his pulse, pursed his brows, and looked vacant. "Virulent symptoms of fever," said he.

"Will he require bleeding, Doctor?"

"I commend phlebotomy with the face of clay," replied he with the diploma, brandishing a case of lancets, and unsheathing one to thrust into the patient's arm.

"You're not going to bleed him with that tomahawk!" exclaimed Fingal.

"They have bled many."

"Too many by half," said Fingal, and swore he would not allow any such instrument to enter his master's arm, when Dick Coventry entered with a highly respectable and intelligent-looking man, whom he brought as one eminently qualified to give advice, and the other strutted out of the room.

When this surgeon had examined the patient, he thought that he only required a little medicine, and to be kept quiet for a short time; he would recover without bleeding.

This surgeon, who was a man of considerable attainments, who had practised in the army in early life, seemed very much affected when he heard that his patient had been born and bred in the same service. He with much feeling asked his name, and seemed disappointed when Fingal told him it was Ullyn, without giving

that by which alone his father had been known as a soldier. Before, however, the surgeon could learn the particulars of his history and connexions, he was called away by a messenger, who came for him to come and probe an Irishman's shoulder; one who had come to the Bench for the twofold purpose of taking the benefit of the insolvent act, and paying a two-years' penalty of imprisonment, for having two wives. This prodigal of wedlock, and economiser of punishment, had done everything in life to atone for his error, by marrying two more wives in the course of his career.

"He is a homœopathist," said the messenger; "a man who believes in the salubrity of using in gentle doses the very portions of the disease itself as it were, at least of that which caused it; he has great faith in the hair of the dog that bit him, thinks gentle bleeding continued a corrective of the flux, and the only way to cure a bad marriage is to try another; and to atone for that applies a third, and so on. Error on an extensive scale is with him the way to do away the effects of those in the small way. If one marriage be honourable, two, in his logic, must be more so; if one be unsatisfactory, and in the law two be deemed more so, the best way to punish the evil is to add to it, and in time it will purge itself. This squarer of evil and accounts was, in his youth, wounded in battle, for he too

was a soldier; and as the wound has been like a thorn in his shoulder, now, like his errors, it hath come to a head, and he wishes you to come and probe it."

Accompanied by Fingal and the messenger, the surgeon, leaving Coventry with his patient, proceeded to the apartment of this civil and moral reformer, and found a gentleman of about the age of fifty, of the extreme of fashion in one part of his person, of slovenliness in another, and inconsistency in the whole. His hair, or his wig, was jet black, and his whiskers grey; the morning gown he wore was of the most elegant and costly material, and his trousers were patched; he wore an easy slipper on one foot, and a neat tight shoe on the other. With a countenance of the utmost good-humour and roguish pleasantry, and a tongue tinged with the Irish brogue, he welcomed the surgeon and his assistant, which he took the son of Finlay to be, and that son of Finlay took him, with more correctness, to be the very Arthur Clogheen whom he had encountered when he was on the way to the Borders with his bride, and he himself and his master were on their route to ruin.

Arthur gave the two a hearty reception, the more cordial as he had every intention in nature of paying the surgeon for his professional attendance, but had as distinct a view of the period when he would be able to do so, as of his seeing

himself once more a widower, or what he deemed the same, a man at large; for, as he so justly reasoned, "I am as free from every obligation in law when I have done the matter clean in this same earthly purgatory, as I was under it by the other trifling ceremonies I had gone through, and stand in the state of one morally divorced and legally free of debt; and as we are getting free of loads at any rate, I will take it kind if you ease my shoulder of a bullet that has been in it."

Now no man could be better calculated to do that than this surgeon, for it was put there by himself, as will be seen immediately.

When the surgeon informed his patient that he had served in the army too, the patient thought himself lucky in such an attendant, seeing he must know how to treat gun-shot wounds, but the man, whose profession was to heal such, owned that he had the misfortune to give them.

"Have you long left the army?" asked the man of salves, examining the wound.

"Ever since I got this wound. Is it long since you were in it?"

"Ever since I gave a wound like this. In what battle did you receive this?" said he, whose profession was to cure wounds.

"In no battle; it was in an affair of honour. Were you ever in such a piece of ceremony?"

said he, whose profession was essentially to make them, whether in peace, war, or in domestic life.

"Yes, and had the misfortune to shoot my antagonist."

"There you had the advantage of me; my antagonist had the fortune to shoot me, else I might not have had the pleasure of your acquaintance. Oh L—d!" cried Arthur, giving a twinge as the probe entered his shoulder.

"You have fought on Wimbledon Common?" cried the surgeon.

"I have," replied the patient.

"You were in Hamilton's regiment of foot?"

"I was."

"You had an estate in Connaught?"

"I have still, as prolific as ever."

"Your name is O'Regan, and it was I gave you the wound I now probe."

"Come to my arms," said the ensign, and the two who had never met since their hostile encounter on Wimbledon Common, now heartily embraced within the walls of the Bench prison.

Moore then declared, that, under the conviction of having caused his death, he had become a voluntary exile, and had served in Columbia for fourteen years, "and till my return to England, some eighteen months ago, I believed me guilty of your death."

“No such luck, 'faith; I had some other little ceremonies to go through first. If you could persuade a brace or so of my wives—God bless them all—to believe me dead, or die in a body themselves, you may have another shot at me. It was convenient for Ensign O'Regan to die then, and that I should take the name and estates of Clogheen in another county less burthened.”

All this while they forgot the old wound, now green and fresh again, as if it renewed itself with these reminiscences. In opening it, Moore extracted a piece of scarlet cloth, rather more than an inch square, in a state of perfect preservation, which had remained in the wound ever since the duel.

Fingal then brought to the recollection of him who was driven to the borders by four horses as little uniform in character as was himself they drove, the adventure he had with him in the inn.

“Ah, that same victim of sentiment, with the stomach too fine for steaks and cockey leekie, that I brought—or rather that brought me there—has brought me here. I married her with an annuity, and that annuity ceased when she married me; and as she found my estates burthened to annihilation, for which she had been induced to take me, she discovered quickly that I had been married before; and with the

hope of being unmarried again, to get back her annuity, she splits the honeymoon, giving me a liberal half here, and goes on a voyage of discovery for the other."

When Moore had carefully dressed the wound he had twice made, the two sat down and talked of old recollections, gave each other his adventures, but which, lest they interfere with the fast closing ones of Ullyn, they are reserved for another occasion.

When they returned to the apartment of Ullyn, they found him lying asleep; and the first instance of female tenderness and vigilance since he could be conscious of it, exhibited over him in the person of his sister, who sat by him.

When he awoke and had come to himself, and brought to his remembrance the near relation he had by him,—“ Oh, Lydia, I have seen my mother in my dream; she pointed to the register of her marriage—a tomb on which it was graved; and as I read it it, blotted out, and instead of the revelation of our sacred right, I read the flaming record of her dishonour !”

CHAPTER XII.

THE HISTORY APPROACHES THE CRISIS.—SYMPTOMS OF A
REVULSION.

ABOUT this time, a great, and somewhat unexpected change took place in the state. A party which had thriven in office, and which success and time had so incorporated with it, that they deemed themselves the essential attributes of it, was about to retire. In proportion as the world advanced in sentiment and opinion, in like proportion it stood still, and retained its own, deeming that which was so satisfactory and comfortable, incapable of amendment, and dangerous to change. It is, however, difficult to get that portion of the world, whose prerogative it is to give, to be for ever content, and allow that more favoured, whose office is to take, to enjoy it for ever, without giving more reasons for their right. The world, however, accustomed to be led, will some time be arrogant enough as to attempt to walk alone.

It avails little for the leaders to treat such attempts of their relief on the part of the led, as many other reliefs are treated, as the result of

presumption and ignorance, worthy their pity or contempt. It is always a solemn complaint of the seniors to the next generation, it will not be content with the order of things they have, which hath had the advantage of ample proof. As the well-fed cannot see the cause of complaint in them who are eager to eat, but have not wherewith to be content, so they who have proved that fitness of things, which seem to have been measured for them, wonder at their successors not being satisfied with them. When the world ceases to be led, then it must be driven; and when it refuses to be driven, then it is awkward. The people complained; and their rulers, to shew them the folly of it, gave them more cause, that they might know the difference; the change by no means contented them; and when they assured them that change would be immutable, they led the people to the secret, that to gain any change worth having, they must make it themselves. Then they who could see no distress, began to find the difficulty of making them, who swore they could at least feel nothing else, equally blind and happy. Then they found that what would have amply satisfied their utmost wishes, would not form a tythe of what they would have; and where one would have been held enough, ten were barely sufficient. A great change threatened to take place, and many were seen in London, whose faces were strange at court.

As Bric sat in his back apartment, humming a lamentable ditty, and cutting out a pair of soles, the sign of tobacconist, on the outside of his window, attracted the attention of a countryman, whose mull wanted replenishing. This countryman was a man about five-and-fifty, of the common height, with a fresh colour, and the appearance of one who had seen the world. In his dress, there was a union of rusticity and military precision. Over his shoulder hung a Scottish plaid, and in his hand he held a stick. Opening with caution the door, and entering the front apartment—"Tam'd queer bitch of a sneesh shop this," said he to himself, as he stood and surveyed the apartment; "the nest'll be harried; like a wee still, after the guager's been inquiring after her. There may be the smell o' the sneesh, but deil hait else; and there's the souter cobbling, to keep soles to his body and the upper leather; and a waefu' stave that will be his crooning.—Merchant!" cried the customer, but the merchant heard not, at least replied not.—"Deaf's a door nail. Head nae doubt empty as his shop; queer soul a dummy till keep the shop when it's toom. He's whistling, and I'm sure there's room enough to dance—Merchant?"

"Come in, customer," replied Bric, continuing his lament, and beating the sole on his lapstone, yet not deigning to cast an eye at the stranger who approached him.

"You'll be the dealer in snuff and the tobacco?"

"You may swear to that?"

"Wholesale, maybe——?"

"And retail; you may know what a trade I must have, when the very scales and weights have gone in the hurry of business; and it's even difficult to keep the fixtures from moving."

"Ecot, it's a wonder you're here to the fore yoursel maybe; and her nainsell be wanting her mull plenished with the rappee."

"All sorts of mixtures her nainsell can be having; a pick and choose without selection."

"And where will you keep it, in the Custom-house, or at the manufactory?"

"In that pillow-case; it serves me for a bolster at night. It's like our luck in a bag, shake it up, and take care it don't blow in your eyes, as ours has done," said Bric, and began to whistle.

"You'll have left off business, she'll be thinking?"

"Business had the start there, and left off me," said the merchant, beating the sole with redoubled vigour.

"You'll have seen better days, notwithstanding such a running trade, that will leave nought behind, she'll think, friend?"

"Never saw worse, he'll know, comrade."

"And you'll drive the twa business in one

yourself, the sneesh and the brogue; and wha will be making the siller?"

"I only wish I may live to know."

"Have you been long in this moving line?"

"Ever since I started; the prosperity might last as long as a man may roll down a hill; I got up the brae with a Frenchman; he gave me a shove down; the world and justice lent him a foot to urge me on, and when fairly in the breech, the universe sat down upon me."

"Have you no friends?"

"All in purgatory, and I'm praying them out of it." And then he began to beat the sole to pieces.

"When folks' friends lie down there, it will be better to lie down beside them; tam'd if it'll be any use getting them out—it'll no pay. And you must have had a roaring trade, when canisters, scales, weights—everything went."

"And by the powers, credit and all; the only wonder is, that I stopped myself; and didn't go too, in the hurry of business. It was like Cupid shooting arrows, and when his quiver ran dry, shooting himself for one."

"You'll find it difficult to supply in such a trade?"

"Impossible to meet the demands, anyhow, by the powers."

"And where be this sneeshin?"

"Reach your hand to that pillow-case, there

you'll find lots of it of all sorts, black and brown; when cannisters went now like the winds, the snuffs are chained in a bag; thrust in your fist, and stir up a tempest."

As Bric looked up, he stared, and Serjeant Malcolm Mackintosh recognising his old comrade exclaimed—"Got for tam!" as Bric got up, and let the lapstone fall upon his toes. But seizing Malcolm in his arms, the pillow-case of snuff was compressed between them, and out flew a volume of snuff into their nostrils, mouths and eyes, which set both sneezing, coughing, and capering about the room.

After they had composed themselves, Malcolm inquired eagerly after Glenullyn; and learning his fate, informed Bric that Lord Balmano with his family had come to town, and was invited to give Miss Belford away in marriage the following week.

"This going over the same ground,—for we have the world to begin again; and thank God it's all before us—would be mighty agreeable, if in doing so, we went over the same years of our life; and starting anew when done up, we started anew in soul and body; as young in both, as we are innocent in luck, and in that we are babes unborn;—unborn!—unbegotten by St. Patrick; for the finish of this sleek career of mine, must be the commencement of a connubial one with my landlady, and that is ending with—a commencement."

"It would be a pity to keep yourself after such a demand; it will be better than the jail—aye faith, will't."

"Let us go there and see Glenullyn," said Bric; and shutting up the shop, without any fears of neglecting his trade, the two proceeded to the King's Bench.

All claims upon the person of Lucy Baliol being abandoned, after the disclosure of her who had the bringing of her up, the court that gave the order against Ullyn for retaining her, began to doubt the propriety of retaining him any longer in confinement. As there was evidence of an assault having been made upon the officer, whom Ullyn struck after the rencontre in attempting to seize his sister, when Bric and Malcolm got to the prison, they found Ullyn and Fingal preparing to go before the magistrates to be examined, with a view to their liberation.

As Ullyn, accompanied by an officer, and Fingal followed in the custody of another, left the place of their confinement, they received the benedictions of those who had partaken of their bounty.

As they proceeded—"Have you prepared counsel for your defence?" said the officer, who accompanied the son of Finlay.

"No; having neglected to commit any offence we have been equally neglectful in preparing to defend it."

“No defence, in a complicated case like this; an attempt at murder, and not guilty; the more need you to have advice. The man as can do all you're lugg'd up for, don't need counsel, he don't; it's him as is innocent, as is the one to be wronged. Your knowing coves as has had experience at the bar, and can come the legal patter, only need the assistance of Providence; but you, pulled up the first time, will want something more, in a land of law and precedent and enactments; which you've more need of grace to steer clear of, than to steer clear of crime and misdemeanor—did you ever fight?”

“Did we never do that?” exclaimed Fingal.

“Then would you tempt your fives in a ring without your practice with the gloves; would you try the lists with your sword, without you knew your stops, your parries and thrusts?—then don't attempt your justice without your statute, your case in point, your opinion, your cross questions, and your alibi—and that's your habeas after all. We don't want your innocence and your conscience in court or at the bar, we want proof and evidence, look ye. You can't try a man without your capias—not a bit of it; and no man's guilty without he be convicted in a land of law and libel. So your omitting to have legal advice, is as bad as being cast, and omitting to do the crime—and that's as bad as giving a receipt without being paid. Let me

give you a little bit of advice—say nothing as will commit yourselves.”

When Ullyn was brought forward, the assault was clearly proved; though its having been proved afterwards, that the officers had themselves no great right to take Lucy Baliol by force; and Ullyn shewing his superior right to her, lessened the matter greatly in its atrocity. So different a turn the affair took, that the magistrate would accept bail, to answer any charge that might be made against him; recommending him, at the same time, to make it up with the prosecutor;—when lo, the prosecutor was gone; it had been made up already, by a liberal solatium, given by a solicitor, who came fully provided with bail, to any extent the magistrate chose to take.

Fingal was about to follow his master, when he was stopped, and arraigned for treasonable matters in the Highlands, and stealing cattle.

“This is a mighty charge,” quoth the magistrate to Fingal, “and what have you to say to it?”

“Nothing.”

“The prisoner has nothing to say against the justice of the charge,” quoth the magistrate.

“Because it’s too monstrous and absurd.”

“Has this deluded being no adviser?” asked the humane justice.

“Please your lordship, I am,” quoth Brie, stepping forward.

"And who's yours?"

"I was the prisoner he released when the soldiers were taking me to Stirling."

"And what did you commit?"

"A big mistake, to let them take me, and they a bull in taking me; but nobody was guilty of releasing me but myself."

"And her nainsell wi' the whittle," quoth Duncan Cameron, who had been at Barnet fair; and who, meeting Serjeant Mackintosh, had been brought forward to give evidence in favour of the prisoners, and who deposed that he and his comrade had taken the horses to Stirling, where they delivered them up.

In the case of levying mail on Varnish's cattle, the prosecutor had sent his solicitor to press for a committal; but as the magistrate would not do that without Michael appearing himself against him, and he, feeling ashamed to do so, as well as being desirous of shewing magnanimity to the family he was about to ally with, declined; the case was disposed of, and Fingal discharged upon his own recognizances.

On his reaching home, Fingal was surprised to find his master at this seeming conclusion of the drama, in a more reconciled state than he anticipated. In addition to this loss of all his hopes and the dereliction of his friends, he found that he was without resources. A painful ceremony was necessary—that of Ulynn parting with

his attendant. They must each begin a career on his own footing. And it was with a faltering tongue Ulynn told Fingal that henceforth he was his own master; and till he had something better to give him for his faithful services, he gave him the valuable trappings and accompaniments of pistols, dirks, mulls, and other mountings of his dress, as head of his clan. Fingal looked upon his touching them little better than sacrilege.

"Oh bid me not leave you—'where thou goest I will go—thy country shall be my country; and where thou diest there will I die, and there will I be buried;' and that's about the only Scripture, God help me, I could ever quote. In the garb of Ulynn I would be like a corpse arrayed in a bridal dress," said Fingal, beginning to weep.

Scarcely had Fingal wiped the tear from his eye, when the landlady of the house, after giving a gentle tap, entered. There was nothing due for lodging; and as she felt an interest in her lodger, the son of Finlay thought she had come to ask them to take a cup of tea with her. To that they had been welcome, but her object was to inform Ulynn a gentleman waited below who wished to see him particularly; when a gentleman of the good old school entered—a man about the age of sixty, hale and apparently well kept, dressed in black small clothes, silk stockings, and buckles to his shoes. He wore a bob-wig,

well powdered and neatly trimmed. There was in every part of his dress and looks the appearance, and also the manners, of one who was a strict observer of ceremony and etiquette. He had the refined look of a courtier, with the formal manners of a professional man. There was a neatness and a prinness in everything about him; and though his neckcloth had neither the tie nor cut of the mode, there were evidently displayed more care and pains in it, than in those which are more noticed for their taste. Everything, from the crown of the head to the shoe-tie, bespoke a man of former times. In one hand he held his hat, in the other his cane. With an air of solemnity he bowed to Ullyn, and gracefully saluted the son of Finlay.

Ullyn rose to receive this stranger, and bade Fingal set a chair to him; who as he performed his master's orders, stood waiting to know whether he might stay or retire, when the man of other days bade him remain—what he had to communicate was matter he might hear.

“Your name is Fingal—take a seat, friend Fingal,” said he. “Douglas Seyton, I presume, I have the honour of addressing. You are the son of the late Colonel Seyton, alias Ullyn, of Glenullyn. I hate your aliases; they smack of the Old Bailey, or what is worse, of the tenants thereof; but otherwise, Ullyn of Glenullyn—spelt I suppose with a *y*—an attainted rebel. Why

should they designate a man an attainted one, as if it 'twere a distinction like your 'of that Ilk.' It's not an expressive word either, though it sounds well—a good whipper-in to your rebel; and rebel's a curious abstract term too. When a man revolts he's a rebel, till his cause wins, and then the revolted against are the rebels; for it is evident that if the cause which this said Ulynn rose in favour of had been successful, then who'd call his revolt rebellion. Son as I said of Glenullynn, a man suspected of high crimes and misdemeanours; and of Helen, of dubious name and family, called and believed—habit and repute—his wife."

"Well, though I am," said Ulynn, at a loss to know in what way he should take the humour of his visitor.

"That's the matter—though you are—though who should doubt you to be the son of your mother. The wisdom of the son is all on the side of his paternity. To know if he be the son of his mother, is not among the subtleties of science and wisdom. Your father, a well-meaning man no doubt, but he should have entrusted his secrets to surer hands, since, after all his zeal for his issue, he left you of doubtful birth and questioned legitimacy."

"With the certainty of no legitimacy at all, I am perfectly content to go through the world: while I had but a dubious claim to it, I had but

little enjoyment ; now I have none at all, I am happier than I believed the possession of the right could have given me."

"Happiness is quite a relative matter after all. Believe you are so, and you want nothing more."

"Now that the matter is beyond hope, had I a little more distinct object of getting into employment or service abroad, I wouldn't walk the length of Westminster for as many hopes and assurances of rights and titles as ever tenanted the Bench prison."

"Wherein there's nothing else but good intentions :—questioned legitimacy, lately charged with attempt at slaying, aggravated assault, and contempt of court, and your man, Fingal, with crimes too tedious to mention."

"None below the dignity of a gentleman, except the cattle stealing," quoth Fingal.

"Their gentility or heinousness I don't come to dispute now, friend Fingal. You're the son of Finlay, and, I understand, no mother at all."

"And that's some mercy. I sha'n't suffer much in going in search of her, or her pretensions to bring me into the world ; and few will care much about the grace of my going out of it."

"How came that into your possession ?" said he in the bob-wig, handing Ullyn a bank-bill

for one hundred pounds, with his name and that of the Countess of Walton endorsed upon it. "It hath been paid into the hands of my Lord Walton's banker. It had been lost at play; paid as a gambling debt to a roué, which has created an unfavourable report, as being given by Lady Walton, and presented to his lordship for payment. The Countess hath owned she left it in your room unknown to you, when you refused it as she offered it to you. It hath been duly honoured, as it was presumed you paid it away."

"Never saw nor touched it before."

"Her ladyship only regrets that you got no use of it, notwithstanding the reproach she may be open to from her husband."

"Wasn't he surprised when he saw it?" asked Fingal.

"Has seen so much, that he's resolved to be surprised at nothing that may be presented to him. But I am glad to see you so calm and resigned at this result of your affairs. Perhaps it may be a pity you had not the good luck to avail yourself of the interest of my Lord Walton."

"I am satisfied with what I already have received at his hands, and I go with the most grateful recollections of his favour; remembrance as fervent, as if that favour and esteem remained unchanged."

"Besides the note, I came with philosophy and sentiment. I am happy to see you already armed with both."

"And it is likely it will not be so much required, as we have nothing to look for."

"Then am I to say, that for this note you had nothing?"

"Never saw it till you shewed me it now."

"Egad, I wish we had just——"

"Gently, friend Fingal; your obligation is the less, and it may lead the more——"

"Oh, promise us no more, as you love us."

"Not even thy deserts, friend Fingal," said the formal messenger of a by-gone age, rising to go. "Perhaps you will call to-night on my Lord Walton."

"What object can I have there?"

"That he may shew you what reason you had for all your hopes and sanguine expectations."

"He may not wish to see me."

"To that extent, at all events; and it may be something to know how far you are justified in remaining at rest, satisfied with what judgment has been given——"

"Herald of the blessed——"

"Temper thee, my son; I am herald of philosophy and fortitude," said this consoler in the knee-buckles to Fingal. "He will give you an interview to-night at eight."

"Here's a messenger!—"

"Hope and look for nothing: be neither elevated, nor cast down, lifted up——"

"Be not d—d!" exclaimed the son of Finlay; "can a man hold the sun in his hand, and fear an eclipse, or be nice about his umbrella in Noah's flood?"

"I say, temper thee friend; they are least disappointed who expect least," said this philosopher, leaving with a moral.

Fingal conducted this practical moralist down stairs—"You come to canonize the ashes, the seared cinders of our prospects—and like Prometheus——"

"Open the door, and shut your mouth——"

"Like the postscript of a lady's letter, the soul of your mission is in the nota-bene;—your by the bye——"

"Rein thy tongue, son of Finlay, and no mother—but see that thy master appears at eight, as commissioned."

"If the sun forget not to decline——"

"It declines not; it used to do, but that's all altered now; the earth turns round, the sun goes not down, but you go up, friend Fingal."

"Oh, but that is the most blessed messenger!" exclaimed Fingal, as he shut the door, and returned, "that ever came harbinger of luck to man, since he of the wilderness!"

CHAPTER XIII.

SHewing WHAT ULLYN WAS INVITED TO, AND DISCLOSING
THE REAL INTENT AND DESIGN THE COUNTESS OF WALTON
HAD UPON HIM.

WE suppose, gentle reader, that from the incoherence and eccentricity of our chapters, you deem our history to draw to an end. We by no means feel eager to part with you, but would rather linger at the close. Still, we write as if our labours were nearly done; and feel that sort of lassitude, or rather melancholy, one experiences at the conclusion of anything which hath excited his sympathies. Generally, the last scene of the last performance is the least attended to; the catastrophe is anticipated, and there is an adjusting of cloaks and shawls, and other preparations made for departure, so that the "plaudite" is often begun before the "valeté" has been given. The excitement is over; and like every other fitful fever, its conclusion brings lassitude with it; as if gratification should beget the sense of the hollowness, and the unsatisfying nature of things. A man's final retirement from business, or from the active

duties of life, is often more melancholy than his bankruptcy. Hope then hath lost its very genius; and he seems as if his part in life were over; and how soon he is forgotten, except by them who have an interest in his death, and who exercise every resignation to the Divine will, till he slips off.

The sun is down, and the impatient Fingal is busy, arraying his master for this closing interview with the Earl of Walton. Ullyn seemed to sympathise in this lingering at the last act of the drama; for there was something in the delusion he had lived in so long, that he felt lothe to bid it adieu. Perhaps it is that parting for ever with the things of life, looking upon the bloom of nature, and the glorious sun, for the last time, the thoughts of seeing faces and hearing sounds no more, we have been so long familiar with, and quitting all the associations of life, more than the consciousness of our unfitness to die, that make up a vast deal of our reluctance to leave life; and many who own they are not prepared to die, declare they are not yet tired of living.

As it drew near the hour, Ullyn set out to wait upon the Earl of Walton, as if for some momentous occasion—"Oh, couldn't you fire a rocket into the air, if things be favourable, that we may know. When you first set out there, I hurled an old shoe after you; we may say no-

thing about the luck that followed. I'd hurl myself this time ; for since that ancient pink and pearl of heralds has been here, Glenmore's owlet has been croaking in my ear—but go in peace."

Ullyn having passed Charing Cross, entered Privy Gardens, calling to his mind every old acquaintance of his father in the army ; and the clock of the Horse Guards chimed the quarter past eight ; and his heart beat, as he perceived he was behind his time. He quickened his step ; and as he passed the railing which enclosed a piece of ground in the Gardens, he heard the sounds of something, which startled him, and looking round, a weapon gleamed in his face. He leapt back, and instantly saw the hand of an assassin raised against him.

Before the blow that was aimed at Ullyn took effect, he was in a state of defence, by unsheathing his own weapon. When preparing to encounter his assailant, another rushed from his place of concealment, equally armed. And then it rushed to his mind, that the invitation he had so formally received, was a plan to allure him to his destruction. Retreat was vain ; he was beset in front, and an iron railing hemmed him in behind. He parried the blow first made at him, but received a stab on the side of the head, which made the blood spout even on the clothes of him who gave it. He staggered, and the two stood still, waiting to see him fall ; satisfied he

had got a mortal cut—and he feeling assured that he had got enough, made a determined thrust at the heart of him who gave it. The point of the weapon caught his shoulder, and snapped in two. With the broken weapon he cut at both, but with no effect; and the two pressed him, till he felt jammed against the iron railing. He could no longer defend himself; and as one raised his arm, the point of the other's sword was aimed at his heart, when a blow from an unseen hand shivered the weapon to pieces; and was followed by an unhallowed anathema from the lungs of that redoubtable son of Finlay.

As Fingal had thrown his old shoe after his master, when he first set out to call upon the Earl of Walton—and that was followed by little luck—like him whom Bric quoted—when having shot all his arrows, he shot himself; so he followed at the heels of his master, feeling persuaded something terrible was about to happen. He heard the attack; and with that propensity for affray, which was to benefit everybody but himself, which he had by nature, it was not long till he was in it.

In an instant, Fingal grappled with him whose weapon he had shattered, in which the latter received a severe wound under the ear; the blood gushed in a torrent, and Varnock fell, and rolled on the stones, and Glenfalloch fled.

Fingal seeing his antagonist prostrate, turned to his master, who leant upon the railing—"Are you safe?" said Fingal.

"If this would stop bleeding, I think I am;—who is he that has fallen?"

"A well-gospelled sinner, I think I've met before."

"Is he gone?"

"Not yet;" said the man, in a voice scarcely articulate, from the blood that gathered in his throat; "I have life enough to give you my curse; you were born for this; I have ever read my death in your face—I have got it at last."

"Oh, had you repented a couple of days before," said humanity, in the person of his slayer, "what a saving it had been to your own body, and my soul, as your death will rest upon it?"

"I have fallen by the son of him who fell by me."

"Oh my avenging soul! I have slain the murderer of my father!"

"When carrying off Ullyn's sister, I gave Stuart the blow that brought him to the earth. It was I assailed the Countess of Walton, at the theatre—she has the secret you are going to hear. The money she left on your table, hath purchased you this assault."

"And as the wages Judas got for betraying his master, served to purchase a rope to hang

himself with, your assault has recoiled upon your own throat."

The prostrate Varnock spoke no more to what was asked of him.

"What a wakeful eye he hath had upon you! if he goes to seek that of mercy, I fear he'll find it as long shut."

"Strange, that as he hath ceased to live, the wound he hath given me, has ceased to bleed," said Ullyn, somewhat surprised at the sudden stoppage of his blood.

They proceeded to Walton House, the door of which was open. The house seemed lighted up, as if for some great occasion.

"What can be the meaning of this?" said Ullyn, making a pause.

"Had we not better go back and wash our faces?" said Fingal.

"No; I was as bloody once when I was sought for; perhaps the blood may remind them of our merit?"

"Bore on, I am at your heels," said he, who should have died on the plains of Troy, when he would have stood the chance of having his achievements sung.

As Ullyn reached the door, he was met by two servants in full array, who seemed to be waiting for him; and who gave him a welcome, that sounded like the hail of congratulation.

"Commend me ever to heralds and philosophers

who wear bob-wigs !" said Fingal. Ullyn advanced ; the modest avenger of Finlay lingered at the shrine ; but his master, who stood in the middle of the stair, stopped, and bade his preserver accompany him, though it were a sanctuary ; no place was fit for him into which he should not enter, and he followed.

As they reached the landing, Ullyn was met by the Earl of Walton himself. There was an expression of strong excitement on the Earl's countenance. Ullyn felt confused and abashed, and Fingal stood as if he expected to be hurled down stairs. Ullyn was about to make some explanation ; but he was relieved by the Earl himself, who took him by the hand, and led him into the drawing-room. The man with the broken sword followed : a number of noble relations of the family were assembled. The eyes of all were turned upon Ullyn, whose pale face, and handsome figure, stained with blood, seemed strange accompaniments to a guest for such a place. In front stood the Countess, arrayed like a bride, pale, silent, looking like some devoted victim ; Ullyn stood still, bewildered, and at a loss what to do ;—a pause ensued—no introduction.

" Oh God ! son of Ullyn !" exclaimed the son of Finlay, who was close behind him—" your mother stands before you !"

The Countess of Walton gave a suppressed

shriek, and fell into the arms of our hero, her son!

We are averse to scenes; but there is nothing theatrical in all this, except the bridal dress of the Countess, which looks something like a catering for effect. But as it was in that dress she had seen her son after her flight; and when, after a severe struggle, she had resolved to acknowledge him, she put on that dress, which had so many associations connected with it.

It may not be difficult to reconcile the reader to this declaration of the Countess being mother to Ullyn and his sister, seeing she had borne them both. She who had been duly mourned as dead, by all but her unfortunate husband, who, through respect to her name and family, concealed her shame, and his own dishonour, had fled with Lieut. Bellesford. The Earl of Walton was originally Lieut. Bellesford, of the dragoons, who rendered such service to his friend in affliction; and Michael Varnish was the only individual who knew that she still lived, except Varnock and Glenfalloch.

Michael as chaplain, gave consolations to the afflicted, and the afflicted in turn let Michael know how much he needed them. Glenfalloch knew the value of Ullyn's death—so far as it happened in the natural course of events. They knew the value of his death, but they did not know with what face they could ask the price of

it, from one so much used to reprove sin; he might feel a heavier duty to heaven and His laws, than covenant with slaughter; and hence their zeal to retain him in their power, with the breath in his body; and but for the fray at the theatre, it is doubtful if the Countess had ever met with her son.

It seems strange that it should have been left to him with the broken sword, to proclaim the Countess of Walton his master's mother; but the fact was, that what with veils, confusion, and other matters, Fingal had never before seen the face of the Countess. He had once a glimpse of her profile, as she got into her carriage—and that was sufficient to set him reflecting for a week, upon whom she reminded him of.

“My mother!” exclaimed Ullyn, as if to accustom himself to the sound; and looking wistfully at the Countess, as if he would read the right she had to be so.

“Your mother—yes—your true, and your lawful mother—the wedded wife of Fergus Ullyn, your father!”

“By the L—d Glenmore's owlet's in the dead thraw; I thought it would be a croaker!” exclaimed he with the broken sword.

“What bloody man is this?” said the Earl, turning round, as all eyes were directed to the son of Finlay.

“One to whom I have been twice indebted

for a small trifle—namely, my life !” said Ulynn.

“Fingal Stuart !” cried the Countess, who had reason to know him ; and gave the man of war and erudition a reception that turned his head.

Ulynn sighed, as the thought entered his mind, that perhaps his mother might have owned him too late. She noticed the change in his appearance, which she naturally attributed to the wound he had got, and to his recent illness and confinement. After receiving every congratulation from the family he felt himself so suddenly an adopted member of, he expressed a desire to return to his lodging. His heart swelled with gratitude to the Divinity, for this dispensation in his favour ; and he wished to pour forth his thanks alone.

“We are forgetting the dead body,” said Fingal ; and to the surprise and horror of all, begged the assistance of some of the Earl’s domestics, to look after the corpse of him he had slain.

Fingal, accompanied by the Earl himself, and a number of his servants, proceeded to the place where Varnock had fallen, but there was no body to be found. Varnock had found strength or assistance enough to be taken from the spot where he fell. When the news of his death reached home—“The same sheet and shroud,” quoth Meg, “which I had prepared for him

who is now aiblins winded in his mother's arms, will do for him. They'll fit him so nicely; and though, maybe, not quite so young and comely a corpse as his they were made for, he'll make a pretty streak. He was of gentle kin too; it's a pity he made such a poor swap of his soul, as trog it for what won't buy him a coffin."

But Varnock did not need the coffin for some time after.

After the assault, Glenfalloch hastened to the son of Jacob. He had a mind to repent, and if possible, to alter his ways. Like many other sinners, he could afford it, seeing success no longer attended his actions. Men as seldom think of regretting, before they are caught, or at least have failed in their designs, as of seeking forgiving before they commit them. When a man thinks he hath snared his soul, for something he is disappointed in, he is sorry only that he has done so much for so little. If he has had all he anticipated, and it turn out unsatisfying, or vain, his grief and sense of the vanity of things merge into one sentiment. The seducer who hath lured innocence from virtue and its home, never thinks of the obligation of restoring it, or of advising, for the sake of its friends and its soul to return, till he has been satiated with its ruin. He might shed tears, at surveying the havoc he has wrought, but he would have his gratification first. He who has amassed a thousand times

more than he can take with him, does not think of endowing charities till after he hath gone. Where so many have invoked curses on gambling, the imprecations have all been confined to them who lost; and hence the genuineness of Glenfalloch's sorrow and repentance, when he entered Varnish's room, to announce to him the result of his casual meeting with Ulynn, on the way to receive his mother's blessing.

This visit was untimed—Michael anticipated its object—he was a bridegroom, and in forming new alliances, wished to be relieved of many that he had had too long.

Scarcely had Glenfalloch confirmed the policy of Varnish, when another visitor entered to express his obligation—one about as welcome as the other—in the person of Little Jack, the hope of the Vennel.

"I come," said he who had been let slip from Newgate, "to shew you that I would keep my word as you kept yours."

After some further discourse, "I wish," said Jack, "to try another way of life, and I would like to begin it in America;—depend upon it this country's done for."

How generally is the country done for, when we are done for ourselves.

"America is the land of freedom, and there I would go, if it met with your approbation."

An opinion to a man to go three thousand

miles across a deep water, without a sou, should have some weight. It should, like a blessing, include the price of passage and outfit.

"To you I owe my life, and may I lose it again, if I would be indebted to any other for its reformation and salvation."

To be rid of one who promised to be in his way, and to establish him in another country, Michael would help him out of this. As Jack was strong, a steerage passage could be had reasonably; but the tall one was attached to the genteel, and preferred the cabin, as more apt to be free from contamination; when, lest he might prefer something more, he gave him a note to pay for his passage in a packet. "Farewell!" said he to him bound for the land of freedom and well-doing, "I wish you safe there."

"This is a soldier," said Jack, alluding to Glenfalloch. "I have a respect for soldiers, having been, in a manner of speaking, bred one myself; for though with my father we did everything but fight, still we followed the drum. Is there anything I can do for this before I go?"

"No, nothing; and go in peace—there's another guinea."

"Thank you," quoth he who meant to delay amendment till he got to a country worthy of it, putting something else into his pocket at the same time; and leaving his own benediction in lieu of that he got, he took his leave.

As Michael was pressed for time, he bade Glenfalloch excuse his leaving him abruptly. As he was anxious for the hour of appointment to draw near, he went to the mantel-piece to look at his valuable watch, but it was gone. Jack had sentiment, and took it with him, to assist his memory and remind him of obligation in a distant land. "Blast the thief!" exclaimed the begotter of him. "I thank God, I can have no compunction in hanging him now."

Leaving Glenfalloch somewhat unceremoniously, Varnish hastened to the house of Sir John Belford, according to appointment.

"Thus!" said the undone Glenfalloch, seeing the termination of all his well-schemed plans, and his long-cherished hopes; "when this sleek hound hath foundered us on the breakers of ruin, he leaves us—canting caitiff!—lily-livered cur. Oh vengeance, where are thy thunders?" exclaimed a special object of their wrath.

There are times when the most wayward and self-willed may be brought to reason. Dispersations work as often for good as for the punishment of evil. When we are undone we begin to see things in a more proper light. We are never so reasonable as when we have committed some error. To assail virtue that hath resolved to be deaf to argument, shew the object of its constancy erratic, and you may have a willing ear; or plant a rival by its side, and

ambition may make way for common-sense. In this respect Sir John Belford had reason to congratulate himself upon his daughter's flight; for when he removed her from Walton House, reproach was anticipated by that wise-like kind of regret—the will to do better. Having been deceived in her own object, she had nothing to urge against that of her father. Though appearances were sufficiently against her lover, and Fame lent all that generous aid it is always so ready to supply to confirm them, yet there still lingered doubts in her mind in his favour, which she even felt ashamed to entertain, but which increased as jail and calamity would side against them. For though nothing so triumphantly confirms the credit of error than bad luck with the world, it is apt to have a contrary effect with woman in love. “Even now,” said she to her cousin, as she prepared for the meeting she had resolved to give, “I could not swear my own sight unerring, were he even now to swear him innocent and abused; Varnish should have a cold hand in his at the altar.”

“Would you doubt your own eye-sight?”

“Why not? it hath already deceived me. I can prove it erring.—When it saw Ullyn in the embrace of Walton's wife, it saw innocence and suffering in his look, and no more guilt or its consciousness in hers, than if she had circled her husband in her arms—it was like proof out-witnessed by evidence and conviction.”

A servant entered, and announced to Miss Belford that she was waited for in the library. Eliza and her cousin were not aware that the hour of settlement was so near; but they attributed that to the speed with which time flies when appointed ill is expected. When they entered the library they found Varnish ready—even with special licence provided—the lawyer mending his pen, and the baronet perusing the settlement which had been prepared.

The man of law began to read to those assembled the deed which he had so carefully framed—
“Contract between——”

“Never mind the preamble,” said he who seemed to forget the natural prudence and policy of his character, “I am satisfied it is worded according to law.”

“It contains the full disposal of all my estates and possessions, real and personal, to my daughter at my death, with an annual allowance of six hundred a-year to her during my life-time,” said the baronet, “to descend to heirs male of her body, lawfully begotten in wedlock.”

“Oh, I am satisfied with your discretion and paternal solicitude—you may spare the recital.”

“I would have you hear that part of it which relates to her marriage-settlement; how far especially it is affected by wilful desertion, when the blame may rest with her.”

“Oh, my dear Sir John,” quoth the expected

son-in-law, "pardon my emotion; I am as content with it as if I had conned it each word and syllable by rote."

"But in the wording, I think there can be no cavil.—I hate your law, and I would not leave a loop for the ghost of a question or doubt to enter by."

"I would deem it a distrust, insulting to your judgment and discretion—on my soul, I am satisfied."

"I'll read it you in less time than the master would tax you the cost thereof," said the framer.

"First let me sign it, to prove my confidence—where is the pen?—it won't write--your ink's thick—why, I declare I'm dipping it into the pen-dust," quoth Varnish, laughing. "Ha, on such an occasion, a man may be spared some confusion." As he signed, he gave a flourish at the end of his name, and a thick underline, to conceal the tremulous hair-strokes of his signature, when suddenly a noise was heard of some one forcing her way to the room, and the door opened; and, spite of all remonstrance or resistance, Margaret Gormond entered the room.

"Lightnings blast the hag!" exclaimed he who prayed for the souls of both sappers and miners.

Meg stood erect before the party, and after a pause the baronet demanded what she wanted.

"Michael Varnish, the son of Jacob!" replied

Meg; and Michael, with the utmost alacrity, hastened to her, craving indulgence of the company for a few minutes, and muttering something aside to the baronet about the poor woman being insane, with a smile, held out his hand to Meg; for he had an idea on what fell mission she had come. He asked Margaret to retire with him, but she would not move. "No; what I have to say, belongs to them present to hear. No, Michael, I am not mad; but have come on leal intent to you, my Jo. There are hopes, man, yet; though this Countess of Walton be the mother of young Ullyn, of Glenullyn, there are doubts of the marriage of her and his father. Here are the papers our Jack stole from Seyton's body, on the battle-field, and we think they are only bits of lines that passed 'tween the late Ullyn and Helen Lennox."

"Countess of Walton—mother——"

"Of Douglas Ullyn, and Lydia Ullyn. We called his sister Lucy Baliol!"

Here the undaunted Varnish turned to the baronet, and said something, which seemed to imply that she was an object of pity——

"'Tis holy truth she speaks!" exclaimed the bride, leaving the room, and plucking the braid from her hair.

"Ah, Michael, you need not slander me, man. I have come on your service; for we think these are convenient lines ye ken 'tween

Ullyn and Miss Lennox ; and ye ken that sort of welting will no bide in England. But Jack, ye ken, was never taught to read or write, which was a pity ; mair by token, as you are good at that yourself. I cannot read them either ; write was only taught your gentles, in my younger days ; but aiblins you can ?” said she, giving the precious documents to the confused and confounded baronet.

Sir John Belford took the papers, and looking at one, began to read—“ Contract of marriage between George Fergus Ullyn, and Helen Lennox.”

“ Oh that gift of lair !” exclaimed Meg, “ I have done for it now. Then that makes young Ullyn legitimate after all ;—and oh, Michael, will you have to give up all that fine estate of Glenullyn ?”

Michael Varnish was unruffled by the presence of Margaret ; and was even the first to express his satisfaction at the prospect of Ullyn regaining his father's inheritance. This change of things did not change the baronet's opinion of Varnish ; but it confirmed mightily that of his daughter. Her lover, he to whom, in adversity, she betrothed herself, had been proved all that he pretended to be—and of course innocent of the crimes that had been laid to his charge. The father felt ashamed to withdraw his wish for his daughter's marriage to him who was no longer

Glenullyn; and then, for the first time, he began to think, that the will of a woman might be consulted in a matter which promised that she should have so much hand in—so he let them take their own way.

Little Jack had some honour; for though, after the pledge he made, he did not consider it fair to give up the papers with his own hand—but he lost them, and his grandmother found them. To shew his truth, Meg came to restore them. She followed him from whom they had been taken, even to the house of Sir John Belford, where she learnt their value.

“Ah, Glenmore,” said she, as she left the house, “now you may gnaw your nails, my Jo!”

CHAPTER XIV.

AN ESSENTIALLY MORAL CHAPTER—SHEWING HOW THE
GIFTED CAN TURN MISFORTUNE TO ACCOUNT.

AFFLICTIONS, no doubt, were intended for our good, if we could rightly see it; at least they who do not feel them say so. They operated wholesomely with Varnish; for Ullyn becoming at last the son of his mother, and getting possession of the estate he held, was a hint to him that his services were needed in the vineyard he was trained for in the Vennel. Having qualified himself for the church, he must needs be fitted for schoolmaster. Scholarship is not absolutely necessary in a country where the training for preacher is deemed the only one necessary. To have failed in preaching is voucher enough of classic acquirements. The more classes he may have attended, and the more varied and eccentric his course of study, however opposite in character, the more erudite he must be. It would appear that a critical acquaintance with one subject, which is to be gained by devotion to that alone, is not so much required as the rudiments of half a score.

Michael had rung the changes in a curriculum of studies, that fitted him alike for law, divinity, and physic. Hearing that there was a vacancy in a school in the west country, thither he posted, with a license to preach, a diploma to practise surgery, and thirty-three college tickets. There were a host of candidates for the situation: eleven preachers, two suspended ministers, a deposed supervisor of excise, a low comedian, and a lunatic. Of course there were none who had been educated with a view to the profession. Some had vouchers from the professors whose lectures they had attended, that they had attended their classes; some came with certificates of their having been born in wedlock, and were free from church censure and parish scandal. There was a travelling lecturer on mechanics, with a formidable array of certificates; a voucher from a self-educated poet, who knew no language but his own; another from an un instructed sculptor, whose eminence in making busts gave his evidence value in matters he was not acquainted with. They were all, however, eclipsed by Michael's bundle of college tickets, which embraced studies for a dozen different subjects, being chiefly those least of all needed in the situation he was applying for.

The thirty-three tickets embraced a period of five sessions, consisting of five months each, containing a course of study of two years and one

month. He had in one season tickets for moral philosophy and the elements of Euclid, botany, physiology, chemistry, elocution, and political economy: in another, church history, Hebrew, pharmacy, agriculture, medical jurisprudence, dissection, and natural philosophy: in another logic, civil law, the art of self-defence, anatomy, mathematics, and midwifery. No testimonials would bear looking at after these. Examination there was none; that lay with the minister of the parish, and he, goodly man, had forgotten as much of his elementary studies as the candidates had learnt; and Michael was duly appointed assistant and successor to Mr. Breekhamestout, of the extensive parish of Birchmybreek.

Good luck proved the choice of the parish a good one, for no sooner did Michael begin his duties than the incumbent took to his bed. Varnish then made proposals for him to give up his claims to the school, on promise of some equivalent, which gave the man a furious dysentery, that carried him off in the course of a week.

Besides the instruction of a hundred and ninety boys and girls, for there male and female are trained together, Varnish got mercurial, and added the duties of session clerk, precentor (without the music), clerk to justices, road trustees, and commissioners of supply; collected taxes and rates, wrote wedding and funeral invitations, took up the census, and opened an

evening seminary for adults. He could curb the dangerous propensity of reading high, for what he wanted in profundity he made up in variety. When one wished to be versed in alcaics, Michael tickled his fancy with logic. Another would understand the binomial theorem of Newton, he shewed him the theory of Michael Boaz; and to beguile the attention from Greek accident, introduced the art of box-making, chemistry, and the occult sciences.

As pretence may beget contempt, when ignorance and cunning are exposed, it is seldom seen through till they have accomplished their object, and then, like the opinions of virtue and merit recorded in an epitaph, it becomes innocent enough.

Michael fixed his eye upon the church, and he got licensed to preach. Thirty-three college tickets would license a Hottentot. Having got liberty to argue where debate is excluded, and to reason where no reply and confutation are feared, he soon became acquainted with a laird who had a presentation, a bastard son, and a little debt. The son was in training for the kirk, with a view to the living in his father's gift; but he was of a temperament that might not bear a severe ordeal, and Michael gained his acquaintance, then his confidence, and afterwards his friendship. He invited the youth to his house, in which he had every attention and

kindness paid to him : even his servant maid he dismissed, for her face was scarred with the small-pox, and in her stead he got the handsomest in the parish, with whom his guest fell foul, and blasted his prospects in the pulpit. The youth thought, that with Michael's assistance and ingenuity, the matter might be managed in the way the affair in the Vennel had been, but he mistook his friend's character—he was not a man to compound with transgression—in certain situations. He had every inclination in the world to stand his friend, and he would help to further his views in another career. Matters were soon arranged, and Varnish got the same promise his friend had, and he, instead, found everything obviated to his studying medicine.

No sooner was Michael secure in his hopes of the church, than the minister he was to succeed took to drinking : indeed he was scarcely ever sober from the date of his successor's call. At last the man took to his bed, lay, drank, cried, and prayed, for five weeks. On the morning of the first day of the sixth he was found dead in his bed, with the Bible clasped in his arms, and an empty bottle laying on his pillow.

When this incumbent died and was buried, it was necessary to give the call to his successor. The patron began to have qualms of conscience. These qualms seized him as suddenly as did the

gripes the vitals of poor Breekhamstout when his successor was appointed. He thought Michael did not improve upon a reflective acquaintance; there was so much of this world in his character, he suspected his claims to lead his flock to a better. He blamed him, too, for the backsliding of his son, who never did well after he formed his acquaintance. His education having been obtained upon the wreck of the poor laird of Glenmore, did not seem, in his mind, to augur good; the galloping career of the schoolmaster and minister, the dysentery, and drinking, were as little cheering to the reflection. This patron had some remains of conscience, or felt symptoms of such a thing slumbering within him, and he joined an anti-patronage society, which afforded a good example, seeing he was a patron himself; but, like delaying amendment till the temptation had gone, he did not join that body till he had disposed what he had to the son of Jacob.

He who bought the privilege might regret grace cost him so much, but no doubt such expense was like giving alms, lending to one who reserved treasure for it above; and he had ample assurance in the security, seeing he would have earnest of it by yearly instalments, regulated by the standard of Winchester or Linlithgow, being himself the steward; though it seems a pity that he who purged the temple should have given his life for an inheritance to be made so

convenient a commodity of. And many would think it a profane use of a privilege the Deity hath put into the hands of his favoured sons, to dispose of it for value or partiality; although on the part of them who have the gift granted or gained, it shews they deem it worth having when they are willing to buy it: it is one, too, often found easier to purchase than to merit. "Sell all thou hast and follow me," was a sad advice given to a well-meaning suitor of after treasures; and giving of what thou hast for the privilege of instructing others in their mysteries, may be a trying test of zeal and sincerity, only the perquisites detract from its sanctity; though they who would defraud Christ of his inheritance on earth, must have some assurance to ask for a share of his in heaven too. The heathens were averse to violate any of their religious rites for fear of offending their gods, we, more enlightened, are less scrupulous.

When the patron joined the enemies of patronage before Michael got the church, how was he to transfer his portion of it and be consistent? Michael obviated that. Though the laird and the Lord had not given him the call (for they generally call together), still he had the promise of it, and promises should be kept, even though repented of before they have been performed; so the promise was written and dated in a way to quiet scruples. The laird had scruples, Mi-

chael removed them : he had also need of money, Michael removed that too. He stood in the place of his son, and he was justified, or at least felt so, in dating his promise as early as the time he gave it to his son ; for as in taking, as it were, the son's provision from him, he felt it his duty to bear the expense of it in another line. The laird gave a show of reluctance to allow Michael to enter the church after he had given it to him. This seemed consistent enough, and, at his wife's solicitation, a trial was given. There was no danger of dissatisfaction in it ; few in the parish cared anything about it, and Michael was happy in his sermon, as an eminent divine had been happy in it before him.

When Varnish entered upon his new duties, he got two scientific farmers, who knew how to drain land and cultivate bent, to lay out the parsonage fields best for improvement. The religious and intellectual state of his flock would be sufficiently acquired in due time : manse and glebe were the first care, and a new church would follow in turn.

The characteristics which appeared mild in the forager to the forces, took a different caste when he began to recruit for another line. If before he was less candid, when the dimple played upon his cheek, and perhaps less sincere when he would seem the inferior of his patrons to assist their pride to tune them to grant his

object, there was something more to be dreaded from his ire, and more relentless in his revenge, when intercession for forgiving became his duty and profession. There was less charity in his apportioning of alms, more pride in his humility, and more humility in his court to them he looked to for improvement in manse and connexions, for whose countenance he would expand in argument the needle-eyed entrance to another lease of the paradise they are so satisfied with here, that would let the camel through with them on its back.

How often does the profession of anything become a corrective of the genius of its character. Many who make the productions of intellect their trade, take little interest in them but as they minister to their wealth, and have as little sympathy in genius, and its feelings, as an undertaker who mourns by contract has in the sorrows of them who employ him; so frequently the profession of anything in taking away the mystery detracts much from the sublimity of its character. To become religious by trade, would seem to give its trader assurance he is safe enough, as if he whose office it is to make every one thirsty, should have no drought to quench. Few guide their health worse than they who have studied the human frame; and who have less reverence to the sanctity of the law than they who live by expounding it? We have

known an actor abandon his profession because he deemed it a profane one. He felt the pursuit inconsistent with the character of a true Christian. To make sure of his reformation he entered upon holy orders, and then the sanctity of his piety was gone. He felt secure and confident of faith and works, and was by no means so religious and devout as clergyman, as he was when actor. He became as theatrical as a priest as he was pious when a player. So, in like manner, the affairs of this world had a deeper hold on the heart of the minister than they had on the affections of Craigullyn, and what a liberal dealer of the vengeance of Divine wrath became the cunning dealer in cattle, when he became the professional organ of speaking peace on earth.

Jacob had cast him off when he was obliged to resign the noble possessions of Ulynn, before he had secured the hand and fortune of Belford's heiress. "Here you come slinking hame again," said he, in a letter to him. "A bonny affair, man, you've made of it! Turn to the preaching, write a crook in the lot, and bring back the castaway by your own example; you'll be puzzled to get a better. Though the Lord has had proof, you're but a timmer in the main. You had better take a but and ben with that Dominie body, Coventry; he'll string ballads, and you'll trog them. You broke down training in the

Vennel, and when that break led you to higher things, man, you may be said to have stented the graith to some purpose. You have many arts to turn to: could you not make something of your oriental tinting, slake it thick on this aspect of your fortune, or clout that broken cistern you've hewed out for yourself by the solder of psalmody and sow-gelding?

But Jacob had hopes in him when he got the call, and was as eager to readopt him when he got a new manse,—none of your twa-lum'd biggings, as he called it—as to cast him off. And when a quarry was found upon his glebe, which the corporation of a great town were willing to work upon, it was evident there was the root of the matter in him. There is faith in a man whose lands Providence fertilizes with free-stone.

It was wonderful how well the son of Jacob became the profession he at last adopted. There was nothing of the levity of the camp, or the vulgarity of the victualler in him. No one ever heard muttered the name of the Vennel, nor did even the wraith of the genteel one ever once cross the mirror of his unsullied fame. He became an exemplary clergyman and good member of society. Only once, in the ardour of his discourse on the conversion of St. Paul, who fell from his horse on the way to Damascus, he exclaimed, alluding to the animal he rode,

"What a breed, my brethren, from that same naig!"

The mistaken genius, Dick Coventry, through the kindness and generosity of his at length lucky pupil, got liberated from prison, after a lengthened confinement, and found himself a greater stranger to liberty, than when he was in jail. Hearing that the school in which his early friend Varnish succeeded so well was vacant, he was advised by his friends to apply for it, and to solicit the recommendation and patronage of its late occupant. Dick thought that he was eminently qualified for it, and felt confident that Varnish would rejoice to further his pretensions. As success makes the generous free, the poet wrote him a flattering letter. This was, however, so fair an opportunity for him to exhibit his superiority over him of letters and evil destiny, he could not let it pass; and as he had a concealed spite against him, he could at the same time blast the mistaken one's hopes, as he would elevate himself in his eye. In answer to his letter and its inquiries regarding the routine of appointment, and the qualifications required for the office, Michael let him have some idea of what it was to be a parochial teacher.

"Those who apply for the situation of schoolmaster to the parish of Birchmybreech, must be either teachers or preachers, or both. The plan of choosing is this. The minister advertises for

candidates, to lodge certificates of birth, creed, moral character, talents, temper, attainments, and experience in teaching, before a certain day; these testimonials are produced and read to the heads of families in the church, when, with their approbation, three of the best recommended are put in nomination for the place, and the deputation is sent, *sub rosa* (under the rose), to examine their schools, if within reach, or a committee is appointed to make further inquiry into character, moral, religious, and intellectual, and report; and should there still be difficulty of determining to which of the three the situation should be given, Professor Dunure, of Edinburgh College, is appointed to examine and decide. It will, therefore, be necessary for you to get certificates, real ones, from the clergymen with whom you have dined, especially the one in whose church you have paid for a seat, and been a communicant. Also from those teachers in whose seminaries you have taught, and from those gentlemen in whose families you have acted as tutor, and also your college tickets from professors—then the election lies with the chief heritor.

“The branches taught are English, reading, spelling, grammar, writing, plain and ornamental; arithmetic, vulgar and decimal fractions, mathematics, practical and theoretical, including geometry; trigonometry, algebra, logarithms,

conic sections, guaging, land-surveying, and distilling; geography, including drawing maps; and the use of the globes, terrestrial and celestial; drawing plans, landscapes, fortifications, navigation; Latin, Greek, and oriental tinting; fencing and French; all these were required from me, with the exception of the painting, which, with artificial flower making, I introduced, and they will be continued.

"Heritors elect a person to fill the situation; he is sent to the Presbytery, to be examined of his fitness to teach those branches required in the advertisements.

"The income is, salary twenty pounds sterling, with the interest of some money left to teach the poor; and the number of pupils to be taught, boys and girls, is 193; and you have the privilege of keeping an assistant."

"As you have been neither minister nor preacher, I fear that you will have no chance of success. There are two candidates who have lost their churches, and thirteen who are looking for churches; and they have the only chances there are of succeeding to the school of Birchmybreech."

"Holy St. Peter what a situation is this!" exclaimed the appalled Coventry, as he read the letter. Shades of Stoics, Stagyrates, and Pythagoreans, what is this? Guaging and Greek, artificial flower making and no Scripture!"

"Let me give you a yard or two of certificates vouching your entire fitness for the situation," quoth an intellectual rove-upon-town, less poetic, but more wise, than Dick, and equally as poor. "I'll lend you character and attainments, experience, and everything desirable, without which no Crichton can hope for success here. I have a conscience and a good running-hand.— Let me have a well-made pen, and you shall have such testimonials as were never laid before presbytery or synod. Get some coffee, and explain to me a few of those things I am to declare your fitness for. Oriental tinting—what's that, making some eastern pomatum? Egad, we will go beyond this subtle dispenser of variegated science; I will add in addition, that you can worm dogs and smear sheep; there will be no candidate able to stand against that; and as there are boys and girls, I'll add needle-work and tambouring. Oriental tinting, decoration to Latin! flower making to embroider Greek!"

"What a list of acquirements for a parish school!"

"This Varnish is an acute one; he'll have none come after him who may threaten to bring Greek and Latin with their concord and government. You had better look out in England, you'll have a better chance."

"And what an ordeal to run through before you get it, though one came armed with two-and-thirty college tickets!"

He will not obviate your success in that he leaves. He bids you despair, and betake to literature.—While I measure you out attainments, see and get some coffee.”

“There’s some in the pot that will bear boiling a second time.—Oh, what an idea has struck me just now for an epic poem!”

“An epic, my God, and no provender for breakfast!” exclaimed the avoucher, on his knees blowing the fire, to boil the grits in the coffee-pot.

“The bondage and deliverance of the Israelites—”

“By one just delivered from the Bench,” quoth he with the conscience and the running-hand. “Oh match me ruin for ambitious conceptions.—Have you no bellows?”

“Each plague would be a book. Would the sacking of Troy, in awful sublimity, equal the destruction of the first born? and would not the woe of the catastrophe of the Red Sea transcend the descent of Æneas into Avernus? Go and pledge me that embroidered suit young Glenullyn bought me on the occasion of his marriage; you’ll get eight or ten pieces on it at least, and we’ll set to the poem—who knows what may come of this!”

“Ephraim is joined to his idols; let him alone,” said he who had scruples to certify on an empty stomach; and taking the garments, raised funds upon them, and these two began to work.

Dick dictated, and the avoucher wrote; and they both eat while the money lasted.

The papers which Margaret Gormond brought to Varnish, came into possession of their lawful owner. Even the watch which had adorned the side of that sample of gentility in the days of Fingal's ambition, was also restored for a due consideration. Little Jack, who had been the instrument of its double conveyance, got everything prepared for his emigration to America; but the genteel one was a patriot, and preferred a newer colony. Having secured his passage, in a vessel which sailed from the port of London, he gave a farewell treat to the Gospel one, and some friends. Ned would give him a convoy to Gravesend; on their way to Woolwich, they would just enact a retiring performance, in the way of their profession, and bade a traveller give them his blessing; and while he was at it, his purse too; and the breezes wafted the solemn and the genteel one from Woolwich to Australia.

Varnock's wound was dressed and attended to by the mother of him who took so eccentric a course to the land of freedom. Few so unlucky, but are sympathised in by some. He had gained the affections of Mrs. Triphong, while Ullyn was the lodger; and her regard for his virtues, made her levy a little upon him who occupied her first-floor, which she kept, that he could well

spare, seeing that he knew not that he had possessed it; not perhaps with so full a hand as he who wanting not what is stolen, when nothing tangible is withdrawn, feels no robbery. There is this difference between them—the one is drawn from a store its owner had no idea he possessed, the other from one which seems to gain benevolence and capacity the more charitable it is.

After their marriage, Ullyn and his bride went to Belford Park, and stayed there nearly a month; they then set out to the continent, and visited the scenes of their youth. They went over the plain on which the attainted one fell, and raised a monument over the spot where he was buried. They returned to England in the beginning of August, in time to set out to Glenullyn Castle, at the same season of the year in which Eliza and her father had started before for the same journey. There was something in that journey that had left such impression on her mind. She would go in the same tract, and at the same season, in hopes to renew the same impressions. Fingal had ample means to prepare for them—levying a contribution on the same estate and property he had levied before, without running the risk of being asked to account for it. Poor old Janet, who prophesied she had seen the last of Ullyn, was true in her augury—though she met him and his bride at

the gate, she saw them not—she was blind. But she continued to live in comfort and ease, in the house in which she had been born.

Some years after Varnish became minister, a son of the poor Laird of Glenmore Haugh returned from India, after an absence of nearly thirty years, a colonel of the Indian army. He had acquired means in that service to pay all with interest that Jacob had advanced his father, for which he held the little ancient estate of Glenmore; and he was constrained to yield up possession of it, with as little grace as his son was to give up that of Glenullyn. Jacob became farmer of a great tract of land. Fortune forsook him at last; and in his declining years, he was indebted to that very son whom he had disowned, and who returned with a competent fortune from South America, for a comfortable asylum while he lived. He, for whom he had done so much, to whom he had, indeed, given all, was but niggard in his assistance, as he got comfortable in means; and to him whom he had wronged and cast off, was he indebted for the support and comfort of his old age.

Lucy Baliol was married to the eldest son of Lord Balmano, who inherited the title and estates of his father; and became one of the greatest favourites of the Court of George IV.

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 (we) as much pride in their honours and success,
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POSTSCRIPT.

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A word or two, gentle reader, ere we part.
 Since you have had courage and patience to accompany us this length (which perhaps, may be a feat not many may imitate), we feel bound in gratitude to pay you due court. We wish that, for your sake, this history contained more interest, more learning, better dialogue, more originality of character, and soundness of reflection; and perhaps, for our own credit and advantage, it had never been written at all. If it contained as many beauties and touching scenes, as of faults and absurdities you may find, it might be better for our peace. As it is, it hath cost us some labour and anxiety, amid the arduous and imposing duties of a profession, that hath the greatest claims upon our sympathy and attention. We assayed to be literary once, but got such a hint that we had mistaken our calling, that we took to our heels in another line, and never once looked behind us for twice seven years.

Though we do not belong to the republic of letters, we have a strong sympathy in its cause; delight in the society of the literary, and take as

much interest in their welfare and advancement; feel as much pride in their honours and success, as if we partook with them.

To cultivate the society of them who have a more legitimate right to the profession of literature, we sometimes direct our steps, when we have the time, to an inviting place of resort, in the neighbourhood of the inns of court, which is much frequented by members of the profession. Before we would venture these volumes to the press, we felt anxious to have them perused in MS. by this society. We had a strong wish to have our vanity flattered, by the encomiums of this body; for we had cultivated their good opinion, and they knew our weak side. Secondly, we wished to improve by their suggestions and advice—provided we could be convinced of their justice and impartiality: and thirdly, that we might have a foretaste of the criticism we may expect, from men who know how to praise or blame in the most approved and legitimate style.

In room of a preface, we will, by way of postscript, subjoin our interview with them, and give their conversation and opinions, as delivered after perusal of the MS., premising, always, that we, by no means, hold ourselves accountable for their opinions or sentiments in general, and of our three volumes in particular therein expressed.

A few weeks after we had left the MS., we

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met the Club by appointment, at their usual place of resort. It is an awkward thing for one to ask men what they think of his composition. It can seldom be done with grace, and it can rarely be given with any. It is like asking a man what he thinks of his person and character. We were some time in putting the question, whether they had perused our labours. One had just lighted his cigar, another had ordered a chop. We never ask for candour and impartiality, in the shape of praise, from a man with an empty stomach—unless there be the assurance, on the part of him we expect it from, that he is to eat at our expense.

“I think,” said one, whose name was Ranelagh—a gentleman who had lost an arm in the Peninsula—a fine specimen of the soldier, the scholar, and the gentleman; “if we were to form a sort of dialogue republic, or conversational confederation, and give the world the substance of our discourse, we might make a good exercise of our wits, and perhaps improve mankind. Suppose now, we take a sheet of paper, and call for a pot of Whitbread’s entire, to be circulated with the pen. Let each drink, and write down what occurs to him; hand pen and pot to his neighbour, let him do the same; and so pass the instruments of inspiration and instruction round, till head and heavy have been drained; we might, by that means, produce a

specimen of natural dialogue. But little of our wit, which many are pleased to laugh at when uttered, will bear repetition, for want of hearing what went before it, or the association that called it forth. And while we often utter better things than we can write, it is because there is but the labour of retort—only the reply to produce. The cause or link of its association had been made to our hand.

“ In writing, there is not only the reply to give, but that which calls it forth to conceive. Dialogue and conversation, whether dramatic or otherwise, are in general written by one individual. In spoken discourse, there are as many fancies and intellects as there are mouth-pieces. If argumentative, and on particular subjects, however well sustained the written discourse may be, the critic finds fault with the principles or opinions of who may have the best of the encounter—if against his own should he have any. If again, either side hath been sustained with equal ability and fairness, cavil is made with the very merit, as nothing may be proved, when both sides of a question seem to have been equally sustained. If the argument be all on one side, again the subject is considered by them of an opposite opinion, as unfairly treated. In dialogue, in general, the wit is caught like birds in a trap; and he who gives it, has not only the matter to conjure, but the replies to give. He

has no sooner given an ideal adversary a closing blow, that sends the wind out of him, and lays him flat, he has to pick him up again; give him new breath, and urge him to the onset again; force him to fight with, not only equal game and address, as his better trained antagonist, but while he is mawled to a jelly, to prolong the combat, till the spectator or reader cries he has enough for his money.

“Many cannot understand how Beaumont and Fletcher could write, conjointly, plays of such excellence, as those which bear their names. Now, I think, to form a perfect play, containing some half-dozen prominent characters, as many able men should be employed to write; each assuming a character, and sustaining it with his pen, as the actor does in its representation, and write his own share,—maintain his part, as it comes to him, as we maintain our conversation in this room. Now let us begin a new era in dramatic literature; let us call for paper, and a well-made pen, and a pot of the entire. I’ll lead the way—take a hearty swig, and begin the converse—then hand paper and pewter to my friend Maxwell Poppin here; a poet and a scholar, who having conceived from this heavy Helicon, shall deliver his fancy of its floating sentiment, and pass the inspiration and the instruments of its birth to his neighbour Peregrine Pulleyn, who fitted himself for the profession of

author, by a five years' sojourn in the Bench, just as others wind up their career in it by the like. He again to Villiers Coke, who has been in a literary trance these nine years, and who will awake one morning, and find he has become nine years older, and as far advanced as when he began; that he has left hopes, prospecting friends and feeding, exactly where they were. Lastly, he will push the ingredients of thought to Ned Swinger, who has just buried a wife, and who must be in the vein to utter sentiments and elegant conceits. If the burying of a wife don't tickle the notion, what will?"

Getting the writing materials, and a full pot, Ranelagh blew the froth a little to one side, took a draught, which Swinger swore was deep enough for him to write ethics from; then, seizing the pen, with which he gave a flourish, as men do when they begin to write—to whom the writing of a letter is an epoch in their lives—he commenced.

We thought this would be a favourable way for us to call for the opinion of this intelligent body, who had perused our work, on its merits; but while the pot and dialogue circulated, we would not interrupt the flow of soul and stout, but wait till their fancies and feelings had melted by the circulation of conceit and malt. As we possess the original manuscript which had been left with the landlady for the score, till

they arranged what their shares would be; as some, whose wit and sentiment partook of the laconic, though there was no brevity in their thirst, maintained each should be share of the amount, according to the quantity he had written; for writing, like any other luxury, should be paid for; thus measuring one another's swallow, as they said, by the compass of reflection he had poured forth. In which case, another urged, nonsense would be guaged at a deeper grade than real wit at that rate: and the hostess held the effusions, till they settled how the matter should be. Leaving an ample deposit for the amount for which the forthcoming MS. was retained, we took it with us, and it has never been called for. As it is somewhat of a curiosity, we may, at some future period, submit it to the public.

Seeing that they were about to get into politics, and observing that each began to take deeper draughts of the pot as he proceeded, and to pull in proportion to the quantity of sentiment he uttered, we deemed the pause which took place favourable for us to solicit them to state their opinions on this work we had submitted, while we would take care to supply them the materials of thought. We accordingly ordered the quart measure to be replenished; and to add spirit to their pen, we caused mine hostess to make the fluid half-and-half, and not to

spare the ale. The pot was brought in—the faces of the five beamed keen with judgment. The pen was mended, and Ranelagh having proved the contents of the measure, declared the mixture unexceptionable, and began.

RANELAGH.

“I do not know to what class of works this Son of the Attainted may be said to belong ; nor is it likely to form a new one. But that may detract nothing from the merits of a work in these days. 'Tis certainly not of the school of *Le Sage*. When the attempt to be so is made in the narrative, it is lost in the plot ; and in this the aim is seen, which is felt, but not observed in *Gil Blas*.”

MAXWELL POPPIN.

“Of *Smollett* the same may be said, as it is evident the author of the attainted one's heir is oft in search of the humorous. The humour of *Smollett* urges him on, and his heroes get into scenes which he seems by no means in quest of ; and they come, or the heroes get into them, without there being any appearance of having been planned. The great error into which all merely clever, and even many highly-gifted novelists fall, is, that the scenes are evidently manufactured and set down for the hero to fall into. They are plain, palpable, and evident, as the machinery of a modern drama. The inter-

vening space from one particular epoch to another, is filled up by rigmarole, like what are called the carpenter's scenes in our modern plays. They start not forth as in nature—in the current of life."

PERRGRINE PULLEYN.

"Besides, there is the absence of Smollett's breadth of expression, his boldness of character, and the redundance of incident. Of Fielding, I am afraid there is too much of him in the author's aim, and too evident an attempt to conceal it, to say the work belongs to the class of 'Tom Jones'; for where there is the conception of something to make an epic, it is withered in the result, though looked for in the process by the vague conceptions you are led to make, which looking for, anticipates the catastrophe and destroys the scheme. The quaint-like, jocular, seeming easy attempt at the style of colloquial narrative, would shew the author had Fielding in his eye; but when so much of his ease, grace, and correctness, are wanting, it would be as foolish to say it is of his class, as to say the pig belongs to the same genus as the elephant, because there is a resemblance in the snout."

VILLIERS COKE.

"And where is the machinery of Scott? There is nothing of the antiquarian lore, the

intimate knowledge of time, manner, and subject, he handles. The familiar knowledge of the matters he illustrates—the poetry of poetic days—the chivalry, the romance? Ullyn does not ride like a knight, nor handle his sword to win a lady's heart, though we are told that he did; and Eliza Belford mounts a horse like a country girl going to market."

NED SWINGER.

"The idea of the Countess of Walton being the mother of the hero was, no doubt, a happy thought, and might be admired if that same 'Tom Jones' had never been written. There is no merit in the concealment of the connexion.—Who would suspect it, when the author gravely assures us the mother had died like any other rational being. There is the disadvantage of having been born so late. Unless an epic writer have the power of Milton to create for himself, Homer hangs upon him like a nightmare. I certainly did not anticipate the Countess of Walton would turn out to be Ullyn's mother, though it was evident she was fraught with some secret that would influence the youth's fate. Who would guess what she will turn out when the author pledges his word, and that of Seyton, that she is dead? To have suspected anything of the kind, would have been a poor compliment to that greatest virtue of an historian—his vera-

city. In fiction there is as much need for the shew or appearance of truth, as in real history. — Lying, even in jest, is dishonourable.”

RANELAGH.

“There are certainly the germs of something in the plot, which, in the hands of genius, might be wrought out to some purpose. The trying situation of the hero’s father, the virtuous cause of concealment on the part of the mother—her courage and constancy in bearing the deep-muttered, unconcealed suspicions of the world, though she paid it a splendid compliment with her virtue at last—are good ideas; but there is a lack of power to work them out. As example of the conception of a plot, witness the loss of the hundred pound bill the Countess lost in Ulynn’s room, which you expect will work out something good in the youth’s fortune, or come in as evidence of the snares of his enemies. It should have been the instrument of bringing matters to an issue. It would have proved so in hands of a tactician like Miss Edgeworth, or magician like Scott. Here it seems to have been lost in vain, or rather for the purpose of being found, and is brought in at last merely for the sake of consistency.”

MAXWELL POPPIN.

“The same observation applies to the characters. There is the power of conception dis-

played, but a lack of power to sustain or work it out. The author has selected a character for himself, but failed to make sufficient use of him. Fingal, the son of Finlay, evidently the pet of the work, cuts but an indifferent figure in the third volume, till toward the conclusion. The author may be able to give clever enough sketches, but not a masterly painting."

PEREGRINE PULLEYN.

"Lucy Baliol—what a subject in the hands of a great writer ! The germs of birth and superior intellect shooting through the thorns and briars of bad breeding, and the lack of virtuous female culture. The untutored genius, the slumbering sentiment, awakened by the accident of meeting her brother—her caution to him to beware of the Countess, their mutual mother—should have been sublime. Where she would be clever, she gets outré ; and where sentimental and feeling, she becomes the representative of a school, not an original character."

VILLIERS COKE.

"And on the first appearance of the hero, you expect something new in his character and conduct. There is evidently the attempt to make him something more than heroes generally are. His timely assistance on the occasion of the assault at the theatre, would lead one to

expect he will turn out a fellow to take your sympathy by a *coup de main*. He does not talk sentiment 'tis true—there is as little of the dandy as of the modern gentleman about him; but he sinks at last down to the usual standard."

NED SWINGER.

"Never was man more greedy of epochs than the author of this same Glenullyn. From the birth of Ulynn to his marriage, his life is a tolerable series of remarkable occasions."

RANELAGH.

"And what deliverance in the very nick of time and crisis of events! First in childhood, by the man of seven eras; then by his tutor, from the sword of the Portuguese—both just as death had raised his arm to cleave him asunder; then by that son of him of the eras, first when he is rescuing the Earl and Countess of Walton (rather a strange assault, altogether, in these times); then from the loch during the storm; then from smothering endurance by a conflagration; and lastly, on his way to learn the secret of his fortunes at Whitehall, just as the dagger is pointed at his heart."

MAXWELL POPPIN.

"Many of the sentiments are good, if there were not such obscurity in their expression, as

if the author had often conceived something like the glimmerings of sense, but the ideas get confused in the course of their utterance."

PEREGRINE PULLEYN.

"In the whole history of fiction, or of truth, which some say is stranger still, a more quiet ending from a grim commencement, and threatened terrible conclusion, could scarcely be found. The actors of the tragedy—that ends in a play—instead of dying, in justice to their character, settle into respectable and useful individuals. We suppose Varnock and Glenfalloch reformed consistently, and the son of Jacob becomes an exemplary clergyman. Priests, we know, have been the secret springs of direful deeds, but not in a country like this, at least in modern times. Michael sits down as unperturbed as parochial teacher, as if he had never occupied a station above that of village usher, and at last gets as sleekly into a snug living of the church, as he got smoothly into possession of a great estate."

VILLIERS COKE.

"But Michael is no common man. 'Tis quite consistent, and the finish is in good keeping with the rest of his character and career. He is sire to a highwayman six feet high, ere one would think he had time to reach that height himself, and though big enough for a

guardsman, he tells nought against his father's license to preach."

NED SWINGER.

"There is certainly originality in scene and character; 'tis a pity they are not more akin to the affairs of this world."

RANELAGH.

"And the style is as much 'sui generis' as the rest; 'tis a pity it is not more clear, elegant, and correct."

MAXWELL POPPIN.

"There are some pretensions in the work; a pity they are not somewhat better drawn out."

PEREGRINE FULLEYN.

"There is considerable originality of thought too in the sentiment; it is a pity it is so often cloyed by so much that is common-place."

VILLIERS COKE.

"And the pith of the expression marred greatly by what is unintelligible; and the sentiments, which are good, suffer sadly by iteration."

NED SWINGER.

"One great virtue in the work is, in reading it your judgment is never entranced; you have

always your wits about you, and can judge with something like discrimination. There the author is entitled to the critic's praise."

RANELAGH.

"What would appear to be the moral of the story? Is it the triumph of rebellion, or the reward of virtue?"

MAXWELL POPPIN.

"The reward of virtue? aught but that; for she who made a fool of her husband, a wanton of herself, and bastards of her offspring, is rewarded with triumphant success and good fortune."

PEREGRINE PULLEYN.

"I cannot understand how she who could voluntarily abandon her husband and child, should have left that child to the world till he came of his own accord to remind her that she was a mother; and needed the selfish deliverance of herself and seducer, ere she would give him a thought, knowing how he must have been left to the world; for but for that deliverance at the theatre, and she had allowed him to be a bastard to the end of his life."

VILLIERS COKE.

"A strange deliverance, too; as if got up,

while a mob stands by, to give the workings of nature full play. They appear to have more respect for paternal feeling, than even to hazard an opinion on the onset."

NED SWINGER.

"We are certainly not much entertained with what are called scenes. Though there may be a superfluity of epochs and incidents, there is no one part you could select to give a fair specimen of the author's powers of writing. The storm on the loch he shirks, as if that in the *Antiquary* hung on his recollection."

RANELAGH.

"The prevailing topic in the writer's head seems to be the misery of authors, which even Ullyn's landlady would seem to be erudite in. I fear he knows but the calamities of the pursuit, and having assayed a line of life he had but the inclining or necessity of following, naturally concludes there is nothing else attached to the profession. I fear Dick Coventry was no fictitious character."

MAXWELL POPPIN.

"Jacob Varnish, the best conceived character of the work, seems in the introduction a delineation of some real person; but, alas! he gets out of his latitude, and that of his delineator, when fairly introduced into the drama of the book."

PEREGRINE PULLEYN.

"The son's life at college is good enough, so is the concluding part of it, as a sequel to one who fell in the Vennel; but his life in the life of Ullyn is a sad blank; in probability and real existence, his recorded career is as misty as the unrecorded one of the hero's father."

VILLIERS COKE.

"And that Irishman—the man of many wives—is as little of a piece in the course of the work, as were his clothes at his introduction in it. He is one character as Ensign O'Regan, but he is another as Arthur Clogheen. He seems a double individual too, a couple of characters wrapped in one, to make up the epic. There's a dignity in the possessor of the O'Regan entail, which you look in vain for in the pilgrim to Gretna. To be consistent, the author should have made his bride turn out the Jane Lightfoot of the commencement of the work."

NED SWINGER.

"It was lucky Fingal notices the horrors that on horrors accumulate on that lake, when the storm is relieved by a conflagration on shore. It was certainly a more rational mode of release than an earthquake, only it would have been as well in the narrative of disaster, to have at least

a volume or so intervene between a shipwreck and conflagration."

RANELAGH.

"It is a pity Lucy Baliol had not been better disguised. You see she will turn out the hero's sister the moment she first appears. Had the author dispatched her as he dispatched her mother, there would have issued a finer denouement. I, by no means, approve of those abductors' choice of residence. Taking the sister, in however safe custody she might be, so near to her brother's domain—where there seems no other place of shelter for him in the storm—seems like catering for effect. I do not quarrel with the idea of retaining her in safety, as a security of Varnish's faith, which they have so much reason to doubt, but I should have been afraid of the two meeting, and comparing notes together. The guardians themselves would seem there to be unconscious of the near relation existing between the two, for they exhibit little anxiety and curiosity in the matter."

MAXWELL POPPIN.

"That, however, is much better contrived than is their after-meeting in London. That Westminster adventure savours too much of the artificial. I wondered how they were to meet again, for of course it is expected they will meet

in the course of the story. In that the incident seems too much carved out, and the current of events taken out of the hands of the Disposer of them altogether. A natural, well-conducted, and unexpected conjuncture, would have been the greatest triumph of the whole work. I was glad Fingal got a pummelling for it; he deserved it for being there on such an errand."

PEREGRINE PULLEYN.

"There is a marvellous repetition of the same philosophy, reflection, and sentiment; a mighty iteration of ethics. There are certain reigning topics in the author's head, which require very little of the laws of association to bring forth; and the same sentiment and reflection seem repeated unknown to the writer, and told in different language, or rather phrase, that he does not seem to be aware of his own tautology. The natural course of things hath with him many currents. The dispensations of Providence are as signally displayed in all he treats, as in a Presbyterian elect's life; and other favourite deductions he comes over and tires not, forgets he gave them, and sees not their repetition, though but slovenly disguised."

VILLIERS COKE.

"And, oh, that eternal 'Forty-five,' that ever turbulent 'Rebellion;' that will certainly be

the death of us. It mars the scheme most terribly. Couldn't he have invented some more original cause of disgrace? 'Tis true he says but little about the 'Rise,' but surely there is fecundity enough in crime, or cause of early trouble and mystery, without having recourse to that never-dying cause of the Pretender. Some feudal hate, some family feud, some early duel or deed of honour, some act of jealousy or revenge,—anything but your troubles of Forty-five. Your Culloden, with its bloody tartans and rusty claymores, with all the train of bloodhounds, second sights, we've had of them till the language croaks, and imagery is bare as a Highlander's legs."

NED SWINGER.

"Do this author justice: he spares you the particulars of early scenes, encounters, escapes, and other legitimate matters of these times. Touching the style. 'Tis a pity, certainly, it is not a little more clear, concise, and correct. Sentences are began redolent of promise, giving the reader the idea of a coming conclusion you never arrive at; and often, when he seems to set out fiercely with an idea, another comes in before it is delivered, and it is lucky if a third don't supplant both before the period relieves them. Then there is a mixture of light reading, and a struggle with the weight of heavy matter

in the composition, as if the author had strived to steer clear of the light style, which may suit his capacity best, and assayed that he had but the taste for; so that the lightness of it has been marred by the attempt, 'invitâ Minervâ,' of giving sound logic and philosophy. He should not have gone out of the shallows till he had learnt to swim."

RANELAGH.

"What erudition in a squire: what poetic phrase in that son of Finlay!"

MAXWELL POPPIN.

"And he inoculates every one who talks with him. What phrases Mrs. Triphong, Susanna Clypes, and other subordinates, use! Like the man who talked prose all his life without knowing it, they are learned and poetic with the like unconsciousness. It would have been a charity to have told these geniuses they were elevated poets and classics, and talked the quintessence of blank verse without the measure."

PEREGRINE PULLEYN.

"The great moral defect of the work appears to be, the ambition of all and sundry in it, not all to be heroes, but to talk like heroes. What swelling of conceit! What vaulting of phrase! It might be excused if all were learned, for all,

even to innkeepers and their ostlers, are gentlemen and scholars in discourse—nay, philosophers. It may be deemed an era in the history of literature."

VILLIERS COKE.

"It is only a pity they are not more akin to the humanity of this life."

NED SWINGER.

"There seems a strange falling off in Ullyn, from the enthusiasm of his character when on the way he is marred meeting his mistress. After his dangers are over, a calm does succeed the tempest with a fury. Even when he escapes he appears marvellously resigned, and seems to think little about her; and the after-meeting at the inn produces nothing commensurate from him."

RANELAGH.

"One thing, however, he holds in common with genius; especially with him of whom it has been chiefly said, what he does best he does least, and perhaps what he does least he may do best. Nothing like awakening conceptions in the reader's mind, and leaving plenty of scope to his fancy. It is like sharing the merit with him, and flattering him into sympathy. When something very grand is expected from the dia-

logue, and fancy would feel inclined for a flight, there is little done to hinder you, or take it from you; so your self-love is not curbed or damped by any anticipation of your thoughts and conceptions. In that there seems a laudable want of selfishness in him, as not wishing to engross all the conceits. In trying scenes he hangs back to give your own conceptions full scope, though he makes amply up for these, when you least anticipate it, by the unexpected display of learning, point, and observation in discourse, at the first obscure inn the hero and his attendant put up at; and it may be said that the kitchens engross all the conversation and sentiment going. Surely the author must have been bred in one."

MAXWELL POPPIN.

"There are excuses for that. It is the most fragrant, free, and secund part of the house."

PEREGRINE PULLEN.

"Moreover, it is in the lower ranks of life you have free talk and most marked and original character. The upper and educated classes are so ambitious of the style and bearing of the gentleman and scholar, that one may serve for the whole class. Their tone, their phrase, their associations and currents of thought, are so similar—it is like one that would be distinguished

only from the vulgar. It is not etiquette to shew feeling;—it is not style to betray humour; and to be eccentric is generally *infra dig.* If there be wit, it must be à la mode. High life may do to be talked of, but not to talk. The author of 'Glenullyn' may, then, be excused, feeling his powers fail him amongst a class so many have failed in delineating before him."

VILLIERS COKE.

"But his scenes demand good utterance. We may excuse the discourse of lovers, as not likely to be very pointed and rational. But with Lord Walton; can the situations he figures in urge forth no commensurate talk? With the Countess; what might not her beauty, her strange affection, the trying situations she is placed in, conjure forth in speech? He seems to leave it to be mouthed by landladies and attendants;—and heaven knows they're no ways niggard on that score."

NED SWINGER.

"Ranelagh's right:—where the author has attempted most he has least succeeded; and those parts are the best where least seems to have been attempted."

RANELAGH.

"Witness the short sketch of O'Regan, and

compare it with the elaborate affair of Michael Varnish, which looks like an essay of Bacon, illustrated by the portrait of a character one need not be put on his guard against meeting with—one whom you are told only what he is, without your having any idea from any displays he makes himself. You have the qualities of a subtle man of the world repeated and duly commented upon; but you have little from his lips, and see little in his conduct to enlist your prejudices against him. It seems as if the author had engrafted one character upon another. After he had conceived and introduced one, he had fashioned another and embodied it with the first. There is so much of the youth, and so much of the middle aged, in his character, that he seems to have drawn the portrait of another, which he has jumbled with the former in his after career; so that he had the misfortune of trying to make the character suit the sketch. He appears to be an engrafting upon another shoot that had been planted in the Vennel. Being at one time like a youth of the hero's own age, at another, the father of one who comes nearer it. He is Ullyn's rival, yet he has a son who can thresh his squire, and stop himself upon the road."

MAX POPPIN.

"Jacob should have been the comrade and confidant of Ullyn's father, and Michael brought

notes in most plaintive carol ; and others, whose trade, breeding, and habits, are the antithesis of morals, finish their sentences with most legitimate reflection."

NED SWINGER.

"It is a pity that display at Glenullyn Castle did not take place before that at Wolf's Crag, and Fingal and Bric made their raid before Caleb Balderstone made his. At all events, what is wanting in humour, is made up in extravagance. There is some novelty in a ruined adventurer, or rather one who has ruin by inheritance, having a brace of attendants ; though the idea of an Irishman following in a Highlander's train, is more novel than probable. It might have been excused in Miss Edgworth, whose object is generally to exhibit her countrymen in favourable contrast with the English. Perhaps, his service in the army, and his residence in the Highlands, may account for there being so little of the Irishman in his talk and conversation. The author has encountered Paddy on the Carrick shore, or in the Seven Dials ; he never snuffed the air of Howth, nor had his head under the roof of a shabeen. There is as much Irish in Bric, as there is of Scotch in Macklin's plays."

RANELAGH.

"Glenullyn Castle, and Balmano House, seem

to have been drawn in a mist, so indistinct is their image; and that long wood behind the latter, must have been brought there, as Birnam Forrest was brought to Dunsinane."

MAXWELL POPPIN.

"Or shipped from England by a Leith smack. It looks as if the author had never been t'other side of the Grampians; and he wisely tries not to commit himself, by giving too minute or definite descriptions of that locality."

PEREGRINE PULLEYN.

"The style, however, is sometimes nervous, and often conversational. There is not much attempt at ornament; we have no fault to find with any over-abundance of classic quotations. Little of the French is brought into aid—few authors quoted—few classical allusions introduced—and as little borrowed from the modern poets—he even rejects their aid for mottoes. Another thing worthy notice—it would be difficult to say to what class of society the author belongs. He seems to have eaten fish as often with a knife, as with a silver fork; and though he may have quaffed Burgundy and claret at some genteel tables, he has washed down cold meat with beer as often. He does not seem to be a practised writer by the sheet; the periods are not turned like those of that class, who can

ply their hands to anything with a ready pen. There is not the characteristic of any profession in the work; as little of the clerical, as he has given to him who studied in the Vennel. To the medical profession he pretends as little; there are too few causes assigned for the operation of things;—when it freezes, it is only the result of frost—when the weather is fine, the sun generally shines; the rain pelts, without the previous reason assigned of clouds, charged with humidity. There is no philosophy in common phenomena displayed. He shirks the process of death in the officer, and the hero raves in a fever without method.

VILLIERS COKE.

“Legal he seems not to be; that may be seen in the process of committing his hero to the Bench, as if to shew his own acquaintance with the inside of it. The inattention to form and technicalities, the openness of sentences to misconstruction, shew him no special pleader.”

NED SWINGER.

“There are few of the neat elegancies—epigrammatic sweetness of your high-bred scholar, or the refined correctness and delicacy of taste in your thorough-bred gentleman. The author appears to have been bred in Scotland, long enough to catch Scotticisms; and to have lived

sufficiently long in the south, to deaden the impressions of his youth ; while, at the same time, he has but adopted the feelings of the English. As for Ireland, he never was within sight of it. The current of his sentiment does not seem native ; to gush, as it were, warm from the heart. No man can be great in delineating the characters of any country he is not a thorough-bred native of, who has not had his mind and thoughts fully developed amongst the scenes, and with the people he describes. He may have been resident enough in the country to satirize it ; to note the beauties and the defects of her institutions, and describe the manners of her inhabitants ;—but to write in character, to speak as they he delineates would speak in the like situation and circumstances ; to embody the living manners as they rise, the author must have been reared from youth up among them. Mark the life-like scenes in *Ennui*, *Castle Rackrent*, and others, with the elaborate sketches of *Patronage* by the same author. The slow-moving descriptions and incidents of *Woodstock*, *Pereril of the Peak*, and several others ; though with the impress of the great master on them ; with the overboiling fervour of those of *Old Mortality*, *Lammermoor*, *Guy Mannering*, and the *Antiquary*. Compare the Robin Hood of Scott, with the Rob Roy of the author of *Waverley*. This is particularly

observant in this rebel's son. The habits of the author, and his train of feeling and thought, have been so mellowed by contact with others of another country, that, however clever in the abstract his characters may be, they are not, as it were, full-bred. The surface of his nationality hath been smoothed by travel, and varied intercourse with the world at large."

"My God! these are the issues of half-and-half, three parts ale!" said we. "I see, that giving certain men the province of criticism, who have themselves not the intellect or capacity to produce ought to be criticised, is like giving the power of divination to idiots, or the gift of understanding, and unfolding the future, to men who are incapable of comprehending the past and present. You give the work credit for originality, from the ignorance it displays. Make the want of classic knowledge entitle it to the possession of English. Making its very dullness a merit, because there is not sufficient interest in the narrative to prejudice your judgment, by exciting your feelings. I am sorry I condescended to trust the MS. in your hands. I see, that if a man debauch much, or write for the periodicals, his hair soon gets grey; if he cut a strain higher than the world, and they who will never soar above its beaten tracts, write for posterity; and listen to the opinions and judgment

liers Coke, blowing fiercely a pipe he had filled in a fit of absence out of a neighbour's box, while its owner's attention was directed to the huge swigs Ned Swinger was taking of the pot.

"Oh that came out in a fog. When the beer had just fallen a half-penny a pot, and the quality deteriorated," I replied; "and moreover, was published at our own expense. There must be some affliction to genius on its entrance into a world so well employed. This Glenullyn, however, will have favourable auspices: the Chancellor of the Exchequer hath pledged his soul to repeal the duty on soap, soft and hard," I continued, for Villiers had never washed his face with either since the extension of the franchise. "Seeing the effect," I added, putting the MS. into my pocket—"seeing the effect of beer upon the intellects, we'll try what wit and fancy may spring from brandy-punch. You may afford a trial, as a friend of mine—who knows not that the success of works may depend upon everything but their merit—hath put into my hands a MS. to correct for him in its course through the press, and whom I have persuaded to give a farewell treat to common-sense, on his entrance upon literature. No man should throw down the gauntlet to ruin and sublimity for nothing."

They assured me they would do him all the justice in life.









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